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JACOB'S FLIGHT;

OR

A PILGRIMAGE TO HARRAN

AND THENCE

IN THE PATRIARCH'S FOOTSTEPS

INTO

THE PROMISED LAND.

With Illustrations.

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CC.

By MRS. BEKE.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND A MAP BY DR. BEKE.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, AND GREEN.
1865.

Bk/Jac
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CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS: FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS.

Ecclesiastes.

WAS GLÄNZT IST FÜR DEN AUGENBLICK GEBOREN;
DAS ÄCHTE BLEIBT DER NACHWELT UNVERLOREN.

Göthe.



JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

PREFACE.

THE present Work is the narrative of a journey, undertaken in order to establish, from personal observation, the correctness of the opinions expressed by my husband in his 'Origines Biblicæ, or Researches in Primeval History,' respecting the patriarch Abraham's place of residence in Padan Aram, and the road taken by his grandson Jacob in his Flight from that country over Mount Gilead into the Land of Canaan.

Dr. Beke has related in the Introduction the circumstances under which this journey was resolved on; and a favourable opportunity of performing it seemed to present itself to us in the year 1860, when returning to England from Mauritius, where we had been residing several years.

Our plan was, on reaching Egypt on our way home, to proceed by steamer to Beyrout, and thence over

Mount Lebanon to Damascus and Harran; and accordingly the requisites for the journey were ordered out from London, to meet us at Alexandria, and every preparation was made for our intended excursion.

But, on our arrival in Egypt towards the end of June of that year, we were grieved and disappointed at hearing of the calamitous disturbances, which, just at that moment, had unfortunately broken out in the precise localities we proposed visiting, and which compelled us, most reluctantly, to abandon our contemplated undertaking, at all events for a time.

Nothing remained therefore but to proceed home across the continent of Europe; and it was not till the year 1861 had nearly expired, that we were able to leave England again, for the purpose of carrying our long-cherished resolution into effect.

Before quitting Mauritius it was arranged, at the express wish of my husband, that from our joint notes I should compose the Narrative of our Pilgrimage, and that he should write an Introductory Chapter, explaining the motives and objects of the journey, and the grounds for his rectification of Scriptural geography in this most important particular.

During the preparation of our work for the press, it has however been found expedient to incorporate in my Narrative several portions of what was originally

intended for the Introduction. Of these, it will be sufficient to particularize the whole of the fifth, and the concluding portion of the fourteenth chapter.

It is right I should add, that the entire work has had the benefit of my husband's supervision.

EMILY BEKE.

BEKESBOURNE,

2nd December, 1864.

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JACOB'S FLIGHT.

INTRODUCTION.

THROUGHOUT the whole history of the Hebrew nation, there is no part more deserving of consideration than the narrative of the patriarch Jacob's flight from Harran to Gilead, and thence across the Jordan into the Promised Land, contained in the thirty-first and two following chapters of the Book of Genesis. As a matter of general history, this incident of the patriarch's life may not at first sight appear of great moment in itself; but when it is considered in all its bearings, it will be found to possess more real importance than perhaps any other single point of early Biblical history. For, in the first place, the geography of the Old Testament being mainly dependent on the situation of the country whence Abraham and his family emigrated into Canaan, and Harran of Padan Aram having been hitherto most wrongly

placed; it follows that the determination of its true position must necessarily occasion material changes in Biblical geography. Further, this fundamental error in the geography of the patriarchal ages having been attended by others not less serious with respect to the personal history, language, and national customs of the patriarchs themselves, who have thus been altogether misplaced in the world's history; the rectification of the position of their residence will materially facilitate, if it does not directly operate, the correction of these various errors. And, lastly, this portion of the Hebrew Scriptures being by this means freed from the difficulties, with which it is beset under the interpretation it has usually received, the flight of the patriarch Jacob from Padan Aram into Canaan, which has by some persons been regarded as symbolical, by others as mythical, and by not a few even as nothing better than a mere fiction, must now be accepted by all as an historical fact, quite as true in every sense as is St. Paul's journey from Cæsarea to Rome, narrated in the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

As regards the position of Harran, the traditional authorities are unanimous, or nearly so, in identifying it with the celebrated city of that name,—the Charræ of profane history,—situate within the extensive region generally known as Mesopotamia, the country between the two rivers Euphrates and Tigris. According to Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' Harran "is said

to be in Mesopotamia (Gen. xxiv. 10),* or more definitively in Padan Aram (xxv. 20), which is 'the cultivated district at the foot of the hills' (Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' 129, *note*), a name well applying to the beautiful stretch of country which lies below Mount Masius between the Khabour and the Euphrates. Here, about midway in this district, is a town still called *Harrān*, which really seems never to have changed its appellation, and beyond any reasonable doubt is the Haran or Charran of Scripture (Bochart's 'Phaleg,' i. 14; Ewald's 'Geschichte,' i. 384)."

This traditional identification of Harran, however respectable from its antiquity and however strongly supported by authority, has long been disputed by me. In my 'Origines Biblicæ, or Researches in Primeval History,' published in the year 1834, I declared it to be impossible, mainly on account of the distance from Gilead, for the Harran of Genesis to have been situate anywhere within Mesopotamia beyond the Euphrates; and whilst contending generally that the residence of Laban should be sought for somewhere near Damascus, I affirmed it to be highly probable that "the country watered by the Pharpar and Abana—the fertile district known in after-times as the *Ager Damascenus*—was Padan Aram; the country into which, by the Divine direction, Terah and his family removed, and in which was situated the city

* This is not the fact: the Hebrew text has *Aram Naharaim*. To assert that this is *Mesopotamia* is simply begging the whole question.

of Haran or Charran, whence Abraham was called, and which afterwards was the residence of Laban."* And I explained further how this rectification of the position of Harran freed the narrative of Jacob's flight and Laban's pursuit from the difficulties which have always presented themselves to Biblical critics, on account of the supposed distance between Harran and Mount Gilead.†

These opinions of an unknown writer were so entirely contrary to every authority,—except indeed that of the Sacred Volume, on which they were avowedly based,—that they were not likely to meet with favour. Their direct opposition to the views usually entertained, rendered them unpalatable to those persons who did not care to have their settled notions disturbed; whilst the fact of my regarding the Bible as an inspired work, was more than sufficient to ensure the non-acceptance of my views by divines and critics of the rationalistic school.

Had my work appeared at the present day, when a growing tendency is evinced to liberate primeval truth from the trammels of traditional interpretation, it would (I believe) have met with a better reception; but, being in that respect in advance of its age, it was almost universally rejected. Still it was considered of sufficient importance to be noticed, if only to be condemned; and accordingly it was severely criticized, and particularly in

* *Op. cit.*, p. 131. † *Ibid.*, p. 128, *seq.*

an article in the 'Quarterly Review' for November, 1834, generally attributed to the pen of the venerable Dean of St. Paul's, and in one in the 'Heidelberger Jahrbücher der Literatur' for January, 1835, by the late Dr. Paulus, of Jena, the learned editor of the works of Spinoza, who, like a true rationalist, constituted himself the champion of tradition and of human as opposed to Divine authority.

At that time, as I then explained, I was not in a position to propose a substitute for the pseudo-Harran, or even to decide absolutely where the true Harran should be sought for; and as the first and (in a vulgar sense) most important requisite for proving my case was the identity of name, I plainly saw that, until I could point out this other Harran to replace the one objected to, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to persuade others to adopt my views, or even to afford them that serious and impartial consideration to which they were entitled.

Thus, then, I was compelled to let the matter rest till the beginning of the year 1859, when, being resident in Mauritius, I accidentally saw a copy of the Rev. J. L. Porter's 'Five Years in Damascus,' which I opened with interest, in the hope of finding something bearing on a subject that had never been entirely absent from my thoughts. To my exceeding gratification, I found in page 376 of the first volume of that work, an account of a visit made by the author and a party of friends,

in November, 1852, to the large village of Harran,—generally called *Harrān-el-'Awamīd*, or Harran of the Columns, from three noble Ionic columns standing in its centre,—distant from Damascus about fourteen geographical miles towards the east, which place I at once saw was what I had so long desired to discover; it being a spot in the immediate vicinity of Damascus, bearing to this day the identical name of the residence of Terah and his family, and answering to all the requirements of the Scripture history,—even in the minutest particulars, as I have since ascertained from a personal inspection. Mr. Porter's discovery (the value of which was immeasurably enhanced by the fact that he was quite unconscious of its application) led me to resume the consideration of my labours of years gone by; and my renewed investigation of the subject made me resolve to visit Harran in person, and thence to trace the route of the patriarch Jacob on his return from Padan Aram into the Promised Land.

The present volume, written by my wife, contains a narrative of the journey accomplished in pursuance of this resolution; and, as preliminary to that narrative, I have to offer the following remarks.

The Book of Genesis, from which is drawn the account of the incident in the patriarch Jacob's life that forms the main subject of the present work, contains also (it needs scarcely be said) a brief summary of the previous history of the world from its creation. It

would be out of place to dwell here upon the general subject; but in the Appendix I have ventured on some observations with reference to Man's early history, both before and after the time of Noah; the opinions there entertained being in accordance with those expressed in 'Origines Biblicæ.'

For the present purpose it will be sufficient for me to state here, that I regard the primitive residence of the descendants of Noah, the progenitors of the existing human race, as having been in the northern portion of Mesopotamia; in which locality I also place the city of Babel, where the confusion of tongues occurred and the dispersion of mankind originated.*

The special history of the descendants of Noah after their dispersion is not given in the Book of Genesis, except in the particular instance of the family whose archives that Book is. Still, in connection with the fortunes of this family, we discover in the first pages

* Notwithstanding Dr. Oppert's singular discovery (see Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' vol. iii. p. 1555), I still dispute the identity of the comparatively modern Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar with the Babel of Genesis. In the map to Dr. H. Petermann's 'Reisen im Orient' (Leipzig, 1861), I find marked a village named Babil, about forty geographical miles N. of Jebel Sinjar, and seventy miles N.W. of the ruins of Nineveh. In 'Origines Biblicæ' (p. 66, *seq.*) I placed "Babel in the land of Shinar" (Gen. x. 10), nearly as far north, but not so far east, as this Babil near Jebel Sinjar. Babil is described by Dr. Petermann as "so wretched a place as to have been unfit for him to pass the night there, as he had intended to do." This spot is deserving of closer examination.

of that venerable record traces of warfare among the various primitive races. The Hamite Nimrod went forth out of Shinar into the country of the Shemite Asshur, and there builded Nineveh and other cities; and at a later date another king of Shinar, Amraphel, with his allies, made war against the Hamitish descendants of Phut,* who occupied the countries to the east of Canaan and the Dead Sea, round the southern extremity of which latter the invaders extended their ravages, coming there into collision with the Shemitish settlers in the Promised Land.

In the midst of hostile movements like these among the descendants of Noah, the Arphaxadite "Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Harran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Harran, and dwelt there."†

Ur of the Chaldees—in the Hebrew text *Ur-Casdim*—the original residence of Terah and his family, is generally supposed to be represented by the ancient city of Edessa, now Orfah or Urfah, situate in the north-western portion of Mesopotamia, in about 39° N. latitude

* See 'Origines Biblicæ,' p. 218.

† What bearing (if any) Nimrod's invasion of the land of Asshur may have had on the fortunes of Terah and his family, is nowhere stated in the Scripture history. But it is deserving of notice that universal tradition among the Jews and Mohammedans connects the patriarch Abraham with the Hamitish invader.

and 37° E. longitude. It is not necessary to discuss the correctness of this identification, since nothing is here made dependent on the precise position of Ur-Casdim. In 'Origines Biblicæ' I show that it must have been somewhere in the northern portion of Mesopotamia; and I am content to assume that Edessa or Orfah truly occupies the site of the primitive residence of the patriarchs.

The country into which Terah and his family emigrated from Ur-Casdim, was the inheritance of the children of Aram, the youngest brother of Arphaxad; the district in which the wanderers settled down being known in the Hebrew Scriptures by the names of *Aram Naharaim* (literally Aram of the Two Rivers), *Padan Aram* (the plain of Aram); and *Sedeh Aram* (the field or cultivated country of Aram). Here Terah founded a city, which he called Harran in remembrance of his youngest son so named, who had "died in the land of his nativity, in Ur-Casdim;" and this city continued to be the permanent residence of Terah's second son, Nahor, and his descendants, after the eldest son, Abraham, and his nephew Lot (Harran's son) had left Aram of the Two Rivers to proceed into the land of Canaan. It is the mistaken rendering of the Hebrew name *Aram Naharaim*, or Aram of the Two Rivers, by the seemingly corresponding Greek expression Μεσοποταμία, which has led to the general belief that Harran, the residence of Terah and his family, was within the ex-

tensive region named Mesopotamia, lying between the two rivers Euphrates and Tigris, far away from Damascus, the capital of Aram; instead of being in the plain and cultivated country between the two rivers Abana and Pharpar, in the immediate vicinity of the latter city.

The arguments for and against my identification of Harran were fully stated in 'Origines Biblicæ,' in Dr. Paulus's critique of that work in the 'Heidelberger Jahrbücher,' and in my 'Vertheidigung gegen Herrn Dr. Paulus,' etc., published at Leipzig in 1835; and they have recently been partially reproduced in several articles in the 'Athenæum,' from the pens of the Rev. J. L. Porter, Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, and myself. It is consequently unnecessary to re-state those arguments here, especially as it has almost become a work of supererogation to employ argument to prove what to every unprejudiced mind must be self-evident, when once the error and the simple means of its rectification are pointed out.

In fact, the whole question now resolves itself into the meaning to be attached to the words of the text (Gen. xxxi. 19–23), in which Jacob's evasion and Laban's pursuit of him are related:—"And Laban went to shear his sheep: and Rachel had stolen the *teraphim* that were her father's. And Jacob stole away unawares to Laban the Aramite, in that he told him not that he fled. So he fled with all he had; and he rose up, and passed over the river, and set his face toward the Mount

Gilead. And it was told Laban on the third day that Jacob was fled. And he took his brethren with him, and pursued after him seven days' journey; and they overtook him in the Mount Gilead."

This text has been the subject of frequent comment and discussion, though more with reference to the incidents of the journey (on account of the difficulties with which, as is only natural, they were always found to be surrounded), than to the particular road taken by the fugitive and his pursuer. For, the correctness of the traditional identification of Harran having been assumed, there was no room left for much difference of opinion as to the way from thence to Gilead; and the following observations of the Rev. J. L. Porter, the most recent authoritative writer on this portion of Biblical geography, may be cited as expressing the notions generally entertained on the subject.

In the first volume of his 'Five Years in Damascus,' pages 250, 251, when speaking of the valley between Palmyra and Damascus, Mr. Porter remarks:—"Dreary and desolate as this great valley seems, it is not without its associations, historic and sacred; and the whole route we were now following is one that has been noted for long centuries. Along it Abraham travelled* when journeying to the Land of Promise, in obedience to the command of his God; and Jacob followed in his footsteps,

* I know not Mr. Porter's authority for this statement, which has not even the sanction of tradition.

with his wives and children, flocks and herds, men and maid-servants. His route would necessarily be regulated by the fountains at which he could obtain the necessary supplies of water. The time occupied by the journey (ten days) proves that he could not have passed round by Northern Syria, but must have taken the shortest course to Mount Gilead, where Laban came up with him. For these reasons it is clear he must have passed the copious springs of Palmyra and Kuryetein, and thence pursued his journey through the fertile territory of Damascus. The distance from the banks of the Euphrates at Harran could not be accomplished in less than ten days by one encumbered as he was, and it would not require a longer time where dispatch was used. Laban, however, on his swift dromedaries could easily perform the same journey in seven days. A truer or more vivid picture of patriarchal life could not be witnessed than the march of an Arab tribe across this dreary region."

According to Mr. Porter's own showing, the distance in a direct line between the Euphrates and Mount Gilead is two hundred and fifty geographical, equal to two hundred and eighty-eight statute miles; and adding to this one-fifth for the irregularities of the road, the distance to be actually travelled becomes three hundred and forty-five statute miles. This distance Jacob, with his "oxen and asses, flocks and herds, men-servants and women-servants," and with his wives and young children,

is supposed to have been able to travel in ten days,—consequently at the rate of thirty-four miles and a half daily for ten consecutive days; whilst Laban and his brethren, mounted on swift dromedaries and in the ardour of pursuit, are assumed to have occupied as many as seven days in performing the same distance, that is to say, to have travelled less than fifty miles a day.

The latter assumption, though possible, is most improbable, inasmuch as a swift dromedary would accomplish the journey in half the time. But as to the idea that Jacob's flocks and herds and their young, with his own infant family (twelve children, and the eldest only twelve years of age!), could have accomplished such a journey in ten days,—especially so late in the year as sheep-shearing season,—it rests simply on a physical impossibility; and the wonder is that such an idea should have ever entered the mind of any one. Jacob himself told his brother Esau, shortly after he had parted from Laban, "My lord knoweth that the children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are with me; and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock will die. Let my lord, I pray thee, pass over before his servant; and I will lead on softly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children be able to endure." And although this representation of the wily progenitor of the Israelites is not to be taken too literally, still there cannot be a doubt that even twenty days, or double the number usually allowed him to perform

the journey, would not have been sufficient for the purpose.

Such in fact is the conclusion of Sir Henry Rawlinson, who, whilst professing to support Mr. Porter's argument, says, nevertheless, "we know not how many days were consumed by Laban in his preparations for the pursuit, after receiving notice 'on the third day' of the evasion of his son-in-law. Laban, indeed, may have required a week, or even ten days, to collect his followers and dromedaries from the desert before setting out to recover his 'images;' so that, although when once fairly started, he traversed the entire distance from Haran to Gilead in seven days, Jacob may have occupied as much as twenty days on his march to the same place from the banks of the Euphrates."

This forced explanation of the text is, however, precisely that of Dr. Paulus, which I confuted in my 'Vertheidigung.' Its absurdity is evident at a glance. If Jacob took twenty days, and Laban only seven days, to perform the journey, *thirteen* days must have elapsed before the latter began his pursuit. Had he really waited so long before starting, it is scarcely probable he would have started at all. The common-sense meaning of the words of the text is that Laban's pursuit was immediate, just as was that of Pharaoh after the Israelites (Exodus xiv. 5–8). Only, such being the case, Laban could not possibly have avoided overtaking Jacob, before he had accomplished one-half of his supposed "twenty" days'

journey to Gilead. And this is just the difficulty which must always attend the traditional Harran and the notion that "the river" crossed by Jacob was "the great river, the river Euphrates."

As regards this latter point, I have to make the following observation. There are few persons, I apprehend, who do not live, or have not at some time or other lived, near some stream, which, although perhaps far from being the largest in the kingdom or in the county, is in common parlance known in the vicinity as "the river." This river may even be as insignificant as the Lesser Stour, on the banks of which I am now writing (October 10th, 1864): a brook, which has been absolutely dry for more than a twelvemonth, winter as well as summer, but which nevertheless is "the river" of my neighbours and myself. In like manner the Pharpar, on the banks of which Jacob had fed his father-in-law's flocks for twenty years, was to him "the river," and not the distant Euphrates, of which he and his family were not likely to have known anything since the time when the patriarch Abraham left—

> "His gods, his friends, and native soil,
> Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
> To Haran."

Between the spot where Jacob may be assumed to have "passed over the river" Pharpar and the summit of Mount Gilead, the distance measured on the map is

sixty geographical or seventy statute miles; to which adding one-fifth for the irregularities of the road, we have eighty-four statute miles, as the actual distance travelled by Jacob before Laban overtook him. And this, we are told, was "seven days' journey;" not as indicating necessarily the time occupied by the traveller, but as a measure of distance, which gives twelve statute miles as the length of a day's journey.

Perhaps this is somewhat shorter than the usual estimate of travelling by the single day,—Sir Henry Rawlinson says that "an Arab tribe on its ordinary migrations moves from twelve to fifteen miles per diem,"—but as the sum of seven consecutive days it is ample. The caravans of pilgrims from Damascus to Mecca, going along the very road taken by the fugitive and his pursuer, occupy that time, if not longer. My wife and I, not having the impediments of the patriarch or of ordinary native travellers, arrived at the summit of Mount Gilead on the fourth morning after leaving "the river" at Kisweh; and Laban might have performed the journey even more speedily than ourselves, had he not had to start from Harran, whereby the distance he rode was lengthened twenty-six statute miles; if indeed he was not at the time even further away to the east than his usual place of residence: for we read that "he set three days' journey betwixt himself and Jacob," and further, that, at the time of the latter's evasion, Laban was gone to shear his sheep; so that this extra

distance, whatever it may have amounted to, had likewise to be traversed, after it had been "told Laban on the third day that Jacob was fled."

There is, however, a great fallacy in the supposition that Laban and his brethren pursued the fugitive mounted on swift dromedaries. Such animals may suit the wild Arabs of the Desert, but not the settled residents in a town, like Laban and his kinsmen. On New Year's Day of 1862, as is narrated in page 206 of my wife's work, Sheikh Mahmūd of Ghassule, a village near Harran, accompanied us on horseback as far as Nejha, on "the river" Awaj or Pharpar. If, two or three days after we had left him, he had had occasion to "pursue after" us, he would not have thought of sending into the Desert to the ʿAnezeh or any other Beduin tribe for their swift dromedaries, and waiting for these a week or even ten days, as Sir Henry Rawlinson suggests; but he and a few of his villagers ("brethren"), called together on the spur of the moment, would at once have mounted their horses, and followed after us as quickly as the animals could carry them, going probably over two miles of ground while we were going one. And such, no doubt, was the course pursued by Laban and his companions.

On the other hand, as it would have been quite impossible for the females and young children of Jacob's family to perform the journey on foot, or even mounted on horses or asses, the patriarch, as we read, "set his

sons and his wives upon camels;" and in so doing, he availed himself of the ordinary means of conveyance at the present day adopted by the Syrian traveller, who places his *harīm* on the slow but sure and enduring ship of the desert, in a sort of large covered pannier hanging on each side of the animal:—the כר of the Hebrew text, in our Authorized version translated "camel's furniture," in which Rachel hid her father's *teraphim*, when he entered her tent in search of them.

The more the subject is investigated and considered, the more manifest it becomes that the difficulties, which attended the Scripture narrative under its ordinary interpretation, have ceased to exist, now that the true Harran in Aram-Naharaim—between the two rivers of Aram or Syria—is discovered. At the same time, it is seen how astonishingly many other inconsistencies and difficulties, with respect to various points of Biblical geography and history, vanish, the moment we restrict the name Aram to Syria proper.

It is at once apparent that Damascus was truly called the head of Aram (Isa. vii. 8), as it has been in all ages, and still is at the present day, the chief city of Syria, having no connection with Mesopotamia beyond the Euphrates; and further how Beth-Rehob, Zoba, Maacah, and Ish-Tob (2 Sam. x. 6), were portions of Aram, they having all been situate on the north-eastern confines of Canaan, and yet at no great distance from Damascus, as was also Geshur in Aram (2 Sam. xv. 8),

whither Absalom fled after he had killed Amnon. Here likewise was the country of which Chushan-rishathaim was king (Judg. iii. 8), which could not but have been in the vicinity of Canaan, like those of Moab, Ammon, and Midian, mentioned in conjunction with it. So too, in Pethor of Aram-Naharaim, in the hill-country south of the Pharpar,* was the residence of Balaam, the son of Beor (Deut. xxiii. 4); whence—and not from the distant Mesopotamia, or, as Sir Henry Rawlinson contends, from the more distant "high lands of the Nahiri, who inhabited along the southern slopes of Taurus from the Persian frontier almost to Cilicia,"—that prophet could readily have answered the repeated calls of Balak, king of Moab, and where too, after he had "returned to his place," he was still so near to the country of the Midianites as to make him an occasional visitor there; so that it becomes intelligible how, when the detachment of Israelites under Phinehas conquered the Midianites, "Balaam also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword" (Numb. xxxi. 8). And lastly, here, in the plain and fertile country between the two rivers of Damascus, was the residence of the patriarch Job, "the Land of Uz,"—written in Hebrew עוּץ (*Ghūtz* or *Ghūth*), which name, in the Arabic form غوطة (*Ghūtha*), it retains to this day.†

* See page 212.

† See 'Origines Biblicæ,' pp. 137–153, for a Consideration of the Book of Job.

I have already stated that my views met with almost total discredit on their first enunciation. Indeed the only notice they appear to have elicited, after the reviews of my work at the time of its publication, is such as that in Dr. Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of the Bible;' in which, when speaking of the universally admitted identification of Mesopotamia with Aram Naharaim, it is disparagingly added, "with the exception only of Mr. Tilstone Beke, who, in his 'Origines Biblicæ,' among many other paradoxical notions, maintains that Aram Naharaim is the territory of Damascus."

Justice requires me, however, to mention that my opinion as to the true position of Harran was adopted several years ago by Miss Fanny Corbaux, in papers printed in the 'Journal of Sacred Literature' and the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' and more recently by Mr. Cyril Graham, in an article in the 'Cambridge Essays' for 1858. On the other hand, Dean Stanley, in the Appendix to his 'Lectures on the Jewish Church,' published towards the end of 1862, inclines to the adverse opinion expressed in the 'Athenæum,' in the beginning of that year, by Mr. Porter, Mr. Ainsworth, and Sir Henry Rawlinson.

As a matter of course, Bishop Colenso, in his work on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, accepts without scruple, as does likewise his great authority, Dr. Ewald, the traditional identification of Mesopotamia with Aram Naharaim, with all the consequences of that identifi-

cation; for it may be stated as a rule, that, the more rationalistic a Biblical critic is as regards the text of Scripture itself, the more implicitly he defers to tradition and human authority with respect to its interpretation.

Notwithstanding the great pretensions of most of the critics of the rationalistic school, their practice, as it appears to me and as I remarked long ago in my Reply to Dr. Paulus, is blindly and unconsciously to accept the erroneous traditional interpretation of the text of Scripture, and then as blindly and illogically to reject the text itself, on account of the apparent inconsistency or absurdity of that interpretation.

Those critics would do well to consider the advice given by the Bishop of London, in his recent address* at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh:—"We must be very cautious not to confound mere traditional expositions of what is contained in Scripture with the Scripture itself. It is astonishing how many statements, historical or scientific, are commonly believed to be in Scripture, which, when we examine for ourselves, we find are not really there." And if they would only be content to examine the Bible History, not on the assumption of its being untrue because they happen not to understand it, but with a sincere desire to ascertain its real meaning, free from gloss and tradition of every kind, and upon the supposition that it may be true in spite of their

* On November 4th, 1864.

doubts; they would hardly fail to arrive at conclusions which, however much they might be at variance with vulgar notions, would be as confirmatory of the historical truth of the early Hebrew Scriptures, as is the investigation of the circumstances of the patriarch Jacob's Flight, made on the Pilgrimage which it now falls to my wife to describe.

C. B.

A PILGRIMAGE TO HARRAN.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ENGLAND TO BEYROUT.

When we left Alexandria for Beyrout, in the morning of the 3rd of December, 1861, by the French steamer 'Indus,' of the Messageries Impériales, the weather was beautiful, and a fine *libeccio*, or south-west wind, carried us rapidly to the Syrian coast; but there it became an unfavourable one for landing, and on arriving off Jaffa the next morning, we found such a heavy sea running, that it was quite impossible for the steamer to approach the shore. The captain, in consequence, at once decided on continuing his course to Beyrout, which alteration caused us to arrive off that port in the evening, instead of early in the morning as we had anticipated; and as it was then too late to land, we had to cast anchor in the bay, and lie there till next morning, tossing and rolling about in a most distressing manner.

At daylight our steam was got up, and we neared the shore. I had suffered severely from sea-sickness during the passage, and my husband had unfortunately sprained his ankle on the evening of our departure from Alexandria; so that we were both in a deplorable state for landing. There was such a heavy swell, and the steamer rolled so frightfully, that the boats which came alongside to land the passengers, were every moment in danger of being struck and carried under water by the steps of the ship, and the only wonder is how the people got into the boats at all. We scarcely know how we managed to scramble into ours; but the passengers who went in the next boat were not so fortunate: for, just as they had got into it, the end of the steps came down and nearly swamped it, and those on board could barely save themselves by springing as best they could into the other boats.

On reaching the miserable landing-place, I was suddenly, and with the least possible ceremony, snatched up by a man, who carried me safely to dry land; and a couple of men soon placed my husband by my side. Our luggage was next brought on shore, and subjected to the formality of an examination by the Turkish custom-house officer, a very polite man, who took our words for our having no articles liable to duty, and contented himself with requesting me merely to unlock a single trunk, but without opening it. This done, we crept up various crooked dirty lanes and sundry steps, which we

were, both of us, too unwell to care to notice, except that they seemed interminably long, till at length we reached the Hôtel de Belle Vue, kept by a civil Greek, named Andrea Boucopulos. Here we were most thankful to throw ourselves down upon the divan while waiting for our breakfast, of which I was much in need; for, according to my usual custom, I had absolutely eaten and drunk nothing while at sea.

We arrived at Beyrout on the morning of December 5th, having left home on the morning of the 11th of the preceding month. In the intervening twenty-six days what places had we not visited, and what had we not seen! Dover, Calais, Paris, Geneva, the Simplon, Lago Maggiore, Milan, Lago di Garda, Venice, Trieste, Corfu, Alexandria. It seemed incredible that we could have travelled so far in so short a time. But such are the wonders of steam. From the Bekesbourne Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to Beyrout, the whole distance was traversed by railway or by steamer, except the short space between Sion, on the western side of the Simplon, and Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore.

To attempt to describe anything seen on so rapid a journey would be futile. The sight which, on the whole, made the deepest impression on me, was the junction of the river Arve with the Rhone at Geneva. The Rhone, after having deposited all its impurities in Lake Leman, issues from it in a limpid blue stream; whilst the Arve,

a much smaller river, rushing down the side of Mont Blanc, carries into the Rhone a muddy whitish current. After their junction, the waters of the two rivers, so different in appearance, run for some distance side by side without intermingling; and when at length they do unite, the turbid water of the smaller stream discolours the whole body of the Rhone, which, it is said, does not again become clear till it reaches the Mediterranean.

This curious phenomenon afforded my husband an apt illustration—of which he gladly availed himself, with a view to my edification—of the junction of the two great branches of the Nile, the White and Blue Rivers; but at the time he witnessed, with me, the exit of the Rhone from the Lake of Geneva, he did not anticipate it would have afforded himself and others so forcible an argument against Captain Speke's notion that Lake Nyanza is the head of the Nile. If it were so, then the Lake of Geneva would be the head of the Rhone, which everybody knows it is not, and no one better than ourselves; for, when we crossed the Pass of St. Gothard in September, 1860, we were close to the Glacier of the Rhone, in which the river really has its source, and purposed visiting it, had not the weather been so unfavourable in that miserably wet season.

Without dwelling here on a subject which is now worn nearly threadbare, I will only express our conviction that ere long the great Egyptian mathematician and geographer, Claudius Ptolemy, will be conclusively proved

to be no "hypothetical humbug," by the discovery of the Glaciers of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon, where he placed them seventeen centuries ago.*

During our short stay at Geneva, and whilst proceeding along the northern side of the lake, we were particularly favoured in the weather. The summit of Mont Blanc was distinctly visible without intermission the whole time the mountain remained within the range of our sight. Not a cloud obscured it, nor a mist deadened the sharpness of its outline; and never could it have been seen to greater advantage. A Swiss gentleman, who was travelling in the same railway-carriage with ourselves, assured us that during the whole course of his life he had never seen the mountain so distinctly; and 'Murray' tells us that, on an average, it is not visible more than sixty days in the whole year.

The Simplon Pass had to be crossed on a sledge, the snow having already fallen in considerable quantities, though the weather was fine for the time of year, and not remarkably cold. We chose this Pass of the Alps on our present journey, on account of my husband's having an objection to go twice over the same ground, if he can avoid it. This was the sixth time of his passing the Alps, but I have as yet crossed them only twice.

* See Dr. Beke's work, 'The Sources of the Nile' (London, 1860), page 28; and his 'Lecture on the Sources of the Nile, and on the Means requisite for their final Determination,' delivered at the London Institution on January 20th, 1864 (privately printed), page 26.

Of the Lago di Garda we had but an imperfect view while stopping at Desenzano. This we regretted, as it is said to possess greater natural beauties, and also a milder climate, than the other lakes of the Alps, which are more lauded perhaps only because they happen to be better known. Last year we visited the three celebrated Italian lakes of Como, Lago Maggiore, and Lugano, and also that of Lucerne, and this year we have seen Lake Leman; but, as far as we might judge from such a hurried glance, none of them are comparable to the classical Benacus, with its lovely peninsula of Sermio, now converted into an island.

At Desenzano our railway carriages were transferred to Austrian engine-drivers and officials, under whose charge we proceeded to Peschiera, one of the fortresses of the famed Quadrilateral, where we were subjected to a police and custom-house inspection. Nothing could be more marked than the difference between the conduct of the Austrian officials and of those of the countries we had previously traversed. From the lowest, I might almost say to the highest, direct, and in some cases, urgent demands were made for gratuities, in return for the slightest services rendered; and even when no demand was made, we were given pretty plainly to understand that a present would not only be acceptable, but was actually expected. What can be the cause of this? Are the Austrian *employés* so badly paid as to render it necessary for them to eke out their pittance by means

of extortions from travellers? On the Lombard side of the frontiers, where the Austrian rule prevailed only a few years ago, we never noticed any attempt to ask for money; and there were no signs of distress on the one side more than on the other. Indeed, if the flourishing state of the fertile plain watered by the Po and its numerous tributaries, is to be regarded as a test of the treatment which the inhabitants experienced from the Austrian Government while under its sway, the conclusion can only be that the treatment was most paternal and beneficent; so that the conduct of the officials in the Venetian provinces must, I apprehend, be caused by the fact that they, rather than the people at large, are badly treated.

As regards the Lombards, it is only to be hoped that they have not, after all, exchanged King Log for King Stork. That they have an idea of something of the sort, is evident from the following anecdote related to us by a Milanese gentleman. A Lombard farmer called in a couple of Austrians to strip his mulberry-trees of their leaves; but they worked so slowly and so badly, that he was obliged to dismiss them. Two Piedmontese then offered their services, and were engaged; and these worked so diligently, that when they brought in their stock of leaves in the evening, the good farmer could not help exclaiming, "Per Bacco! Mi hanno pelato questi Piemontesi più in un giorno che quei Tedeschi in una settimana."—"By Jove! These Piedmontese have

stripped me more in a day than those Austrians did in a week."

At Venice we were unable to stay more than three days, as we had taken our passage by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer from Trieste to Alexandria, and were forced to tear ourselves away. There was consequently no time, and we had little inclination, to go sight-seeing; for we had more than enough to do to wander about in a gondola, and gaze on the endless beauties of this extraordinary place. We were most fortunate in the weather, and yet more so in a bright full moon, which made the night even more lovely than the day. Well indeed does this city deserve its title of La bella Venezia; and its beauty is of that singular and peculiar character, that to be understood it must be seen. It is in this sense undoubtedly that Shakespeare, in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' makes Holofernes exclaim,

> "Vinegia! Vinegia!
> Chi non ti vede, ei non ti pregia."

One building, which few go to see perhaps, but which we felt a special interest in visiting, though the approach to it is certainly anything but inviting, is the house once inhabited by Marco Polo, the famous traveller in the thirteenth century, whose marvellous account of Prester John, the mighty Christian ruler of Abascia, gave rise to the notion, which so long prevailed, that that mysterious potentate was the King of Abessinia. This house, which was formerly the residence of the noble

family De' Poli, forms one side of a court near the Teatro Malibran, and at the angle is a tower, the rich Saracenic doorway of which is now bricked up, and the lower portion of the building has been converted into a low drinking-house; thus showing "to what base uses we may return."

We left Venice at night by the railway to Trieste; and when early in the following morning we reached the mountains overhanging the northern end of the Adriatic, we experienced an intensely cold and violent north wind, which continued blowing during the whole day of our stay at Trieste. We were assured, however, that this was but a slight specimen of the *bora*, and that had it raged as it does sometimes, we should not have been able to stand up against it. We were at the same time told of the laughable incident of a body of Austrian soldiers, who, as they were crossing one of the bridges, were, *malgré eux*, compelled by the wind to proceed *au pas de charge*. Those who have witnessed the stiffness and precision of these over-drilled, yet remarkably fine soldiers, may fancy their horror at being thus driven on in spite of themselves. I asked whether they were not punished for this breach of discipline, and was assured quite seriously that it was a case of *force majeure*, the meaning of which expression my long residence in Mauritius enabled me fully to appreciate.

In that island, which is still governed under the French laws, its inhabitants being more French than

English, the allegation of *force majeure* is an excuse for almost anything. Or it may, instead, be *un cas exceptionnel;* or else it is attended with *circonstances atténuantes,*—which, by the bye, would generally be regarded in England as "aggravating" circumstances. If these excuses all fail, the offender will fall back on his *bonnes intentions;* and, when beaten even on this ground, the oldest and most hardened hypocrite has yet another last appeal to your mercy as *un pauvre père de famille,*—which there is no resisting.

Luckily for us, the *bora* ceased its violence before we left the harbour of Trieste; and during the greater part of the five days of our voyage to Alexandria we seemed to be on a lake rather than on the open sea. This enabled me, who am generally so great a sufferer at sea, to remain on deck more than it is usually possible for me to do; and after our departure from Corfu, where we stopped the greater part of the day, I actually kept up till late at night, enjoying the view of the coast and islands, along and among which the steamer pursued her rapid and steady course by the light of a brilliant moon in a cloudless sky. To speak of Sappho's Leap, of Ithaca, of Navarino, and the many other memorable spots which we thus hurried past, would however be out of place here. Suffice it to say that we arrived safely at Alexandria on the 25th of November; and that, after waiting there a week for a steamer, we proceeded to Beyrout, at which place our Pilgrimage may properly be said to have commenced.

CHAPTER II.

BEYROUT.

Our stay at Beyrout was under very unfavourable circumstances. My husband's sprained ankle having become worse instead of better on board ship, he was, soon after landing, compelled to put himself on the sick-list, and to call in a doctor, which unavoidably delayed our departure for Damascus. I was necessarily kept much in the house with him; besides which, the weather was so very bad, that it was only occasionally I could manage to get out of doors. The season had been a most extraordinary one; there having been no rain for two months. Such an occurrence had not been known for fourteen years, when the rain, it is said, held back till New Year. Whether on that occasion the drought was accompanied by any malady, I am unable to say; but this year it was the cause of a most extensive epidemic, which at the time of our arrival was still raging, though fortunately, from the change of weather which had just set in, its violence had considerably abated.

The disease was described to me as being of a peculiar character; the chief symptoms were pains in the head and back, lasting about eight days and ending in fever, which, strangely enough, had no thirst attending it, but laid the patient prostrate, and left him very weak and low. When once it entered a house, it did not pass over a single inmate; and of the sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants of Beyrout, I was told that scarcely five hundred had escaped. This may perhaps be a little exaggerated, but it only proves the almost universality of the disease. Certainly, nearly every person I met had suffered from it; though fortunately it was not at all fatal, as I was told, no one had died from it.

So long had the drought continued and with such serious consequences, that at length it was decided by the authorities that prayers for rain should be offered up in all the places of public worship, whatever their religious persuasion. On Friday, November 29th, the Mohammedans were to pray in their mosques; on Saturday, the 30th, the Jews in their synagogues; and on Sunday, December 1st (the Sunday before our arrival), the Christians in their churches. But during the night of Thursday, or as the Orientals would say, of Friday,—that is to say, the night between Thursday and Friday,—a marked change took place in the weather. There was much thunder and lightning, with a gathering of clouds, and every appearance of the near approach of rain.

As Fuad Pasha, who was then at Beyrout, did not think it proper that all the preparations for prayer should have been made in vain, he rose early in the morning and ordered that the ministers of the several religions should at once meet in the public *place*, outside the walls of the city; and in order that his command should be obeyed, he sent his *kawásses* round the town to oblige the inhabitants to close their shops and attend the public prayers. By this means seven or eight thousand persons were collected together. The ceremony was commenced by the Moslems, who were followed by the Christians, the Jews coming last. Immediately after the first had finished their prayers, or, according to another version, as soon as the second had begun theirs, the first drop of rain fell; but according to a third version, it was not till the Jews had unrolled their *Torah* that it really began raining. Thus they each took to themselves, and no doubt with equal reason, the credit of having caused the rain.

As for Fuad Pasha, so prepared was he for the result, that he took with him his mackintosh ready to put on when the rain fell, so as to protect his splendid new uniform. In this he showed himself to be a better prophet than the founder of his religion, who indeed never assumed to himself the title of the "Prophet" of God, given to him by his followers. When asked to foretell when rain would fall, Mohammed is said to have replied, "When you hear the thunder, see the lightning, and

feel the water running from the gutters at the tops of houses, then you may be sure of rain."

This rain-making of Fuad Pasha took place only a few days before our arrival, and he did it so effectually that the place had been deluged ever since. Though Beyrout does not usually suffer from drought, yet the rains are only occasional and slight; so that these almost incessant torrents afflicted the inhabitants to nearly as great an extent as the previous want of rain.

Having performed his mission, the Governor returned to Damascus for a few days, previously to coming down again to Beyrout to embark on board a Turkish frigate, which had been sent to convey him to Constantinople. The departure from Syria of this able and energetic minister was deeply and universally regretted. The state of the province since the deplorable disturbances of 1860 had been such, that it was feared his departure would only be the precursor of other outrages, which nothing but a strong will guiding a strong hand could suppress. From all that we could gather, Fuad Pasha seems to be the person best suited for the government of Syria, and that, in fact, the only effectual way of reducing its discordant elements to order would be to vest the hereditary government in him and his descendants, like Egypt in the family of Mohammed Ali. This is said to have been the desire of Fuad Pasha himself, and it was doubtless the main reason of his being withdrawn so soon from his independent administration in Syria, to take part in the

court intrigues of Constantinople. We were informed that several baits had been held out to him before his appointment to the Grand Viziership, which latter was either too tempting to be resisted or too imperative to be refused. As it was, his Excellency was evidently in no hurry to depart; the frigate with its steam-tender being kept lying in Beyrout roads till Saturday, the 14th December, the day of our own departure for Damascus.

My husband's being unable to leave the house obliged him to send by a messenger, to their respective addresses, the letters of introduction which we had brought with us. They were only a few, as when we left England we had no intention of making any stay here. We were not long before we received visits from Mr. Moore, her Majesty's Consul-General, and his son and Vice-Consul, Mr. Noel Moore, the Rev. Dr. Thomson, and Mr. Henry Heald. They all most kindly offered us every assistance in their power; but we had no occasion to avail ourselves of the aid of any one but the last-named gentleman, to whom we shall ever feel ourselves indebted for the great trouble he gave himself on our account.

Our steamer having brought from Alexandria the startling intelligence that war had been declared between England and the United States of America, it may well be imagined that the European and American residents here were in a state of great excitement, and desirous of obtaining all the information it might be in

our power to give. We could of course only confirm the report that two telegrams had been received at Alexandria just as we were on the point of leaving, and that the news was generally believed to be true. It was not until long afterwards that we ourselves learned that there was no foundation for the report.

The hotel at which we resided during our stay in Beyrout (the only one within the town), is anything but clean; but the host is attentive and obliging, the provisions good of their kind, the *table d'hôte* very fair, and the charges reasonable. There is another hotel of the same name at Ras Beyrout, the point running out into the sea about a mile west of the town. Before leaving England we had been strongly recommended to take up our quarters at the latter place; but, although we might have done this with advantage during the summer months, when I can fancy a residence in the narrow streets of an Oriental town to be anything but agreeable or even wholesome, it would have been a great mistake had we followed our friend's advice at the season of the year when we were there.

Among the residents in our hotel was Omar Pasha, the commander of the troops, with several officers of his staff, who usually dined at the *table d'hôte*. In consequence of my husband's indisposition, we took our meals in our own room till the last day or two, when we dined at the *table d'hôte*, at which we met several of the Turkish officers, though not Omar Pasha himself. They

all made themselves most amiable, handing us fruit, offering us champagne, with all kinds of civilities. They made no scruple of drinking wine or of eating ham, which, however, was conveniently presented to them by our host Andrea, not as the flesh of the unclean animal, but as mountain mutton; which no doubt completely eased their consciences. I here took my first lesson in Arabic, and found that "Wallahi," "Bismillah," "Inshallah," "Alhamdulillah," "Mashallah," and "Istaghfarallah" are by far the most frequently recurring expressions in that language, or in Turkish, which in this respect is the same. Indeed, if not sufficient to enable one to take an active part in a conversation, they are enough to reply to almost anything that may be said.

I am so great a sufferer from sea-sickness, that it was some days after our arrival before I felt myself equal to any kind of exertion, and the very unfavourable state of the weather added to my indisposition; but as my health improved and my husband's foot was also getting better, I began to make preparations for our intended journey.

One of my first and most important duties was to open the chest containing my photographic apparatus, for the purpose of seeing that all was in order and fit for use; when, to my great dismay, I found everything in the utmost confusion, and worst of all, the most important article for work, the nitrate of silver bath, broken, and (as I for a time feared) not to be mended or replaced. Such a loss would have been irremediable; and after

having worked hard in England for several months to practise photography solely for the purpose of making use of the art in this journey, it can hardly be imagined what vexation I felt at thus finding that all my pains and expense were likely to prove of no avail. However, these were only the thoughts of a few minutes. I was not to be altogether disheartened so easily. I was determined, at all events, to make an effort; and my next business consequently was to sally forth in search of friends, from whom I might hope to obtain advice and assistance.

I soon ascertained there was in Beyrout such a person as a photographer, and one only, namely M. Sonnino, a *pharmacien* (chemist and druggist). To him I directed my steps, finding my way as best I could from directions given me by the master of our hotel; and after wandering alone—for my husband, though better, was still confined to the house—through numerous narrow dirty lanes and busy bazaars swarming with gaily dressed Syrians, I reached the *place*—the open space already mentioned, just outside the town, in which Fuad Pasha had assembled the people to offer prayers for rain. Through M. Sonnino's kindness in allowing me to borrow of him what he could not sell, and otherwise supplying me with the materials of which I stood in need, I fortunately succeeded in repairing my losses.

This was not the only occasion on which I took a solitary walk. On another day, being Sunday, I went

a long way round the town and along the sea-shore, and was greatly pleased and amused in passing by and watching the different costumes of the gaily dressed men and women, who all appeared to be in their holiday clothes, and holiday making. Notwithstanding the crowds of persons I fell in with, I did not experience the slightest insult or inconvenience, but on the contrary was treated with the greatest politeness and respect. Every one made room for me to pass; and there was no pushing or offensive curiosity. Of course the people looked at me, as I looked at them; but I must confess that at Beyrout I cou'd go out alone and walk about with less chance of being molested or embarrassed than in either Paris or London.

The important matter of my photographic apparatus being satisfactorily arranged, and my husband being happily quite recovered, we lost no time in returning the visits of our several friends, and taking leave of them preparatory to our departure for Damascus. For this purpose we had to hire horses. At the British Consulate my husband alighted, and while he entered to pay his respects to the Consul-General, Mr. Noel Moore came down and kept me company. Among the topics of conversation, one which interested us much was the mutilation by the French of the ancient Egyptian tablet at Nahr-el-Kelb. On this subject, however, Mr. Moore evidently did not care to say a great deal; neither had my husband any motive for speaking to the Consul-

General about it, regarding it solely as a matter of history deserving of being placed on record, and having already obtained from private sources the fullest information respecting it, as I shall have shortly occasion to relate.

Mr. Moore was so good as to invite us to dine with him and Mrs. Moore at their residence, a little way out of town; but this gratification was denied us. Just as the time arrived for starting, and our horses were at the door (for there was no other means of conveyance), it began to rain in such torrents, that our going there was not to be thought of. We were therefore, at the last moment, obliged to send our excuses.

When we called at Dr. Thomson's I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mrs. Thomson and her daughters, who had been prevented from calling on me by the fever, from the effects of which they were still suffering. On telling them of our contemplated journey from Damascus over the plains of Hauran to Mount Gilead, and so across the Jordan to Shechem, they appeared quite horrified at the idea, not so much on account of the season of the year as of the troubled state of the times; and both they and Dr. Thomson himself strongly recommended us not to attempt that road, as they were sure we should never succeed in getting through. Dr. Thomson said he had tried repeatedly to reach Gadara, but had never been able to do so on account of the Beduins; and when we explained that we had no inten-

tion of crossing the Jordan so far north as Gadara, our explanation only made matters worse. Fuad Pasha's being on the point of leaving Syria was urged as an additional objection to our journey, it being more than probable that fresh disturbances would break out after his departure. His going away just at this moment was certainly to be regretted; but I need scarcely say that neither this circumstance nor the representations of our friends had the slightest effect on us. We had come to Syria with the determination of making our journey, upon a settled plan and by a road already well considered and distinctly marked out; and it must, indeed, be a case of *force majeure* which should prevent us from carrying our determination into effect.

From Dr. Thomson's we proceeded to the printing-office of the American Mission, where my husband called to see Dr. Vandyck, who is married to one of Mrs. Thomson's daughters. While my husband went in, I remained on horseback at the door, and amused myself with the children coming out of school, all looking nice and clean, and some of them very pretty girls with rosy cheeks and fine black eyes and hair; but unfortunately they, and indeed almost all the inhabitants, young and old, were looking more or less ill from the effects of the late fever.

Dr. Vandyck is a profound Biblical scholar, and to him my husband briefly explained his views respecting Aram Naharaim. He at once seized the point, admitted

the force of the argument, but opposed to it tradition, universal acceptance, etc.; as if error, by being reiterated, could ever become truth!

Our rides to pay our visits and my own solitary wanderings enabled me to see a good deal of Beyrout, considering the short time we remained there. I had heard and read of the filthy state of the streets, and can well fancy what they would have been, had not the larger portion of the filth been removed by the late heavy rains. But, although the old town is very dirty, and the streets cramped and confined, Beyrout is nevertheless a thriving place, and has very much improved of late. All around they have begun making good carriage-roads, for which I believe the French are chiefly to be thanked. There is one excellent road just completed by the French Consul-General, extending the whole way from the Consulate to his private residence outside the town. The expense of the labour, I was told, is borne by the Consul, or more probably by the French Government, the ground being given by the local authorities. A carriage-road is also being constructed from Beyrout to Damascus, of which one half, as far as Zahleh, was opened last year, and the remainder was intended to be completed in the course of the ensuing year. They have started omnibuses about the environs of Beyrout, as well as between that place and Zahleh; and there is, further, an electric telegraph line in successful operation between Beyrout and Damascus. These are certainly convincing proofs of

the extension of European civilization to this somewhat out-of-the-way portion of Asiatic Turkey.

The produce of the surrounding country consists principally of silk and oil. From the interior come grain, fruits, etc. The imports, however, far exceed the exports, and for this reason the exchange is very favourable here for drawers of bills. In most places travellers complain of getting less for the pound sterling than its full value. At Beyrout they actually receive more than its nominal value! The great obstacle in the way of improvement is the impossibility of obtaining grants of land from the State. We were told that the Turks will not even grant a lease to a native who is supported by Europeans. Then there is no sufficient power to keep out the Bedouins, which renders agricultural property always insecure.

One of the greatest difficulties with travellers in the Levant is the obtaining of a suitable and trustworthy interpreter and guide,—or *dragoman*, as he is called,—a man who, for a certain price per day, provides all the necessaries for travelling, food, lodging, animals, etc. These dragomans are to be met with in great numbers at Beyrout, but few of them are to be depended on, and it is always a most unpleasant and difficult task to make a selection. Through the friendly intervention of Mr. Heald, we were relieved from all trouble in this respect; as he recommended to us a Maronite Christian, a native of Beyrout, whom he had known for upwards of

twenty years, as being in his opinion the very best of his class.

This man, Mikhail Hene by name, is one of the oldest and best-known dragomans. I use the regular plural, because I do not see why we should say drago*men*, as I find the word in Murray's 'Handbook for Syria and Palestine,' any more than Ro*men*, Nor*men*, and Ger*men*, instead of Romans, Normans, and Germans. The only difficulty we had with Mikhail was in settling the price to be paid him for his services. He is noted for driving a hard bargain; but, on the other hand, when once the bargain is struck, he has the reputation of performing his part of it in a fair and liberal manner, and I must admit that as regards ourselves we were on the whole satisfied with his treatment of us. Not being sure, however, whether the state of the country south of Damascus would allow of our performing our contemplated journey across the plains of Hauran, we were unwilling to do more in the first instance than agree with Mikhail for the trip to Damascus. For this, after much haggling, it was stipulated that we should pay him £15. 10*s*. sterling: a very long price, but taking into consideration the season of the year, we were assured it was not altogether unreasonable, as he was for this sum to find us everything, wine included.

We had anticipated that we should be able to make arrangements for going a great part of the way to Damascus by the French omnibus running upon the new

road as far as Zahleh; but, upon inquiry on the day of our arrival, we found that in consequence of the snow on the mountains and the little traffic at this season of the year, the omnibuses would be discontinued for the winter, and all the horses for relays taken off the road, as soon as Fuad Pasha, who was expected on the following day, should return from Damascus. We had therefore to make the whole journey on horseback, which, as it must necessarily be our mode of travelling after leaving Damascus, was perhaps quite as well.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO NAHR-EL-KELB.

HAVING made all our preparations for leaving Beyrout, nothing remained for us to do, before commencing our journey to Damascus, but to make an excursion to Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, as the ancient *Lycus*, or Wolf River, is now designated.

When in Paris on our way to Syria, my husband had been assured by one of his scientific friends there of the total incorrectness of a statement in the English newspapers a short time previously,* that one of the ancient Egyptian sculptures on the rocks at Nahr-el-Kelb had been defaced by order of the French Government, for the purpose of inserting in its place an inscription commemorative of the presence of the French army in Syria during the years 1860 and 1861. On inquiry at Beyrout, we not only found the fact to be precisely as stated, but we heard some curious particulars in connection with the subject, which are well deserving of being mentioned.

* See the 'Times' of August 23rd, 1861.

Shortly after the departure of the French army, the inscription in question was in its turn partially defaced by two Englishmen. This act led to a correspondence between the Consuls-General of France and England, in the course of which the destruction of the ancient monument was recognized as the act of the French Government, which certainly would not otherwise have been believed. The circumstances, as far as we could ascertain them, are as follows:—

Two young Englishmen, Mr. B. and Mr. L., went one day in July last to Nahr-el-Kelb, to inspect the well-known Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures on the rocks; when, after lunching there, they amused themselves with throwing stones at the particular tablet which the French have appropriated to themselves. On learning this, the French Consul-General, the Comte de Bentivoglio, wrote to the English Consul-General, complaining of the offence. At first he attributed the act to two officers of the British Navy, but Admiral Mundy soon caused this charge to be retracted. The real aggressors having at length been discovered, they were required to make an apology, which one of them did in the following letter, addressed to the British Consul-General:—

"Beyrout, August 1st, 1861.

"Sir,—In reference to the complaint made to you by the French Consul-General respecting the obliteration of certain letters on the tablet at the Dog River, I have

to confirm what I stated to you in the course of my conversation with you upon the subject this morning, which I now beg to repeat in writing.

"The facts of the case are simply these:—I went out there about three weeks ago in company with a friend (who has since returned to England), bent entirely upon pleasure, and without the remotest intention of doing aught which could call forth complaint from any one. We examined all the tablets, commencing at the top of the hill, and finally reached the one in question, which, according to our guide-book, should have been in a fair state of preservation. We found that the surface had been smoothed and used as a tablet for the names of the different regiments forming the French army at that time in Syria; whereas it appeared to us that a monument of such undoubted antiquity might have been respected, and the inscription carved elsewhere.

"We never for one moment supposed that the work had been ordered or even authorized by the French Government, but concluded that it had been done by some officers of the army without any authority whatever; and, in a moment of thoughtlessness, we obliterated the letters referred to. Now that I am informed that the tablet was placed there by desire of the French Government, I am most willing to express my deep regret at the circumstance, and also to declare myself ready to bear the expense of the restoration of the figures defaced.

"Trusting that this explanation will be deemed satisfactory, I am," etc.

It is not very surprising that this letter should have been deemed anything but satisfactory by the French Consul; but as the English Consul declined taking further steps in the matter, it was referred to the French and English Ambassadors at Constantinople,—with what result I am unable to say. The friend who gave my husband the copy of Mr. L.'s letter, and furnished him with most of the foregoing particulars, assured us that the letter was written in perfect good faith; otherwise, we should have imagined the writer to have had some satirical meaning, in saying that, when he was informed that the tablet was placed there by the desire of the French Government, he was willing to express his deep regret *at the circumstance;* and also in affirming his readiness to bear the expense of the restoration of *the figures defaced;* the meaning of which we were told was the restoration of the Roman numerals belonging to the name "Napoleon III.," which had principally been injured by the stones thrown, and not that of the ancient Egyptian figures exising on the tablet before it was defaced.

Curiously enough, one of the offending Englishmen was connected with a newspaper which has the reputation of being the organ of a leading Member of the British Government. Had this fact been known at the

time, the idle freak of a couple of young men might have had attached to it a grave political meaning.

The most extraordinary part of the transaction is that the inscription should have been placed there by order of the French Government; for so the French Consul-General asserted it to be, and therefore the fact is not to be questioned. It was even said to have been done with the consent likewise of the Turkish Government; though, on the other hand, we were assured that Fuad Pasha, on hearing this, denied it in the strongest and most unqualified terms.

Of course we could not leave Beyrout without visiting Nahr-el-Kelb, and on Friday, the 13th of December, the day before our departure for Damascus, we started at nine o'clock in the morning, taking with us a couple of lads, the one carrying my photographic apparatus, and the other a basket of provisions, which Andrea and Mikhail had prepared for us The latter remained behind, to get all in readiness for our journey on the following day. We rode round by the new road, which is very good; but when we got beyond the public *place*, the narrow streets through the suburbs were execrable, and so it continued till we had quite left the town.

At a short distance from Beyrout, we passed the place where St. George is traditionally said to have killed the dragon, that was about to devour the king of Beyrout's daughter. Early travellers relate that on the spot a Christian chapel was erected, which was dedicated to the

hero-saint, but was afterwards "perverted to a mosque;" and there are yet to be seen the remains of an old brick building, which may possibly be the edifice in question. Near it there is, or was, a well—which however we did not see; and "they say that the dragon usually came out of the hole which is now the mouth of it." If a tradition thus circumstantially supported is not true, what can be the value of tradition?

Crossing the Nahr Beyrout by an old and not very safe bridge, we soon reached the sea-beach, along which we continued, crossing several *fiumare* or watercourses, which, owing to the heavy rains, were quite full. On coming to one of the broadest, being in advance of my husband, I rode down the bank into the stream; when, finding it deeper than I had expected, I tried to turn my horse back. But it was too late: I had already nearly reached the middle of the stream; and the sand being very deep and the current strong, the animal, after struggling to clear himself, suddenly threw himself down on his left side and went almost entirely under water. I had providentially freed myself from the horse before he went down, and with great exertions I managed to reach the bank. But I was drenched through, and there was no house near, nor any means of drying my clothes; while, to add to my discomfort, I was exposed to a piercing cold wind, through which I had to ride for an hour and a half before reaching Nahr-el-Kelb. However, there was no remedy for it. One of our attendants had

gone off some time before us, so that we were left with a single lad. He could only shriek and scream at the horse, which got up several times and sank again; but at last recovering his feet, he started off up the stream, the boy running along the bank after him. So long were they away, that we began to fear we should not see either of them again. At length the lad appeared, leading the horse. Meanwhile I had been standing shivering in the cold; but as soon as I got my horse, I mounted him and galloped on to warm myself, and we completed our journey without any further *contre-temps*, arriving about noon. I was so thoroughly chilled, that my husband made me take some brandy, which recovered me a little, and we then sat down at a rude table, belonging to a sort of coffeehouse-keeper living in a little hovel there, and had our lunch.

The only habitations are this coffee-house and the dwelling of the custom-house officer or toll-collector stationed there. The toll-house stands close to a landing-place near the mouth of the river, commanding at the same time the road from Beyrout, which, after passing round the precipitous bluff of the rocks along the edge of which it has been cut, continues down past the landing-place, and thence up the side of the river, which is crossed by a bridge. On the opposite side are some buildings, one of which is a mill supplied with water from some small streams falling down the side of the rocks. There is another road of more ancient date higher up

the rocks on this side of the river, but it is no longer practicable. It is on the face of the rocks, overhanging the sides of these two roads, that the ancient sculptured tablets are to be seen.

After looking about us a little, I began my preparations for taking a photograph of the tablet containing the French inscription; and as the first requisite was a dark room, I summarily ejected our host from his hut and took possession of it, shutting the door and stopping up all the holes and crannies (of which there were not a few) with orange-coloured calico. While I was thus engaged, my husband occupied himself with examining the ancient tablets, and copying the modern inscription, about which, before adverting to my own labours, I must first say a few words.

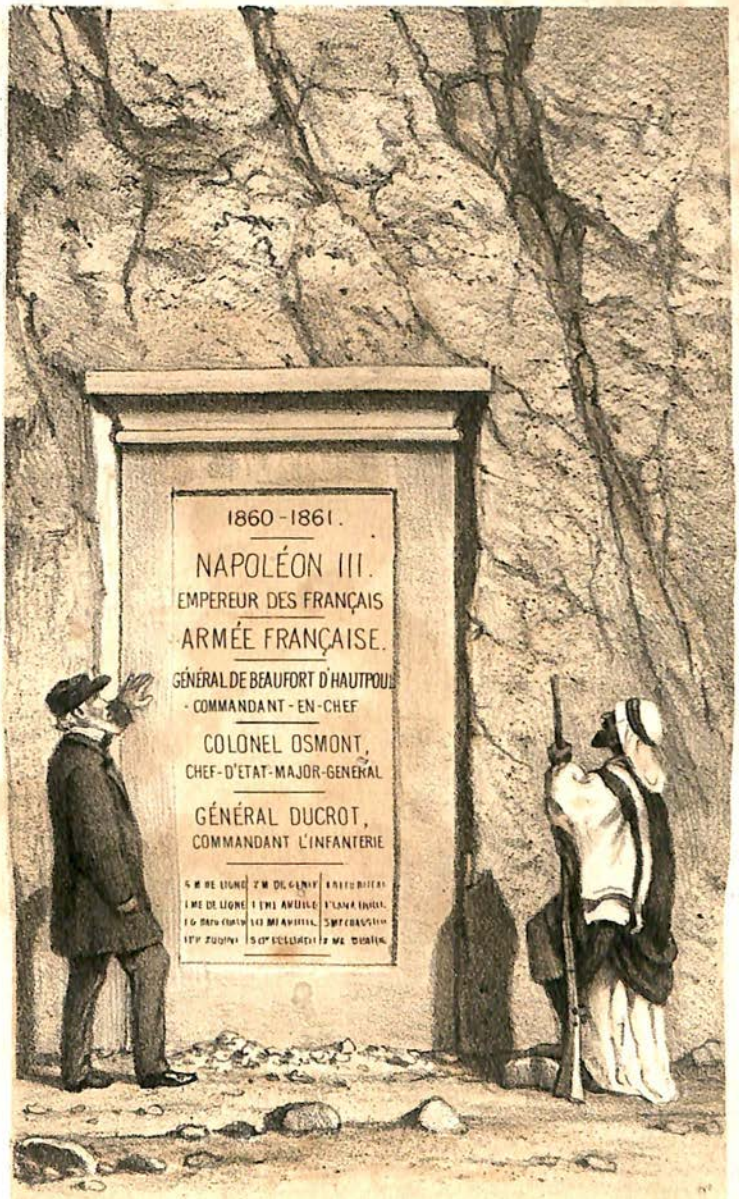
The tablets, with the ancient sculptures still remaining or said to be remaining on them, are described in Murray's 'Handbook for Syria and Palestine,' and more in detail in the works of various travellers; so that it would be a work of supererogation on my part to repeat the description of them here. It may merely be said that there are nine in all, of which six are generally considered to be Assyrian, and the remaining three Egyptian. They are not placed in regular order, but the two kinds are intermixed, some being along the upper, and the others along the lower road. Of these latter the first in order at the foot of the pass, close to the toll-house,—being the lowest, the most accessible, and the most con-

spicuous,—is the tablet on which is now the French inscription. It has been hitherto distinguished by travellers as "No. 1. Egyptian." How it will be described in future I cannot pretend to say; but, as we saw it, the ancient tablet which is generally supposed to have contained a memorial of the Egyptian conqueror Sesostris, bore the following modern French inscription :—

1860-1861
NAPOLÉON III
EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS
ARMÉE FRANÇAISE
GÉNÉRAL DE BEAUFORT D'HAUTPOUL
COMMANDANT-EN-CHEF
COLONEL OSMONT
CHEF D'ÉTAT-MAJOR-GÉNÉRAL
GÉNÉRAL DUCROT
COMMANDANT L'INFANTERIE

5me de Ligne.	2me de Génie.	1er Hussards.
13me de Ligne.	1er d'Artillerie.	1er Chasseurs d'Afrique.
16me Bataillon Chasseurs.	10me d'Artillerie.	2me Chasseurs d'Afrique.
1er Zouaves.	Services Administratifs.	2me Spahis.

As regards the condition of the tablet before this inscription was engraved on it, there is a difference of opinion. The toll-collector informed us that it contained a figure or figures, like those still indistinctly visible on the tablets Nos. 2 and 3, and that the French smoothed the surface preparatory to cutting on it their own inscription. At Beyrout we heard that Dr. Pestalozzi,


1860 - 1861.
NAPOLÉON III.
EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS
ARMÉE FRANÇAISE.
GÉNÉRAL DE BEAUFORT D'HAUTPOUL
- COMMANDANT - EN-CHEF
COLONEL OSMONT,
CHEF-D'ÉTAT-MAJOR-GÉNÉRAL
GÉNÉRAL DUCROT,
COMMANDANT L'INFANTERIE

an Italian physician, who has been in the habit of passing by the place almost weekly for some fifteen years past, says positively that there was no sculpture whatever. Whether there were any figures or not, and whether these figures were well defined or nearly obliterated by the hand of Time, it is manifest that there must have been some inequalities of surface, which had to be removed; as, in fact, the chippings of stone, which we ourselves saw lying in no inconsiderable quantity at the foot of the tablet, plainly demonstrate. Nos. 2 and 3 are very much water- and weather-worn, and it requires the sharp eye of a very skilful antiquary to make out what is on them; but still there clearly is *something*. The cornices of the three tablets are complete and distinct, and one would imagine that they had all been in about the same condition. There are weeds growing on the face of each, which tends to destroy the surface.

The French inscription appears to have been very little defaced by Messrs. B. and L.; chiefly the numerals "III.," which have been restored by the French Consul. But it would seem that other iconoclasts have been at work; for the toll-collector said that two Europeans had fired pistols from the roof of the coffee-house, and, in fact, the marks of several bullets are distinctly visible in the lower part of the inscription. It is a great pity that the French should have been so ill-advised as to choose this ancient tablet for their vain-glorious inscription. There are plenty of flat rocks, on which there

is ample space for them to have inscribed the name of every soldier of the army of occupation, had they been desirous of doing so.

The pass round the end of the precipitous ridge of rocks, which forms the southern bank of the ancient Lycus, must always have been a terror to invading armies; and the surmounting of it may fairly have been deemed an exploit worthy of commemoration by each successive conqueror. That, in this character, a Sennacherib should have mutilated the monument of an earlier Sesostris, might be regarded as not unnatural, and therefore venial; but that, at the present day, the temporary occupiers of Syria—not in their own name only, but as the representatives of the other great Powers of Europe, and as the friends of the Government of the country—should have thus appropriated to themselves this venerable relic of past ages, would hardly be credited, were it not an authenticated fact. And the worst feature of the case is, that it has not even the excuse of being a memorial of the passage of the army of occupation or any portion of it; for, if I am not misinformed, the French entered and left Syria by sea, and none of them, except the perpetrators of this act of vandalism, were ever nearer to the spot than Beyrout.

Returning to my own occupation in the dark room, I must mention that, after shutting the door and preparing my first plate, I was surprised, on attempting to go out, to find the door locked. In vain I called to the people

outside to open it. They answered me, it is true; but what they said was quite unintelligible to me. My husband was away, pursuing his examination of the different tablets, and thus some little time elapsed before he came to my assistance. Finding how I was circumstanced, he soon made the people understand that I wanted the door opened. He was told that the key was inside; but with all my searching for it I could find no key. At length he bethought himself that the door might fasten with the old Egyptian lock, which turned out to be the case. On this he desired me to look or rather to feel, not for a key, but for a bit of wood with pegs sticking out of it, which I should find hanging somewhere against the back of the door, with which I should be able to undo the lock. After groping about in the dark, I at length found this curious old wooden key, and set myself free. Had not my husband thought of its being an Egyptian lock, there is no telling how long I might have remained a prisoner.

When I had completed my preparations in the dark room, I placed my camera on the roof of the coffee-house—which, by the bye, nearly fell through with me—and took "Tablet No. 1, Napoleon *vice* Sesostris." The weather was cold and the day very overcast, besides which, the tablet faces the north, and was therefore quite in the shade, so that my first attempt was a total failure. The second plate was more successful, but I unfortunately let it fall. The third was tolerably good.

These were all taken with a single lens. I now washed the first plate, and using the double lens, took an instantaneous photograph, which succeeded admirably. I only regretted that I had not brought several other plates, for the bridge and mill would have made more than one very pretty and effective picture. However, it was getting late, so we packed up and returned to Beyrout.

The weather was extremely cold, and the sun was not very bright, but no rain fell the whole time we were out; and the contrast between the road going and returning was quite wonderful, many of the *fumare* having now not a drop of water in them.

We reached the hotel at 6 P.M., having enjoyed on the whole a fine day, in spite of my ducking; and after dinner, at which we had a band that continued playing during the evening, the company assembled in the court-yard of the hotel to see a fire-balloon ascend,—the children of Andrea, the hotel-keeper, dancing while it was getting ready. It was a lovely night, the moon being nearly at the full. In the course of the evening, Mr. Heald came to say good-bye, and went up with us on the terrace; and after his departure, I sat up till a late hour, packing and preparing to start on the following morning.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.

Saturday, December 14th.—We rose early in the morning, and had everything packed ready by the time Mikhail came for orders. The horses and mules were in readiness, he said, and it only remained for us to decide whether or not we would start. It was a very rainy morning, and every one recommended us not to go; but my husband thought it showed signs of clearing, so we decided on waiting till noon, and if it should then be fine we would commence our journey. Meanwhile Fuad Pasha took his departure, going on board, with the ladies of his harem,—or, as one learns to say here, with his *harīm*,—on whose account, it was said, he had been waiting for the sea to get calm. We went up on the terrace of the hotel to see him embark. All the authorities, together with the troops, were out in the pouring rain to witness his departure; and there was a great firing of cannon, with other public demonstrations. Daoud Pasha came down from the Mountain,—by which is to be understood Mount Lebanon,—to see him off,

and then came to our hotel, with several officers in full uniform, and breakfasted in the private room of Omar Pasha. His horse was magnificently caparisoned, having a splendid scarlet saddle-cloth, embroidered in gold. We heard that Omar Pasha was left in command of the troops; Ahmed Pasha, governor of Beyrout, and Abra Pasha, liquidator of claims.

At twelve o'clock, the weather having cleared up, our mules were loaded and sent off. We gave ourselves no trouble about them, leaving all to our dragoman, who seemed a very intelligent man; and as we were assured he was perfectly trustworthy, we saw no reason why we should interfere with his arrangements. Before leaving we sat down to lunch at the *table d'hôte*, our horses being brought to the door about half-past twelve. So far were we from following Mr. Porter's advice in his 'Handbook' as to the selection of the animals we were to ride, that we never saw them till we were about to mount. Nevertheless we had no reason to complain. I had a very good white mare, small but fleet, and my husband a stout mule. We had our own English saddles, the comfort of which on the journey was beyond all price. Our revolvers were placed in our holsters, and Mikhail, who rode on before us, carried my double-barrelled fowling-piece. Our good friend Mr. Heald came out into the street, to say good-bye as we passed his house. After riding a little distance, I found my mare all that could be desired; she was spirited, in good

condition, and went so well that I was quite pleased with her. I could not have chosen a better if I had looked after it myself. It turned out a lovely afternoon, with a bright sunshine, and not a drop of rain; so that we were indeed glad we had not followed the advice of the hotel-keeper and every one else, who had counselled us not to leave in such bad weather.

We left Beyrout by the new road constructed by a French company, which is completed and opened as far as Zahleh, it being the first carriage-road in Syria; it is an excellent road, and will be of immense advantage to the country, especially when finished through to Damascus. In about an hour we caught up our baggage-mules, and we then formed quite a caravan. Mikhail rode at the head, then followed our cook Yussuf on his horse, with his pots and pans; next two muleteers, with four mules carrying our baggage, bedding, canteen, etc.; and lastly, our two selves. The road was very good the whole way up the side of Mount Lebanon, first winding through plantations of mulberry, olive, and fig trees, and then of vines trailing on the ground. The sides of the mountains are made into terraces, and a great deal of fresh land is being taken into cultivation. As we ascended, the view behind us was very fine; Beyrout being distinctly visible below, and the wide expanse of sea beyond, with Fuad Pasha's two steamers already far in the distance.

At three o'clock we passed by the village of Arranga,

which was burnt last year; and as we went along the road above it, we could see into the unroofed houses, looking most desolate,—a sad memorial of the frightful disturbances which took place in Syria at the time when we had originally intended to come here. The inhabitants were only then beginning to repair the houses. On the road we saw an eagle flying, the first I ever beheld in the air; I should much have liked to have had a shot at it, had it not been too far off. At about five o'clock we turned off the high-road to Bhamdûn, which village we had seen from a considerable distance, and which we reached in about a quarter of an hour. We were dreadfully cold, and glad to get under shelter.

Bhamdûn is a large village, many of the houses being newly built of stone, with rough bevelled edges, which seems to be the primitive style of masonry of the country. We found the place full of Turkish soldiers, so that our dragoman was disappointed in not getting us a house of two rooms, as he had intended; the consequence was, that our cook had to do his work in the open air, but as it was a gloriously bright moonlight night, it did not much matter. When we first arrived, the people and children of the village bothered me a good deal, by coming to look at us, feeling my clothes, pulling my hair about and talking to me; but we managed to get rid of them after a time.

I was much amused with the preparations for the night. Mikhail first put up a couple of iron bedsteads,

side by side, made the beds, laid down a carpet on each side, set up a table on tressels, put on it a smart table-cover, brought out two camp-stools, then lighted candles in a pair of grand brass candlesticks; and all this was done in much less than half an hour. He then left us to repose and write up our journals, etc. Meanwhile, Yussuf had set about preparing our dinner. When it was nearly ready, Mikhail came and laid the table, in as much form as if we had been in an hotel. Where he managed to get all the things from was to me quite incomprehensible; it seemed like magic; he beat Robert Houdin hollow in bringing so many articles out of so small a space as his single canteen. While waiting for dinner, we stood out-of-doors admiring the bright star-light night; and although there was snow on the ground, yet we found it decidedly warmer in the open air than in the hut, which was more like a well than a dwelling place. I never felt anything to equal the damp cold atmosphere of the wretched room we had to sleep in, where we could not even have a fire, because there was no chimney. I had had a headache all day, and as soon as we had dined, we gladly went to bed. We put our fire-arms under our pillows, and fell asleep with the door open, leaving Mikhail and the rest of the people to come in and out of the room *à discrétion;* for we were fast asleep long before we could have locked our door, had we felt inclined to do so.

Sunday, December 15*th.*—Mikhail called us at day-

break, and soon brought us our chocolate and toast. The morning was fine, but cold and frosty, the sky being rather overcast. Our luggage was soon loaded, and by eight o'clock we were off. We walked a little way, to warm our feet and set our blood in circulation, and then mounted and followed the mules. We soon regained the high-road, along which we kept ascending, till at ten o'clock we reached a cutting at the head of Wady Hammâna, and came to the water-parting between it and Wady Damûr. We still kept ascending the ridge between the two basins, where we found the ground all covered with snow, and felt ourselves exceedingly cold. At 10.45 we reached the summit, and caught a glimpse of the range of Anti-Libanus, which, to our great gratification, we saw had much less snow on it than the mountains we were on. In another quarter of an hour we crossed a fine bridge of a single arch, descended round the head of the basin, and in a short time reached the *col*, or pass. There was a good deal of snow and ice on the road, but not nearly so much as on the Simplon a month ago, though I felt very much colder. In fact, I was so cold, that I was obliged to alight two or three times to walk. The carriage-road, as finished over the ridge of Lebanon, much resembles those across the Alps in their easier portions, there being no necessity here for great engineering works. There are, however, several well-built bridges, and, as far as completed, the work does credit to its undertakers.

Just at the worst part of the passage, we fell in with more than fifty mules, asses, and camels on their road to Beyrout, and as many more going our way, all laden and in a state of almost inextricable confusion. The road being so narrow from being blocked up with snow, we were afraid our baggage-mules would be forced down the bank. I went on ahead to clear the way for our party to pass, taking of course the higher side of the road. The animals going our way were laden with English manufactured goods, iron rods, and Persian *tombac;* those we met had grapes, dried apricots, and other articles of native produce.

That tobacco from Persia should be carried to Damascus from the west, instead of the east, was unintelligible to us till we obtained the following explanation. The caravans between Baghdad and Damascus, of which there used to be three or four annually, have for the last few years been discontinued, in consequence of a very rich one having been attacked and plundered by the Beduins, by which the Damascus merchants are said to have lost upwards of £40,000 sterling. The direct communication between Baghdad and Damascus being thus suspended, goods for the Damascus market have to be brought round by the way of Mosul and Aleppo to Scanderoon, where they are shipped to Beyrout and thence brought up this way. When at Damascus we heard that it was shortly intended to reopen the direct route from Baghdad; and from an article in the 'Times'

of the 21st of April, 1862, it appeared that the attempt has been made; but that unfortunately the caravan was again attacked and pillaged near Palmyra. This must unavoidably, and perhaps indefinitely, postpone the resuscitation of the direct trade with Baghdad, from which the inhabitants of Damascus might have hoped to derive some compensation for the great losses they have of late sustained. In the present unsettled state of political affairs in Syria, it would, however, be useless to look for any certain amelioration of the material welfare of Damascus. The Christians, who were the principal merchants, appear to have abandoned the city; and until a firm, powerful, and energetic government can guarantee the safety of their persons and their property, they would hardly think of returning.

We had scarcely got through the difficulty of passing all the laden animals we had fallen in with at the pass, when we met some large flocks of goats, which were being driven down towards the sea-coast for pasturage. At about half-past twelve o'clock it began snowing, just as we arrived at Khan Murād, the first station on the descent, where we stopped to lunch. Our meal consisted of some cold chicken, which had remained from yesterday's dinner, with bread and cheese; our drink being claret and water. About one o'clock we started again, wrapped up in shawls and cloaks, as it continued snowing fast during the rest of the day. We now left the carriage-road, which went up the side of the mountain

to Zahleh and Baalbek; while we continued our descent by Mekseh, and across the swampy and muddy Bekaa, or valley of the river Litany, till, after crossing this river by a bridge, we arrived at half-past three o'clock at the large village of El Merj, near the eastern bank of the river.

We were very cold and wet, and glad to find a more comfortable house than that of last night, as there was a good wood fire and a tolerably clean and snug little room all ready for us. My husband was quite knocked up, and as soon as the bedsteads were set up, he threw himself on one of them and fell fast asleep, where he remained till dinner-time. Meanwhile I underwent the same amount of inspection from the villagers as I did yesterday. The house in which we were belonged to two brothers and their wives, one of whom was young and would be very pretty, were she not prematurely old from fever and overwork. When I sat down to write up my diary, she kept closely watching me, and appeared anxious to learn what it was all about. It seemed quite to astonish her: she could not make it out at all, nor look at it enough; and as it got dark, she fetched a light and held it close to the writing, that she might examine it more minutely. I seemed to have taken her fancy wonderfully, for she would not take her eyes off me, nor be persuaded to leave me an instant. She was very attentive, and wished to take off my wet boots and render me other assistance, till at length her kind

attentions became too pressing and wearisome; and as I could not make her understand any hint that I wished to be alone, I was obliged to get Mikhail to tell her in plain terms to leave the room, in order that we might enjoy a little quiet while we dined.

Monday, December 16th.—A lovely morning. Leaving El Merj at about 8 A.M., we continued our road over the Bekaa, and crossed the Nahr Anjar by a bridge not yet completed, where we regained the French carriage-road from Zahleh to Damascus, which here is still unfinished; so that, instead of going on the roadway itself, we rode along beside it, having on our left a most magnificent view of the snow-capped range of Lebanon, whilst on our right we beheld the summit of Hermon, likewise covered with snow. On approaching the ruins of the ancient city of Chalcis, we turned off to visit them. The tracks of wheels led us to imagine what on our arrival we found to be the fact, namely, that the remains of the city are being carried off to construct the bridges of the new carriage-road; the pieces of columns, hewn stones, and other architectural fragments, being used for the masonry, while the smaller fragments are burnt into lime. We had here a fine view of part of the large town of Zahleh on the one side, and on the other of the majestic ruins of Mejel Anjar, placed on a lofty mound at a distance of about half an hour's ride. We now returned to the side of the Damascus carriage-road, and passing within a mile of Mejel, which we

should much have liked to visit, had time allowed, we saw a great many peasants ploughing and sowing the fields along the sides of the road. This new carriage-road cannot fail greatly to increase the value of the lands through which it passes, and must eventually prove of immense service to the whole district.

At about ten o'clock we turned up the valley of the Harir, and began ascending the ridge of Anti-Libanus, following the course of the telegraph-line and carriage-road. Here we were joined by two fierce-looking horsemen, in striped *abbas*, armed with guns and swords. As we had been told at Beyrout that this was the most dangerous part of the road, and that hereabouts several persons had lately been stopped and robbed, we were prepared for some little adventure, and were almost disappointed when, after a time, the horsemen left us and ascended the side of the mountain. We kept along the valley till it opened into a dreary plain, forming the water-parting between the basin of the Litany and that of the Bárada. At twelve o'clock we stopped at a miserable hovel, occupied by the workmen on the road and some *bashi-buzuks*, where we lunched, having just before we reached our halting-place met a party of Turkish soldiers conveying some prisoners to Beyrout; but who these prisoners were, and what was their offence, we were not able to learn.

We here drank some water from a spring, which runs eastward into the Wady el-Kern, a tributary of the Bá-

rada; and thus for the first time we tasted some of the water of *Aram Naharaim!* Here the works of the new road came to an end; but thus far it is in such a state of forwardness, that little is required to make it practicable for carriages. From what we could ascertain, this road was being constructed by a French company, who have a grant for fifty years, with the monopoly of running wheeled carriages over it, and also of exacting a toll on all animals using it. This toll, however, is not to commence until the road is finished through to Damascus, which it is to be feared may not be for some time to come, as we were informed at Damascus that the company was insolvent.

After re-mounting, we crossed a thread of a stream running to our left, and began descending Wady el-Kern, a very narrow pass between precipitous rocks, most wild and desolate. After proceeding a little way, we found ourselves accompanied by an armed horseman even more fierce-looking than the former two. He rode along by the side of Mikhail, keeping up an animated conversation with him, till at last they stopped, and waited for us to come up; when Mikhail explained to us that the stranger was an Algerine, who had accompanied Abd-el-Kader to Damascus, and was now a *bashi-buzuk* in the Turkish service, and that he had come on thus far to escort us, and was now going to return after paying us his respects. This, being interpreted, meant that he wished for bakhshīsh—or, as they

say in East Kent, "a little allowance,"—which Mikhail giving him, he put the money into his mouth, made us a profound *salām*, and galloped off at such a furious rate over the rugged rocks, that it was a wonder his horse did not fall with him at almost every step.

At two o'clock we came to where the road branches off to Dimās and Suk-Wady-Bárada. The former is the more direct, and the telegraph-line continues along it, and by it the carriage-road is also intended to pass. We preferred, however, the latter road, which led us in about three-quarters of an hour to the brink of the river Bárada, the Abana of Scripture. We stopped to drink, and let our horses drink, of its sparkling waters before crossing a bridge over the rapidly flowing stream. We then went along the left bank of the river, passing by a very beautiful waterfall and a succession of rapids, and next descended the ravine to the remains of the ancient city of Abila, with inscriptions on the rocks and some broken columns strewed along the bank of the river and on the side of the rocks, which had evidently fallen from above near where the inscriptions are. We then crossed a modern bridge, and in a few minutes reached Suk-Wady-Bárada, a large village pleasantly situated amongst orchards. Here we took possession of a nice clean white-washed room, where a fire was soon lighted, and we made ourselves comfortable for the night, in spite of what we were told of a man having been murdered here while the English Consul was sleeping in an adjoining

room; on learning which, the assassin sent an apology, saying that had he known the Consul was there, he would not have disturbed his rest, but would have put off his work for a more fitting opportunity.

Tuesday, December 17th.—There was rain during the night, but in the morning the weather cleared up, and gave promise of a lovely day, which, in fact, it turned out to be. We found both the country and the climate very different from those of the previous day on the other side of the mountains. The change much resembled that on the descent into Italy from the Alps. Shortly after leaving the village, we turned off the road to visit Ain Fijeh, crossing the Bárada by a rude bridge, and proceeding down its left bank through orchards and plantations of poplars. Both the right and left banks of the river were studded with villages, surrounded by rich orchards of walnuts, olives, figs, pomegranates, mulberries, peaches, apricots, and almonds, with the vines climbing gracefully up the trees, etc. The various tints of the foliage were very beautiful, although many of the leaves were already fallen from the trees: still enough were left to form a charming contrast of colours.

We reached Ain Fijeh at 9.45 A.M. This celebrated spring bursts out in a powerful stream of excellent water from a cave under a platform of masonry, on which stand the remains of an ancient temple; and at a short distance in front is a building over the stream, supporting the ruins of a large arch. I scrambled down the rock—

no easy task, and one on which my husband would not venture—into the small low cave in which the source rises. The water felt quite warm, and would make a delicious bath. The spot is a most lovely one, situated in the midst of beautiful orchards and groves. Mikhail, our dragoman, was quite poetical, speaking in raptures of the spot, which he thinks the loveliest in the whole world; and his grand ambition, he said, would be to build himself a house by the broken arch, where he might reside with his family, and act as *cicerone* to European visitors. I suspect there is no small share of prose mixed up with his poetry, and that he would not be so enraptured with the place, if he did not think his scheme would be a profitable speculation.

Ain Fijch may in one sense be regarded as the source of the Bárada, for it furnishes to that river very much more water than the direct stream coming from the west, which it joins after running about a hundred yards. Dr. Edward Robinson, who went to the junction of the two streams, found that coming from the fountain to be "still the most abundant and powerful, although nearly one-third of it is led off directly from the source by a canal for irrigation."* I am thus particular in referring to this authority, in proof of the fact of the absolute junction of the two streams; because at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Manchester, in October, 1862, at which

* 'Later Biblical Researches,' p. 476.

my husband and myself attended, and where he read some notes on our journey to Harran, it was contended that the Fijeh is a separate stream (the Pharpar of Scripture), flowing through the same valley as the Bárada, but maintaining its distinct natural course.

Without professing to be learned in such matters, it appears to me a physical impossibility that the waters from two distinct sources should continue to run down one and the same natural valley, except they were kept separate by artificial means. I will not pretend to say that some of the water of the Fijeh may not be conveyed by artificial canals as far as the city of Damascus, though I am not aware of such being the case; but I can, at all events, safely affirm that I myself and my husband (like Dr. Robinson) saw the stream of the Fijeh flow into and unite with that of the Bárada.

Shortly after leaving the source of the Fijeh, we came to the village of the same name, where we noticed some men sawing the poplar, which is the principal wood used in Damascus; and further on we passed by a rough bridge, made of a pile of stones on either side with three rough poles laid across, and not very near each other, much the same as those across the streams in the valleys of the Alps, and which must require a steady head as well as a sure foot to cross. Just before quitting the Bárada, we saw an ancient aqueduct. At 10.45 A.M. we left the valley of the river, passing by some fine old mulberry-trees, and then proceeding through extensive plantations

of vines, figs, and mulberries, which extend all up the mountain-sides as far as man can gain a footing.

In half an hour we sat down to lunch at a spring by the roadside. Beyond the spot where we thus stopped, the land all up the mountains was being ploughed for corn as far as Dummar, of which village we had a fine view from the heights. Here we once more saw the Bárada with its thickly wooded banks, to which, passing through the village, we now descended, and then ascending again the opposite mountain, we at length caught a glimpse of a part of the plain of Damascus, and in a quarter of an hour more came to a narrow passage cut through the summit of the ridge; emerging from which we were dazzled and enraptured by the sudden view of the city, and the whole extent of the plain stretching far and wide, which, as if by magic, disclosed itself to our sight. The graceful minarets and domes, with the white terraces of the houses glittering in the sun, and embowered in groves and orchards, whose foliage was of every variety of colour, formed altogether a *coup d'œil* probably not to be surpassed in the whole world, and certainly far beyond my feeble powers of description.

But the unrivalled beauties of Damascus have been too often extolled by others to require further eulogy from me. Unfortunately the charm was dispelled when we descended to the plain and approached the city, where we soon began to pass along narrow dirty lanes between mud walls, serving to enclose the gardens surround-

ing the city; on entering which, we passed by some ancient edifices, apparently mosques, and then through covered and crowded bazars, till at length, about half-past three in the afternoon, we arrived at the Hôtel de Palmyre, in the "Street called Straight," where we alighted. After having rested a little and refreshed ourselves, we at once walked to the house of the English Consul, Mr. Rogers. He was not at home, so my husband left his card with a couple of letters of introduction, and we then sauntered through the bazars, which are very similar to those of Cairo, except that they are, if possible, more narrow, and decidedly darker from being more covered in; after which we returned home to dine at the hotel, which is kept by a Greek, named Demetri, who formerly had that at Beyrout, whilst Andrea, who is now there, kept this one at Damascus.

Tuesday, December 18*th*.—The first thing in the morning, we sent Mikhail to the Consul, to ask whether it would be convenient for him to receive my husband at ten o'clock. Instead of returning an answer, Mr. Rogers obligingly accompanied our messenger back to the hotel, and with him we enjoyed a long and interesting conversation respecting our intended journey. Mr. Rogers had been only a few months in Damascus, having recently been appointed consul there, so that he hesitated to express himself confidently on the subject; but he kindly suggested that Dr. Wetzstein, the Prussian Consul, who had been fourteen years resident in Damascus, would

be able to give us every advice and assistance. Although personally unacquainted with Dr. Wetzstein, my husband knew him quite well by reputation, and he was delighted to hear that he was still here, having understood, before we left England, that he had resigned his Consulship on being appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of Halle. It was only on the day of our arrival that Dr. Wetzstein had left Damascus for Sekka, a village belonging to him, situate about five miles from Harran. Mr. Rogers also informed us, that Mr. Waddington, an Englishman, was on the point of starting for Sekka, on his way to the unexplored country of Safa, lying to the east of Hauran; and he suggested that my husband should, if possible, see that gentleman before he left, as he intended going to Jerash afterwards, and had been making inquiries as to the state of the country; and Mr. Rogers thought that we might obtain valuable information from him, or perhaps arrange to travel part of the way together.

My husband accordingly accompanied Mr. Rogers to the house of the French Consul, with whom Mr. Waddington was residing, he being, on account of family connections, a naturalized Frenchman. They fortunately caught him just as he was going to leave. There was no opportunity for saying much; but, from what Mr. Waddington had heard, the road to Jerash was safe, except towards the latter part, where there was a feud among some of the smaller tribes. Beyond Jerash, to the south,

he said all was quite safe; but this did not much concern us, our intended road lying in a more westerly direction. He was under the impression that a night march at the doubtful part of our journey would be the best means of freeing us from molestation; but it would not be easy to fix on any certain plan till we reached the spot, where we should have to be guided by circumstances. He added that his own journey to the Safa would not occupy many days, as he wished to be back in Damascus for the *jour de l'an;* after which he purposed leaving for Jerash as soon as practicable. As, however, our object was not to delay our journey till after the new year, but to get on as quickly as possible, it seemed hardly likely that we should be able to arrange for our travelling together. Mr. Waddington had been travelling all over Hauran, and had also been to Palmyra, where he had copied two hundred inscriptions, in three of which he had found the name Tadmor, so that he considered all doubts to be at an end as to the identity of the two places.

After taking leave of Mr. Waddington, the two gentlemen returned to our hotel, where we had another long conversation about our intended journey. Of course, the first and most important point was to arrange about our dragoman. Mikhail being perfectly well known to Mr. Rogers, he thought he could not do better than come to terms with him at once. Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Rogers had left, we called Mikhail

in, and told him of our proposed line of journey, and of our willingness to engage him to accompany us, if we could agree as to terms. Being a thorough man of business and accustomed to deal with Europeans, he did not stand on much ceremony in letting us know his demands. These were three pounds a day as far as Jerusalem, with payment for one mule and a half extra, as he said our baggage would exceed the usual quantity allowed to travellers,—and further, the cost of food for any Beduin escort we might require. From Jerusalem to Hebron and Cairo he would require four pounds a day. This charge appeared to us so exorbitant, that we decided on our all going at once to the Consul's, and seeing what he could do in the matter.

On reaching the Consulate we had another long discussion with Mikhail, whom Mr. Rogers could not induce to abate his demands, but who, on the contrary, seemed inclined to raise them the longer we held out. The extra *baghal wa nūsf* (mule and a half) for the baggage were continually brought forward, and all sorts of additions were thought of; till at length, acting under Mr. Rogers's advice, we decided on agreeing to pay him four pounds a day for the entire journey,—he taking upon himself every charge whatsoever, the "mule and a half" and food for the Beduins included; with the single exception of the bakhshīsh we might have to pay to our escort, which we were to take on ourselves. This being settled, the Consul at once drew up an agreement,

which we all signed, and which he then gave to his *chancellier* to register. It was further arranged that Mikhail should start early the next morning for Beyrout, to fetch his tents and engage mules to carry them and the rest of the baggage, he undertaking to be back in a week.

We had arranged that while awaiting Mikhail's return, we should go to Harran, and our intention was to have started the next morning; but the bargaining with him took up so much time that, when it was all over, the day was too far advanced for us to begin making preparations for the morrow. We were, therefore, obliged to put off our trip till the following day, Friday. It is curious that, as if it were by some fatality, we mostly commence undertakings of importance on that day of the week, which so many people look upon as unlucky. Mr. Rogers advised us, as a matter of prudence, not to pass the night so far away east of Damascus as Harran, on account of the Beduins in the neighbourhood; so we decided on going to Sekka for the night, and proceeding to Harran the next morning. The Consul promised to let us have one of his *kawásses* to accompany us, and Mikhail agreed to lend us his cook Yussuf, with his canteen, beds, etc., we paying him for his time. As we had need also of an interpreter, we at first thought of taking with us the dragoman of the hotel, old Abu Ibrahim; but as he is a Jew, and would not travel more than a Sabbath-day's journey on

Saturday,—and, indeed, was not disposed to work at all on that day,—we were obliged to give him up; though not without regret, as we should have liked much to visit Harran in the company of Ibrahim the Hebrew.

Thursday, December 19th.—During the night we had very heavy rain, which continued during the greater part of the day. It was well, therefore, that we had not arranged to go to Harran this morning. The weather did not however stop Mikhail, who was with us by seven o'clock for a letter to Mr. Heald, requesting him to pay him over the money for our journey thus far, which we had deposited with that gentleman; after receiving which he left immediately. He said that if he found the road over the mountain impassable, he should come round by Banias and Hasbeiya. This would make him one day longer on the road; but we might rely on his losing no time for his own sake, as, under the contract, his pay would not commence till we began our journey. Mikhail took away with him my nice little horse, as he had hired it for the journey to Damascus only; but he promised that if he could manage to buy it, he would bring it back with him for my use on our further journey.

Notwithstanding the rain, which promised badly for our excursion to Harran, we employed ourselves in making preparations for it. As we could not have Abu Ibrahim, we looked out for some other interpreter, and in the course of the morning a man was brought to us,

who could talk a very little French, and who had the conscience to demand three hundred piastres (about three pounds sterling) for the three or perhaps only two days we purposed being absent. In the afternoon, Demetri brought us a muleteer to carry our baggage, who professed to know all the villages of the Merj perfectly well, and who understood English pretty nearly as well as the other man knew French,—which, by the bye, was little better than I knew Arabic; and he agreed to supply us with horses and mules at five francs each a day, and to give us his valuable services as guide and interpreter into the bargain. With this offer we closed, though the terms were quite high enough. Yussuf occupied himself during the day in making provision for our not being starved while absent from Damascus, and we ourselves got everything ready so as to start the first thing in the morning.

Before narrating the particulars of our visit to Harran, it will be proper to give, in the next chapter, a sketch of the history of the patriarchs Abraham and Jacob in connection with that place.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS ABRAHAM AND JACOB IN CONNECTION WITH HARRAN.

NEARLY four thousand years have elapsed, according to the received chronology, since an event occurred which, in itself and in its consequences, has exercised the greatest influence over the destinies of mankind. This is the emigration of the patriarch Abraham and his family from Ur of the Chaldees into the land of Canaan. From the concise narrative of this memorable journey contained in the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the Book of Genesis, we learn that it was not performed uninterruptedly from beginning to end. Before reaching the frontiers of Canaan, a pause was made at Harran (Haran or Charran), in the country of Aram or Syria, where Terah, Abraham's father, remained till his death, and where his descendants, with the exception of Abraham and Lot, continued to reside permanently.

Ur of the Chaldees,—or *Ur Casdim*, as it is in the Hebrew text,—the native country of the patriarchs, is

generally understood to have been situate within Mesopotamia, the extensive region lying between the two rivers Euphrates and Tigris.

The position of Harran in Padan Aram, the adopted country of Terah and his family, has not as yet been satisfactorily determined. The weight of authority, ancient and modern, has hitherto been in favour of the celebrated town of that name situate within Mesopotamia; though, as is observed in the Introduction to the present work, the objections to this identification are so numerous and so cogent, that it is hardly possible it would ever have been adopted, had the existence of the true Harran near Damascus been known or even suspected.

The latter appears to have been lost sight of in the time of the Greek or Roman conquerors of Syria, who founded there a city, the name of which, now lost, superseded for awhile, and probably during ages, the native appellation of Harran. Nevertheless the residence of the patriarch Abraham in the immediate vicinity of Damascus appears to have been continually held there in remembrance. For, we have the following specific statement of Nicolaus of Damascus, a writer of the time of Augustus Cæsar, who must be assumed to have derived his information from local sources, independently of the Hebrew records:—"Abram reigned in Damascus, being a foreigner, who came with an army out of the land above Babylon, called the land of the

Chaldæans. But after [not] a long time he got him up, and removed from that country also with his people, and went into the land then called the land of Canaan. . . . The name of Abram is even still famous in the country of Damascus, and there is shown there a village named, after him, the Habitation of Abram."*

According to the existing local tradition, this village is Berzeh, which is situated at the foot of the mountains, about three miles to the north of Damascus; and Abraham is said not only to have lived but to have died there. For, though on the indisputable authority of Holy Writ, the patriarch is known to have been buried, with his wife Sarah, at Hebron, where their graves were visited by the Prince of Wales shortly after our own return from Syria; Abraham's tomb is nevertheless shown at Berzeh, where yearly, in the beginning of March, it is visited by numerous pilgrims.

This is a striking instance of the worthlessness of mere local traditions. Still, as every such tradition must necessarily have originated in some absolute fact, however much, in the course of ages, that fact may have become perverted; it is not at all improbable that the inhabitants of Damascus, at some period or other, removed Abraham's residence from the west to the north side of the city, in order that they might perform their pilgrimages without molestation from the Arab tribes who infest the plain country about Harran; just in the

* Joseph. Antiq. I. ii. 2; cited in Orig. Bibl. p. 126.

same way that the Latin monks of Damascus have, "for the convenience of travellers," recently placed the scene of St. Paul's conversion on the *east* side of the city, notwithstanding that the great high-road from Jerusalem, on which the miracle occurred, approaches Damascus from the south-*west*.

The road by which the patriarch Abraham and his family passed out of Mesopotamia on their way to Canaan, is almost universally admitted to have been by the ford of the Euphrates near Birejek, at the ancient Zeugma, on the high caravan-road between Diarbekir and Aleppo; though, as is shown in page 11 of the Introduction to the present work, the Rev. J. L. Porter supposes Abraham to have traversed the Great Syrian Desert by the way of Palmyra.

Passing through Aleppo, where the tradition of Abraham's presence still lingers in a distorted form, the road of the emigrants would have continued southwards by Hamath (Epiphania) and Homs (Emessa), skirting the eastern flank of Anti-Libanus, to Harran; from which place, after Laban's decease, Abraham, accompanied by his nephew Lot, continued his journey into the land of Canaan.

In the twelfth book of 'Paradise Lost' the exodus of the patriarch is thus beautifully—and how truly!—described:—

> "Him on this side Euphrates yet residing
> . . . . . God the Most High vouchsafes

To call by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who called him, in a land unknown."

Ver. 114–134.

When Abraham was called to complete his journey from Harran into the land of Canaan, he may be assumed to have proceeded through Damascus, and thence across the upper course of the river Pharpar, and along the high-road by Kuneitireh, crossing the Jordan at the bridge which bears the trivial and unmeaning name of the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, just below Lake Huleh, or the Waters of Merom; so that, having entered the Promised Land near its northern extremity, the patriarch would have passed through and surveyed its whole extent while "going on still toward the south."

It is not within the scope of the present work to notice any of the events of the patriarch's life while he was a sojourner in the land, till the time came when, his wife Sarah being dead and himself well stricken in age, Abraham called "his eldest servant of his house,

that ruled over all he had," and sent him to Harran to seek a wife for his son Isaac. This chief servant is generally supposed to be the individual called by Abraham at an earlier period "the steward of my house, this Eliezer of Damascus;" and there seems much propriety in the idea that such a person should have been chosen for the mission, as knowing the place to which he was being sent and the road thither.

In Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible' it is said respecting Eliezer:—"There is a contradiction in the authorized version; for it does not appear how, if he was 'of Damascus,' he could be 'born in Abraham's house;'" and various learned authorities are cited with a view to the elucidation of the seeming inconsistency. But the alleged contradiction vanishes, the moment it is seen that Abraham's true place of residence in Aram was within the plain of Damascus, and in the immediate vicinity of that city.

The Scriptural narrative then proceeds:—"And the servant took ten camels of the camels of his master, and departed; . . . and he arose, and went to Aram-Naharaim [wrongly translated Mesopotamia], unto the city of Nahor."

The precise road taken by Eliezer is not mentioned; but it is reasonable to conclude that he went from Hebron by Bethel, Shechem, and the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, and so on to Damascus, following the direct and usual high-road, by which he had entered Canaan

with his master Abraham. From Damascus Eliezer would have proceeded to Harran, where, on his arrival, "he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water, at the time of evening, even the time that women go out to draw water;" and as Harran lies almost due east of Damascus, the traveller would have approached the former place from the west: so that the position of the well by which he thus stopped must have been just outside of the town, on its western side towards Damascus. It is important to bear in mind this fact, as it will be commented on in the sequel.

In the selection of a wife for his master's son, Eliezer appears to have trusted to Divine Providence rather than to his own judgement. In the prayer which he offered up on his arrival at Harran, he said:—"Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink;' and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also;' let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master."

As it was ordered, the damsel who first approached the suppliant with her pitcher on her shoulder was Rebekah, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother; and it will be sufficient to add, without pursuing the narrative further,

that, Eliezer's mission having proved successful, he returned to his master Abraham, accompanied by Rebekah, to be the wife of her cousin Isaac.

After this event nothing is recorded of any further communication between Abraham's family in Canaan and his father's house in Padan Aram, until Jacob, the younger son of Isaac and Rebekah, fled to Harran for the purpose of avoiding the anger of his brother Esau, and at the same time with the object of taking a wife of the daughters of Laban, his mother's brother.

Refraining for the present from any comment on the details of the fugitive's journey, it will be sufficient to remark that, for reasons even more cogent than those which led Eliezer to Damascus, we may conclude that Jacob's steps were likewise directed to that city. A traveller into a strange country always goes in the first instance to some well-known place of importance, where he may expect to obtain information respecting the spot he is about to visit, and be directed to it. Arrived at Damascus, Jacob would easily have ascertained that Harran lay at a short distance east of that city, and having passed the night at Damascus, he would in the early morning have started for Laban's residence; and, as its distance from that city is only fourteen geographical miles, we can understand how he would, as the narrative relates, while "it was yet high day," have approached so near to Harran, as to render it advisable to make inquiry as to the precise position of

his place of destination. The Scriptural narrative relates, in fact, that "he looked, and behold, a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks: and a great stone was upon the well's mouth;" and to the shepherds tending these flocks the patriarch addressed himself for information.

This well, it must be observed, was not at all the previous one at which Abraham's servant Eliezer had met Rebekah. That well lay "without the city," where "the daughters of the men of the city came out to draw water," —that is to say at the very entrance of the city itself. The well approached by Jacob was "in the field," that is to say, at some distance from the town; though, as it lay in the way from Damascus, it must, like the other, have been situated somewhere on the western side of Harran.

Different as were the two wells, not less different was the manner in which the two travellers approached them respectively. Eliezer of Damascus, as a native of the country and a member of Abraham's household while resident at Harran, was of course familiar with the place and the customs of its inhabitants. He therefore went straight to the well at the entrance of Harran, where he knew the maidens of the city would soon come out to draw water; and there, in a spirit of entire reliance on the will of the Almighty, he waited for a sign to show him whether the Lord would prosper the way which he had gone.

Jacob, on the contrary, was a stranger in the country and unacquainted with its customs, as is plainly evinced by the conversation between him and the keepers of the three flocks of sheep, which he found lying by the well in the field:—"And Jacob said unto them, My brethren, whence be ye? And they said, Of Harran are we. And he said unto them, Know ye Laban, the son of Nahor? And they said, We know him. And he said unto them, Is he well? And they said, He is well: and, behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep."

At the time they were thus conversing, Rachel was evidently at some little distance from them; and Jacob, with the astuteness which was his attribute, would seem to have desired to send the shepherds away, in order that he might meet her alone. With the history of his mother Rebekah in his remembrance, and with the same feeling of reliance on the Divine will to direct his choice which had influenced Eliezer, he had doubtless already in his mind accepted his cousin Rachel for his future wife, as being the first female of his mother's family whom he had seen on his arrival. With such feelings, being desirous of the shepherds' absence, but at the same time not being acquainted with the usages of his mother's country, he said, "Lo, it is yet high day, neither is it time that the cattle should be gathered together: water ye the sheep, and go and feed them." But "they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be ga-

thered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

What followed will be best narrated in the simple words of Scripture:—"And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep; for she kept them. And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban his mother's brother, that Jacob went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother. And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept. And Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother, and that he was Rebekah's son; and she ran and told her father."

Here, too, is a marked difference between the two meetings. Eliezer, an aged man travelling as a person of substance with his attendants, accosted his country-woman Rebekah with respect and deference. The poor and solitary fugitive Jacob, a young man and a stranger, kissed Rachel even before he told her who he was. Had Rachel, while tending her father's flocks, been a nubile maiden, as her aunt Rebekah was at the time of Eliezer's visit, a perfect stranger like Jacob would surely not have dared to kiss her, least of all in the presence of her neighbours the men of Harran, who would have resented such familiarity. But there was no impropriety on his part in this conduct towards a girl of tender years, a mere child, after having performed for her the friendly

act of rolling the large stone from the well's mouth and watering her sheep, especially as in so doing he, under the influence of deep emotion, "lifted up his voice and wept."

On his revealing himself also to the little girl as her nearest relative, her aunt Rebekah's son, he called himself "her father's brother;" showing that, as regarded their ages, he stood to her in the relation of an uncle rather than of a cousin. And how completely was her behaviour that of a child!—"she ran and told *her father*." The mature maiden Rebekah as naturally "ran and told *her mother's* house" of her meeting with Eliezer, and what had taken place between them.

The reason is now manifest why Jacob waited seven years before marrying Rachel. Commentators have conjectured that, being poor, he had first to serve Laban during that period as a consideration for his daughter. But the words of the text do not rightly admit of any such interpretation. Laban, on their first meeting, received his sister's son in the most affectionate manner, saying to him, "Surely thou art my bone and my flesh." After Jacob had abode with him the space of a month only, taking his share in the duties of the household as a member of Laban's family, the latter said to him, "Because thou art my brother, shouldst thou therefore serve me for nought? tell me, what shall thy wages be?" On which, Jacob, disclaiming all payment for his services, replied, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel

thy younger daughter;" that is to say, he would abide with Laban and serve him as a member of his family, until his young cousin, whom from the very outset he had loved, should be old enough to become his wife.

From the whole tenor of the Scriptural narrative it indeed is to be inferred, that, at the time of Jacob's arrival in Padan Aram, not only Rachel, but her elder sister Leah likewise, was a child much too young to be married; otherwise there is no reason why Laban should not at once have offered her to her cousin, instead of waiting as he did for seven long years, a period during which, in those climates, a nubile female, if ever she is to be a wife at all, is not likely to remain unmarried. And if, according to the custom of the country, it had been requisite for Jacob to serve Laban for her, he might have done so *after* the marriage, as he did in fact for Rachel, when Leah had been forced on him without his knowledge:—"We will give you this [Rachel] also for the service which thou shalt [afterwards] serve with me yet seven other years."

It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further here, as the various incidents of Jacob's evasion and flight will be more suitably discussed in the course of the narrative of our own journey. I will therefore now proceed to describe our visit to Harran, for the purpose of verifying its identification as the residence of the patriarchs.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION TO HARRAN.

Friday, December 20th.—It rained so hard last night that our journey to-day appeared almost hopeless; but on getting up this morning, we found the sun shining bright and warm, and the day turned out the finest we had yet had in Syria. Finding this to be the case, we at once sent to the Consul, to ask him for the *kawáss* he had promised to let us have to accompany us. The person in question soon came, being a fine and rather fierce-looking man named Ahmed-em-Mansur, who has been attached to the British Consulate for thirty years. He gave himself all the airs of a person in authority, at once assuming the entire management of everything, and ordering every one about in the most absolute manner on the least hint from either of ourselves, to whom he was submissively attentive. He soon succeeded in ingratiating himself with us both, but in the result we found him to be very different from what he thus appeared to be.

The muleteer we had engaged was, as usual, a long

time in bringing his mules and horses, and in loading and preparing for the journey; so that it was ten o'clock before we started. Though we were only to be absent for a couple of days, our arrangements were almost as extensive as if the journey were to be one of a fortnight or a month. We made quite a party. My husband and I, with the muleteer and Yussuf the cook, were on horseback: we had two mules to carry our bedding, canteen, photographic apparatus, and provisions; whilst Ahmed, with a formidable sabre at his side, and two large pistols stuck in his waistband, was mounted on a fine mare, accompanied by a foal nearly as large as herself, which kept gambolling about during the entire journey, making the other horses almost as frisky as itself.

We commenced our journey under very unfavourable auspices. We had not got outside the walls of the city, when I found my horse quite intolerable. He did nothing but stand still and kick, and even a man leading him and another behind with a stick could not persuade him to advance. How I missed the nice little mare on which I had ridden to Damascus! On the present occasion I might indeed have profited by the advice given in the 'Handbook,' to examine my horse before engaging him. The remedy was, however, a very simple and efficacious one. I had only to change horses with Nasib the muleteer, who had not improvidently taken the best for himself. The next accident was that Yussuf's horse reared, and pitched the poor unfortunate man, from

amidst the pots and pans with which he was, as usual, surrounded, into the middle of a pool of mud; not only hurting him a good deal, but (what was of far more consequence to him) spoiling the new clothes with which he had just supplied himself at Damascus. All this caused much confusion and delay; but at length we were fairly off on our way to Sekka.

Our road lay in a south-easterly direction through the far-famed plain of Damascus, the *Ghutha* of the Arabian geographers, bounded on either side by the rivers Bárada (the "cold") and Awaj (the "crooked"), —the "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," of the Second Book of Kings. Abulfeda says that this plain is one of the four paradises, which are the most excellent of the beautiful places of the earth. They are the Ghutha of Damascus, the She'ab of Bauwān, the river of Ubulleh, and Soghd of Samarkand; the Ghutha of Damascus excelling the other three. My husband considers the Ghutha to be "the land of Uz" of the Book of Job.* The name is now restricted to the western portion of the plain nearest the city, the easternmost portion extending to the lakes being called the *Merj*. The distinction appears to be that the *Ghutha* is the cultivated part of the plain, whilst the *Merj* (of which term the literal meaning is "the meadow") is principally waste and pasture land, though here and there comprising cultivated spots.

* See 'Introduction,' page 19.

We found the Ghutha, where it was traversed by us, to be most highly cultivated. At first were orchards of olives, vines, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, figs, walnuts, and other fruits, with plantations of poplars and willows; after which came broad fields of wheat and Indian corn; and then, entering the Merj, we passed over extensive tracts of level plain, covered with grass, affording excellent pasturage for numerous flocks and herds; and interspersed with patches of cultivated ground adjoining the still not unfrequent villages. Our road over the plain was generally good; but in and near the villages we had to flounder through and along rivers of mud. Though the weather was perfectly fine, the sky was to a considerable extent filled with clouds, so as to give the country an English rather than a Syrian appearance; and as we passed by several fine flocks of sheep grazing in the plain, we could almost fancy we were taking our usual ride over Barham Downs. But on looking round, the view of the snowy range of Lebanon stretching along behind us dispelled the illusion, and told us we were far away from home; whilst, further on, some vineyards and then camels gave us unmistakably to understand where we were.

After passing through the villages of Jermana and Hosh-ed-Duwar, the former of which is inhabited by Druzes, we arrived at Sekka about one o'clock. The village from a little distance reminded us very much of a sugar-plantation in Mauritius. On either side, the

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fields of Indian corn, of which the cobs had been gathered, leaving the stalks standing, might well be taken for fields of sugar-cane; whilst the dried husks strewn at the entrance, on which a number of cows and horses were feeding, were the very counterpart of the *bagasse*, or cane-trash of the sugar-mill. Dr. Wetzstein had heard from Mr. Waddington of our intended visit, and as soon as we arrived, he came out to receive us, giving us a most hearty welcome. He had only come to Sekka for a day or two, to settle accounts with his villagers before leaving for Germany; and he was living in the house of the sheikh of the village, his own residence being closed, and his furniture packed up preparatory to his departure.

Our friend was on the point of sitting down to dinner with the principal inhabitants of Sekka and his adjoining village Ghassūle, and he politely invited us to join them. Without requiring any pressing, we entered a dark room of one of the mud houses, at the door of which was a heap of muddy boots and shoes of all colours, being those of the numerous guests, who were seated round the room in silence, but who rose up on our entrance, and saluted us. The table was already spread, consisting of a circular straw mat laid on the floor, on which were placed a number of round metal dishes containing *dibs* (that is to say, grape-syrup or jelly, which is the national dish), curds, fried eggs, sweet pudding (made of flour, milk and *dibs*), and I know not what besides; at

intervals there were also placed piles of a sort of sweet pancake, which served the chief guests as bread, whilst plain wheaten pancakes and rolls made of Indian corn sufficed for those of lower degree. We were given the seat of honour at the upper end of the room, in the front of which the table was laid, cushions being put for us to sit on. Dr. Wetzstein, who I concluded had relinquished to us the place of honour, sat on my right, and my husband on my left, the sheikh sitting on his left-hand.

As knives and forks are not customary in this part of the world, we ate with our fingers like the rest, dipping our pancake into the various dishes, or occasionally using a long wooden spoon, of which there were two for the whole party. When the first set of persons sitting round the table had eaten sufficient, they retired and others took their places, until all who were entitled to that distinction had dined, when the table was removed to the lower end of the room, where the rest of the persons present soon cleared it of its contents. As soon as each of us had finished eating, water was brought in a wooden bowl, and poured over our hands, which we wiped with a towel held by the attendant. Our drink during the meal was water, handed to us in a small wooden bowl.

After dinner the sheikh sat down in a corner of the room by the fire, and prepared coffee for his guests, roasting, pounding, and boiling it with his own hands. Dr. Wetzstein gave us to understand that if we wished it to be thought that we approved of the coffee, we must

sip it very slowly, just the contrary of what we might be expected to do in Europe. As there were only two cups, the consequence of our following Dr. Wetzstein's advice was, that he himself had to wait till I had done with mine; when the sheikh, taking it from me, drained it himself,—this being the height of politeness,—rinsed it with a little coffee, and then filling it again, presented it to Dr. Wetzstein. The latter told us that when there is a great number of persons and only one coffee-cup (as is mostly the case), the ceremony of coffee-drinking often lasts several hours. Pipes were offered to us; but as we do not smoke, we merely put them to our lips out of politeness, and passed them on.

As it was now getting late, we found it necessary to leave, and continue our journey to Harran. To our surprise Dr. Wetzstein, with Oriental rather than European politeness, expressed his intention to accompany us, instead of returning straight to Damascus, as he had arranged to do that evening. As in duty bound, the sheikhs of his two villages in their turn accompanied him. He had also his *kawáss*, who of course fraternized with Ahmed, the two taking everything into their hands. When we were all mounted, we made quite an imposing cavalcade, the sheikhs not failing to have likewise their own attendants.

Shortly after leaving Sekka, we saw at a short distance from us an encampment of sedentary Beduins; and as I wished to inspect them more closely, Sheikh

Mahmūd of Ghassūle offered to escort me, proposing that we should have a race together. To this I had no objection, and we were soon off at full speed. I was the winner without much difficulty; but on nearing the encampment was obliged to pull up short, for fear of the dogs, which rushed upon me from the tents. Each tent has one or two of these protectors, which are very savage and fierce. Near the encampment was a large flock of sheep, with their young lambs only a few days old, they having been dropped somewhat earlier this season than usual; and among them we saw many black, "ring-straked, speckled, and grisled" lambs, sucking ewes that were perfectly white, which forcibly reminded us of the incidents narrated in the 30th and 31st chapters of Genesis.

These sedentary Arabs are not the Beduins of the Desert, but a sort of mongrel race, who for wages serve the villagers as shepherds. To see the true Beduins we came unluckily a few days too late. Mohammed ibn Duhhi, ibn Zmēr, the chief of the Wuld ʿAli division of the great tribe of the ʿAnezeh, and now the most powerful chief of that tribe, had held a grand review in the Merj, before withdrawing for the winter into the Great Syrian Desert. At the review there were assembled two thousand horsemen, five thousand men on camels, and seven or eight thousand foot-men. We really lost a magnificent sight by not arriving in time to be present on the occasion.

My husband took with him to Syria a little work of Dr. Wetzstein, published in Berlin in the year 1860,* in which an interesting description is given of the composition of an army of the 'Anezeh Arabs, which I make no excuse for reproducing here in an English form. It is as follows:—The principal if not the largest portion of the army is composed of cavalry (*khēl*), also called spearmen (*ahl-er-rimāhh*). They are armed with spears and swords, and a few also with carbines, which however they fire off only in case of necessity, and then rarely more than once. All the leaders wear iron helmets and iron coats-of-mail, very carefully wrought, which come from Persia. At the head of each troop of horsemen are the *fedawīyeh*, or forlorn-hope, mostly consisting of negro slaves of athletic build and great courage. Born in the tribe itself, they are ever ready to sacrifice themselves for its honour. The battle is always commenced by the cavalry, who thus give the other portions of the army time to take up their positions. These consist of camel-riders (*dellaleh*) and infantry (*zulm*). The former are mounted two and two on the swift *delūl*, or dromedary, the driver being armed with a short spear, and the man who sits behind (*merdūf*) carrying a matchlock. On approaching the enemy they jump from their camel, and whilst the gunman forms for himself a breastwork (*metaris*) of stones and earth, behind which he crouches on the ground and begins firing, the camel-driver, in ad-

* 'Reisebericht über Hauran und die Trachonen.'

dition to the care of his animal, occupies himself, after the manner of the ancients, in catching the horses that may have lost their riders, in collecting weapons or booty of all sorts and kinds, in carrying the wounded on his side off the field, or in dealing to those on the opposite side the *coup de grace*. If the battle is lost, both rider and gunman leap on their camel and flee.

Among the infantry there are four descriptions of combatants. Of these, one kind are armed with the *khusht*, a strong short spear, and another with the *kanweh*, a club of evergreen oak with a large knob. The third kind are the *medrūb*-bearers. The *medrūb* is the weapon so dangerous in the hands of the Arab, which in the Syrian towns and in Egypt is called *nebbūt*. It is a staff or pole about four yards long, made of an extremely hard and tough wood, which is bound round in several places with iron rings, or with leather thongs twisted round with thick wire, so that it may not break from a blow.

The fourth description of warriors are the slingers. The sling (*miklā*) consists of a strong band made of wool or hair, with a *keff*—that is to say, a piece of camel's hide shaped like the hollow of the hand—fastened on it, in which is placed a pebble about as big as a middling-sized apple. They are able to hit their mark at a considerable distance. In times of peace the sling is used for killing gazelles, or in protecting the flocks from beasts of prey.

All four descriptions of foot-soldiers carry in common a crooked knife nearly two spans long, called *'akfeh,* stuck in the girdle which holds together their only article of clothing, the frock or shirt. This latter is made of goat's-hair cloth mostly striped black and white, has short sleeves, and is just long enough to cover the thighs. The arms and legs are bare; and as in battle they wear no covering on either head or feet, their movements are made with the greatest ease and agility. If they meet the foe on stony ground, the stones themselves become a dangerous weapon in their hands. Whenever a battle is lost, there generally ensues a frightful massacre of the vanquished, who, as they have no means of defence against the pursuing cavalry nor any tactics, have only to trust to the swiftness of their feet.

Each description of foot-soldiers forms a separate division, separated from the others by *hhārāt,* or passages for the horsemen to advance or retire; and, in accordance with ancient custom, the troops similarly armed on either side always face one another in combat. At the battle of the hill of Jokhadār, in Jedur, fought on July 19th, 1858, between the rival chiefs of the 'Anezeh, there happened what to us Europeans must seem an extraordinary occurrence. The horsemen of the Ribshān on the side of the Ruwala, and those of the Meshatta on the side of the Wuld 'Ali, stood face to face for an hour and a half with the points of their spears crossed, wait-

ing for the one or the other to show a naked place; and this not presenting itself, the Ribshān filed off to the right and the Meshatta to the left, without having struck even a single blow! The key to these matters could only be found by a military man, who should have practically studied the art of war of the Beduins.

Behind the combatants generally stand the women and girls, who, as the Beduins do not possess any military music, excite the men to bravery and contempt of death by the shrill sounds of the *zalajīt* (wedding-songs). Dr. Wetzstein told us that Ibn Zmēr pathetically assured him that he and his men would much prefer peace, were it not that their wives thus incited them to battle! This we may believe or not, as we please.

On our road we spoke with our well-informed and obliging friend about the artificial subterranean canals so common throughout the East, of which there are a great many about Damascus. From him we gathered the following particulars respecting them. At about a mile—the distance being more or less according to circumstances—from any place requiring water, and at a higher level, a shaft or well is sunk till water is reached. To this shaft is driven underground from the desired direction a horizontal adit, or at most with just sufficient fall, when the water from the bottom of the shaft is made to issue from the mouth of the adit, and is thence conducted wherever it may be required; and following now the natural fall of the land, it serves for irrigation,

turning mills, or any other of the purposes of a natural stream. In order more easily to form this adit or underground canal, and also for the purpose of keeping it open and clean, similar shafts are sunk along its course at distances of a hundred yards or so; the earth thrown out forming mounds round the mouths of the shafts, and plainly indicating their position.

In southern Arabia the name of these subterranean canals is *sahrij*, which designation is also used in Syria. But Dr. Wetzstein says that in the plain of Damascus they are not so designated, but bear the name of *kneyeh*, which properly means an ordinary open canal cut from a river, of which kind there are thirty or more on both sides of the Bárada. The reason for this difference of name is, that, in the plain of Damascus, water is found at so short a distance below the surface, that it often does not require any underground adit, but simply a short open cutting, to make it flow over the surface. Of such canals there are in the Merj as many probably as fifty, most if not all of which are amply supplied with water from these artificial springs, even during the summer months. As, according to my husband's measurement, there is a fall of about four hundred feet between the city and the lakes, which is equal to twenty-five feet in a statute mile, the plain of Damascus is admirably suited for the formation of such canals.

There are also several springs in the plain, which are usually considered as flowing naturally, though it may

possibly be that in past ages they, or at least some of them, had an artificial origin. Of these "natural" springs the largest is Ain Harūsh, about halfway between Damascus and Harran, which forms a tolerably large stream, flowing eastward, from which are derived canals for the irrigation of the fields of Harran, Kufrēn, and other neighbouring villages.

Owing to the canals and ditches being full of water at this season of the year, we had to make a circuit by the village of Kufrēn, so that we approached Harran almost from the south. From a considerable distance the three columns, which give to the place its distinguishing appellation of *Harran-el-'Awamīd*, or Harran of the Columns, were distinctly visible, appearing almost like the tall chimneys of a manufacturing village, the square tower of the mosque serving to represent the parish steeple.

We reached Harran just before sunset, "at the time of the evening, even the time that women gó out to draw water;" and as we came "without the city," we crossed a file of women and girls, with their pitchers on their heads and shoulders, going out towards the west to draw water. Had we approached the place direct from Damascus, we should have *met* these "daughters of the men of the city," just as Abraham's servant, Eliezer, is recorded to have done when he "came without the city." This was a most interesting sight to us, as it afforded, to a certain extent, a confirmation of my

husband's views with respect to Eliezer's visit to Harran. There was no time, however, for us to look after these women, or indeed to pay much attention to the subject, as it was getting late, and we had to hurry on to make arrangements for the night.

On entering the village, we went straight to the *menzūl*, or common reception-house for travellers, adjoining the private residence, or *harīm*, of the sheikh. He, in conformity with the laws of Eastern hospitality, made us most welcome, and at once began preparing for our evening meal; but the arrangements which Yussuf and Ahmed commenced caused a complete revolution in his establishment. They brought in our table, beds, and all other conveniences, which they put in order in the menzūl, nearly as well as if Mikhail had been there. Some of the mattrasses having got wet in crossing the streams, we had to borrow cushions of the sheikh to serve in their stead. Yussuf then installed himself in a room adjoining, where he set to work cooking our supper, for which everything had been brought from Damascus, lest we should have fallen short of supplies here.

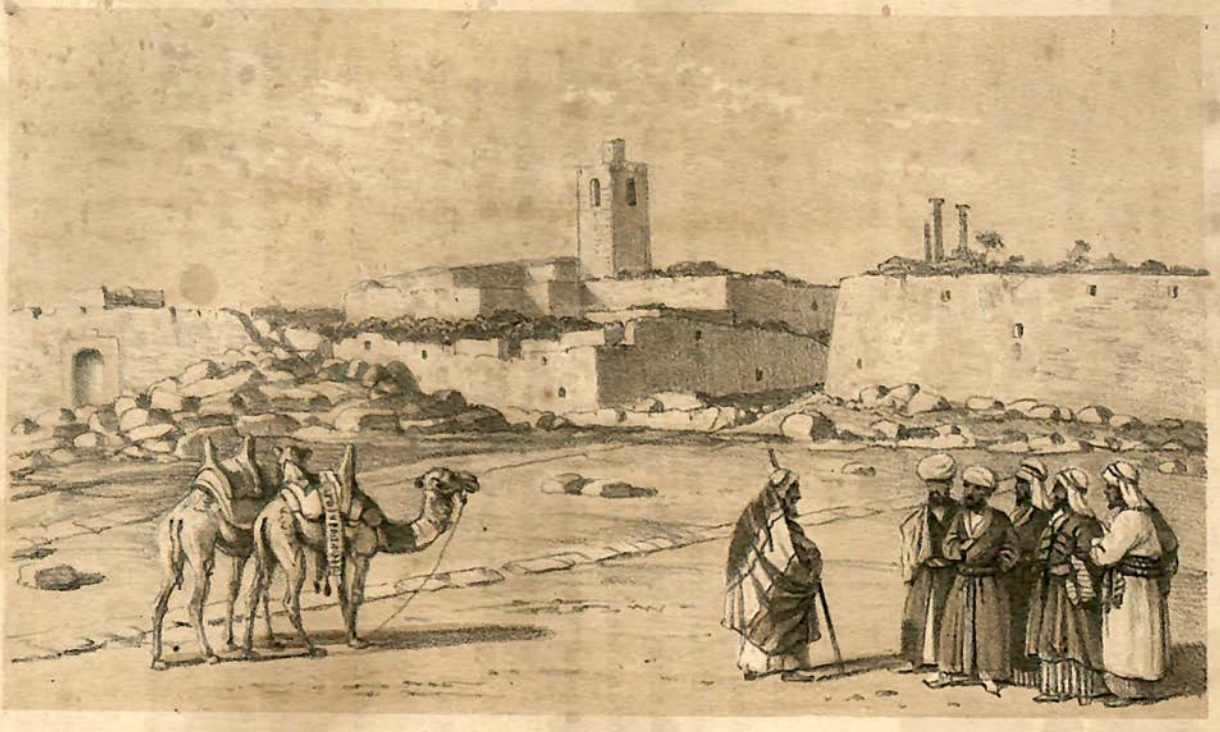
Our meal was soon ready, and we invited Dr. Wetzstein to partake of it. Never having before seen a dragoman's complete kit, our friend was both amazed and amused with all our English arrangements, saying he was quite sure that ours was the first European table ever laid in Harran, as I was not less certainly the first

European lady who had been seen there. While we were at supper, and indeed during the whole evening, we had the sheikh and a number of the principal men of the village sitting round the room, smoking their pipes, staring at us, and at times discoursing with Dr. Wetzstein. No doubt we formed the chief topic of their conversation.

In the course of the evening, and likewise during our ride from Sekka to Harran, Dr. Wetzstein and my husband had a deal of learned conversation, principally with reference to the latter's views respecting Harran, which Dr. Wetzstein seemed fully to appreciate. When we saw the women going for water as we entered the village, we had no opportunity of asking where they fetched it from, but (as may be imagined) we were not long in the house before we inquired about it; when, to our great disappointment and mortification, we learnt that the water was brought from a small canal running towards Kufrēn, at a little distance from the village, being one of those already mentioned as being derived from the Harūsh. We made particular inquiries after a well, and were assured again and again that there was none in or near the place. We had certainly expected to find a well here at Harran: at the same time it was admitted by us all, that its non-existence at the present day could not be accepted as proof of the non-existence of one in the time of the Patriarchs.

As it got late, and we had had on the whole a hard

day's work, I was glad, about nine o'clock, to beg the people to leave us, in order that we might go to bed. They retired at my request; but, for some time afterwards, first one and then the other kept coming in with all sorts of excuses; though I believe it was more for the purpose of seeing what we were about than anything else, and my patience was quite exhausted before we got entirely free from intruders.



Vincent Brooks, imp.

HARRAN.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRAN.

Saturday, December 21st.—After Dr. Wetzstein had taken chocolate with us in the morning, he bade us adieu and returned to Damascus. It was a dull misty morning, with every appearance of rain; and as it was impossible for me to think of photographing, we decided on going about and examining the village. Dr. Wetzstein had recommended us to mount our horses and ride round the place; but we preferred walking, as it would not be practicable to make any close investigations on horseback. We were, in the result, well repaid for thus going poking about in the dirt; though so deep was the mud—at times over the ankles of our boots—and so greasy and sticky, that we could with difficulty move forward or keep on our legs, even with the support of a good stout stick, which we each of us carried in our hands.

Our steps were first directed to the three Ionic columns, which stand in nearly the centre of the town, but rather towards its eastern side. Two of them are

complete with their capitals; the third has about five feet broken off the top. We measured the height of one of the perfect columns, and found the shaft to be (as near as may be) twenty-nine feet, the base being two feet three inches in height. The shaft is not in one single piece, but is formed of blocks of stone eight and ten feet long, the circumference being about twelve feet. From the relative positions of the three columns, it would at first sight appear that there must have been a fourth, forming a square, and some of the people told us that they remembered a fourth; but on measuring the intervals between them respectively, we found that towards the east it is six feet nine inches, whilst towards the north it is as much as seven feet nine inches. Such being the case, it would seem to result that they are the remains of two separate rows of columns. The mud buildings, above which tower these beautiful remains of a former age, prevent all means of satisfactory examination; but, as far as we could ascertain, the bases of the columns rest on a massive stone wall, forming part of the existing dwelling-houses, and standing about nine feet in height from the ground.

The stone of which these columns are formed is described by my husband in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,' as being a highly crystalline, though partially vesicular, trachytic basalt. In its exfoliation from the gradual operation of time and weather, acting probably on a concealed spheroidal concretionary

structure, may be plainly seen how ortholiths, whether composed of one or more than one piece, may be overthrown, without the intervention of the devastating hand of man or any great convulsion of nature, to one of which causes the destruction of ancient erections is generally attributed. The layers of the stone separate themselves from the mass at its lower end,—not in a rectilinear but in a curvilinear form, by which the mass itself gradually lessens in size below. This process continues till, the centre of gravity being transferred outwards, the ortholith falls from its own weight, just as a tree when felled. It is sad to see the columns at Harran rapidly undergoing this silent operation of nature.

With the aid of Ahmed and one of the villagers, we managed to chop some pieces of the stone off an exfoliated portion of one of the columns.* We offered the man a bakhshīsh, but he would not take it, so we gave it to his child. We then continued our walk through the village. I went into the yards of the different houses, and looked into every hole and corner, in the hope of finding something deserving of notice. Every few paces some piece of broken column or carved stone met the eye. In one yard, near the columns, we found a large mass of carved stone, apparently a portion of a cornice, which may have belonged to the temple or other building of which the columns formed a part. The roof of one of the mud-houses commanded a good

* One of these pieces has been sent to the British Museum.

view of the town, which, as far as I could judge, consists of about 150 or 200 houses, with a mosque standing at the western extremity of the place.

Having seen all that was to be seen within the town, we next went outside of it, proceeding to the west end, where, beyond the mosque, is the public cemetery. At the near end of this, not far from the wall of the courtyard of the mosque, is a building, now in ruins, constructed of cut stones belonging to former buildings, put together without mortar. Several of these are beautifully carved; some figures of eagles being full of life, and some scrolls and wreaths of flowers most artistically executed. This ruined building is apparently the tomb of a Mohammedan *wely* or saint. In making use of this expression, I may be permitted to remark, that by several modern travellers it is applied to the tomb itself and not to the person interred beneath it. This is a mistake; *wely* being the appellation given to an eminent and very devout saint, and signifying a favourite of Heaven.

We now entered the courtyard and looked into the mosque, but were of course not permitted to enter it without first pulling off our muddy boots, which, as there was nothing particular to be seen within, we did not care to do. It is a comparatively modern building, constructed of pieces of columns and other remains of former edifices, plastered and painted over; and it has a square minaret with a circular turret in the centre.

Within the courtyard of the mosque is a small square building, on entering which I discovered, to my great surprise and delight, a well—actually a draw-well—the very well we had so anxiously inquired after, and which we had been told did not exist. I called out to my husband, who was in the yard outside, and his joy was, if possible, even greater than mine, as he had so minutely and accurately laid down where this well *ought* to be.

Last night, when we were so positively assured there was no well at Harran, we endeavoured to treat it as a matter of indifference; but in fact both of us felt more disappointed and vexed than could well be expressed, though neither of us liked to own our real feelings, and we went to bed almost sulky with each other, not daring to speak on so tender a subject. It is true that no argument absolutely conclusive in favour of our identification of Harran can be founded on the existence of a well there at the present day; but, on the other hand, a very powerful argument might have been raised against the identification, had there been no well at all, or had it been shown to be impossible, or even only unlikely, for one to have existed there in former times. Indeed this is the very line of argument that was adopted by the Rev. J. L. Porter, in opposition to my husband, before he was aware of the existence of this well, when he said, "It appears that the people of [the] Haran [of Scripture] depended upon 'wells' for a supply of water for their flocks. Now this is applicable to Harran in Meso-

potamia, but would not be true of Harran or any place in the plain of Damascus, where there is abundance of water in the rivers and lakes."

As the well which we thus discovered at Harran answers in every respect to the requirements of that at which the meeting between Eliezer and Rebekah took place, it is proper to describe it with some minuteness. The building already referred to as containing it, is constructed of stones, apparently obtained from more ancient edifices, covered over with a cement of lime and mud. It is square in shape, and has two doors and a window, with a wooden ridge-roof, the floor being paved with stones. The well is in the north-east corner, and its mouth, which is built of roughly hewn stones, is about two feet six inches in height and three feet in width, the orifice being circular and about one foot six inches in diameter. Above the well's mouth and fastened to each side of it, is an iron bar bent double in the middle, from which by a pulley and an endless rope is suspended a leathern bucket, by means of which the women fill their pitchers. The water stands in the well about ten feet below its mouth. From the extremely smooth and polished surface of the stones inside the mouth, this well must have been in existence very long indeed, especially as of late years it has been comparatively little used. Near it, within the building, stand two stone troughs about one foot nine inches in width and respectively four feet and three feet in length, evidently of great anti-

quity, of which the use may (I think) have formerly been to water cattle. But since the well has been enclosed and covered in, they can of course no longer serve that purpose. We could not learn that any history or tradition is attached either to the well or to the troughs, which may be taken as a fair negative argument in their favour.

Seeing the existence of this well, it may seem strange that we should have been so positively assured by the inhabitants that there was nothing of the sort. Still there is no ground for imputing wilful falsehood to those who told us so. They knew that the water generally used comes from the canal, and this must be understood to be all they meant or thought to say; for they were not able to appreciate our curiosity concerning a matter in which they themselves took no interest. But that the water of this well is still used for household purposes, if not for drinking, is manifest from the fact that, while we were there, several women came to draw it, and took it away in their pitchers and pans.

Having discovered this well, which was said not to exist, we were not much surprised at being told there was a second just outside the door of the mosque-yard, between it and the cemetery and near the wely's tomb. It is in character similar to the other within the yard, only rather smaller. It is however no longer used, the water being said to be bad; and its mouth is covered with a stone, which was removed for us to look down.

But the water of the first well—Rebekah's Well—appeared sweet and good to the taste, though evidently containing much saline matter in solution. From an analysis of this water which Sir Roderick I. Murchison had the kindness to have made at the Royal School of Mines, of which he is Director, it appears that it contains 109·76 grains of solid matter in one gallon.* This is a trifle more than the quantity found in the water of the well at Woolwich Arsenal, which amounts to 106·50 grains of solid constituents. But it should be explained that the water submitted to analysis was only a small portion, being the residue, of a quantity of several gallons, which, after having stood several days at Damascus in the pitchers in which it had been brought from Harran, was decanted into a glass vessel for transmission to the Queen; as I shall shortly have occasion to relate.

* Mr. Tookey's report was made in the following terms:—"The water from 'Rebekah's Well' contains 109·76 grains of solid matter in one gallon. This consists of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, sulphuric acid, and chlorine, with a little organic matter. The amount of lime in solution in the imperial gallon is 6·08 grains; of magnesia 17·30 grains; so that the greater proportion of solid matter must consist of alkaline salts. The residue at the bottom of the bottle contained carbonates of lime and magnesia, with some earthy matter—probably clay. This deposit of carbonate of lime and magnesia results from the fact that the water has lost some carbonic acid since it was taken from the well; so that the actual amount of lime in solution in the water, when taken from the well, would exceed 6·08 grains in the imperial gallon; the same remark applies equally to the amount of magnesia. The amount of water at disposal did not allow of a more complete analysis."

Lying along the eastern side of the wall of the building which covers the well, we found what seemed to be a piece of a small column with an inscription on it. It is however so much covered up, partly in the wall and partly in the ground, and the portion exposed is so weather-worn, and was besides, when we saw it, so dirty from the rain and mud, that it was impossible to decipher it. Since our return to England, my husband availed himself of the Prince of Wales's visit to Damascus accompanied by Dean Stanley, to direct the latter's attention to this inscription; and as Dr. Stanley was himself unable to visit Harran, he commissioned the Rev. Smylie Robson, a missionary at Damascus, to go there for the purpose of examining the inscription, and if possible bringing away the stone.

From the account of Mr. Robson's visit published in the Appendix to Dr. Stanley's 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church,' it appears that he went to Harran, accompanied by Mr. Sandwith and Mr. Crawford, in June, 1862, six months after the date of our visit, and that he found everything much the same as described by my husband in a communication made to the Royal Geographical Society on the 7th of May, 1862,* and by myself more in detail in the preceding pages. Only as

* 'Notes on an Excursion to Harran in Padan-Aram, and thence over Mount Gilead and the Jordan, to Shechem, by Charles T. Beke:' read before the Royal Geographical Society on the 16th of June, 1862, and printed in the Society's Journal, vol. xxxii. pp. 76–100.

the weather was so much brighter at the time of Mr. Robson's visit, with a Syrian sun of June shining, than it was in the December previous, when there was hardly light enough for me to take a photograph; it may be well understood how that gentleman and his friends should have done more than we could towards deciphering the inscription on the column.

His description of it is in the following terms:—"The beginning of the lines of the inscription are visible, but the ends are on the lower side of the stone and in the ground. Apparently there had been four lines. The whole is greatly worn and defaced, but several letters in the first line and two in the second are legible, as below:—

A A U A (C O N S Π . . . . .
. A . O . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Mr. Robson adds:—"The mark (between A and C in the first line I do not understand, and the Π was doubtful to us. We could not guess at a single letter in the third and fourth lines. The inscription had not been carefully cut; the letters were not well formed nor of the same size, and the lines were not quite straight."

My husband's first impression on seeing the inscription was that the characters were Roman; but on our second visit to Harran on December 30th, when the day, though dull, was not quite so dark, he fancied he could

distinguish so many gable-shaped letters, as to make him conclude that they could not all be A, but must some of them be Λ; and that consequently the language of the inscription would prove to be Greek. But from the few letters deciphered by Mr. Robson, it appears quite clearly to be Latin.

I have now to add, that since the manuscript of the present work was placed in the printer's hands, my husband has received from Dr. Wetzstein a copy of a paper on a selection from the numerous Greek and Latin inscriptions collected by him in Syria, communicated to and printed by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin; among which inscriptions is one found in the neighbouring village of Ghassūle on a Roman milestone, of which the following is a transcript:—

DD NN
CONSTANTII
VICTORIOSISSIMI
AVG ET CONSTANTII
NOBILL CAESARIS
MP

Whence it would seem that the column discovered by us at Harran is a Roman milestone of similar character.

What name Harran bore as a Roman city, and how long it retained that name, we have not at present the means of determining. But it had at all events resumed its Scriptural appellation before the twelfth century of

the Christian era; for Harran is mentioned as "one of the towns of the Ghutha of Damascus" by the Arabian geographer, Yakūt, who flourished during that century.

Having finished our explorations within and about the town, we proceeded a little way out of it, in a south-westerly direction, passing through some vineyards as far as the canal which supplies it with water, and which appears to have been recently cut or at all events re-opened, the earth thrown up along its banks having been but a short time dug out of its bed. We were particularly struck with the vines, which presented a very different appearance from any we had ever seen before. In England the vines grow entirely under shelter, or else trained against a wall; in France and Germany they climb up sticks like miniature hops; in Italy they are trained over trellis-work or hang in festoons from tree to tree; on the sides of Lebanon the vines, though nearly as large as they are here, are allowed to trail over the rocky ground; whereas here at Harran, as we approach the country where "Noah began to be an husbandman and planted a vineyard," the vines are planted in regular order at some distance one from another, like the cherry and other fruit trees in our Kentish orchards, each being pruned into a tree or bush, which stands quite erect without any prop, trellis, or other support. At the season of the year when we saw them they were not in leaf, and they presented the appearance of gigantic gooseberry bushes; when covered with foliage and

with fruit they must look magnificent. We were told that sticks have then to be placed under the loaded branches, to prevent the grapes from touching the ground.

The plain of Damascus is peculiarly fitted for the pásturage of sheep, as it always has been since the time of the patriarchs; the history of Laban and Jacob showing the former to have been a wealthy sheep-farmer, very much resembling many of our countrymen in Australia at the present day. In like manner the neighbourhood of Damascus has in all times been celebrated for its wine. The grapes of Halbūn, a village about as far to the northward of the city as Harran is to the east, are greatly esteemed for their rich flavour, and from them is made the best and most highly-prized wine of the country. Sheep and grapes, or I should rather say wool and wine, being then especially the produce of the neighbourhood of Damascus; we can perceive the force of the text of the prophet Ezekiel, in which, when enumerating the countries which traded with Tyre and the various articles in which they dealt, it is said, "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon and white wool."

The city of *Haleb* or Aleppo in Northern Syria has usually been considered as representing the Helbon of Scripture on account of the partial similarity of name, although Aleppo was never famous either for its wine or for its wool; and even if it had been, it is not very

intelligible how Tyre should have traded with Aleppo through Damascus. But Halbūn, a place so celebrated for its wine at the present day, being in the immediate neighbourhood of Damascus, it is manifest that this is the wine-producing Helbon of Scripture. This too is the Chalybon of profane history, the wine of which place is described by the geographer Strabo as forming one of the luxuries of the kings of Persia; and which wine was supposed by our learned "authorities" to have been the produce of Aleppo, although it is expressly declared to have been made at Damascus in Syria, from vines planted there by the Persians. This error with regard to the identification of Helbon is precisely similar to that of Harran. In both cases the true sites having been lost, others at a distance were fixed on by some blind leaders of the blind, from the mere resemblance of name, without any regard to their suitableness in other respects.

The modern village of Harran appears to be in a thriving condition, its inhabitants, like the patriarchs of old, possessing large flocks and herds; and in addition to their vineyards they have extensive fields under tillage. In one of these fields we saw six ploughs at work, turning in the manure, which was thickly spread over the ground. There are no trees about the place, though we noticed a few young plantations of poplars and planes, which would seem as if the people were intent on supplying the deficiency.

We should have liked to visit the lake lying at some

little distance to the eastward of Harran, but the weather was so unfavourable, and the ground was in so bad a state from the quantity of rain that had fallen, that we found it impracticable. In the best-known maps the river Bárada is marked as flowing into two lakes named Bahret-esh-Sharkiyeh and Bahret-el-Kibliyeh; but in Dr. Wetzstein's recent map these two are laid down as forming portions of one single lake, to which he gives the name of Bahret-el-Atēbeh, as we ourselves heard it called at Harran. Had we been able to visit the lake, we should no doubt have found it at this season of the year covering a greater extent of ground than is shown even in Dr. Wetzstein's map. In the dry season the northern and southern portions appear to form two lakes, united by a narrow channel of water, as described by Mr. Porter several years ago. The lake further to the south, into which the Awaj or Pharpar flows, is called Bahret-el-Hijāneh.

The whole of the morning was so completely overcast, that it was quite impossible to attempt photographing; and as we did not wish to remain here on the Sunday, we decided on at once returning to Damascus. We could not however leave Harran without taking with us some water from Rebekah's Well, which we thought would prove an acceptable offering to our Sovereign, as the first fruits of what cannot but be considered a very important discovery. For this purpose, we arranged with the sheikh of the village to let us have a couple of

pitchers filled with water, and a man with a horse to carry them to Damascus with us. When we got to the door of the mosque-yard, we found the man with his horse already there, and a couple of girls, one of them a very pretty one about the age of sixteen, with pitchers full of water on their heads, ready for the man to load on his horse. This, however, would not satisfy me, as I was ambitious to draw the water for our beloved Queen with my own hands. I therefore had the pitchers emptied, went with the two girls to the well, drew up the water in the bucket, and with it filled the pitchers.

Before the two pitchers of water were placed on the horse's back, I did for my husband as Rebekah is recorded to have done for Eliezer. According to the words of Scripture, Abraham's servant "said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink." Here at the same spot, after a lapse of nearly four thousand years, a very similar scene was enacted; and it is most probable that the native earthen pitcher, which I used on the occasion, was of the very same kind as that used by Bethuel's daughter. It is with no little gratification that I am able to state that I brought my pitcher away with me, and that I have it safe at home.

The two pitchers having been placed, one on each side of the horse, in a sort of double pannier, they were kept firm by stuffing round them some straw or dried reeds,

a little of which was also put into the mouths of the pitchers, to prevent the water from spilling. While thus engaged, and indeed throughout the whole morning, we had been followed everywhere by at least fifty or sixty men, women, and children, who, not content with gazing in wonderment at all we did, kept pressing and crowding on us most annoyingly. The women too were most curious to examine every article of my dress. But what seemed to strike them most was the net in which my hair was done up, from which they could not keep their fingers; and they at last became so unbearable, that the kawáss had to pull them away from me by main force, keeping them and the children at a respectful distance, by running after them with a stick, or throwing stones at them.

It was however scarcely fair to be so hard on the poor women for their curiosity respecting my dress; because I, on my side, was quite as desirous of examining theirs. But whenever I approached any of them too closely, they immediately ran off, and could not be prevailed on to stop, even by the promise of the usually all-powerful bakhshīsh. However, I at length induced one of the girls that had helped me at the well, to stand still and let me examine her dress.

It consisted of a long indigo-blue cotton gown, with long sleeves; a dark-red apron, with a border at the bottom flowered yellow, and with a red and yellow fringe; a broad scarlet waistband, flowered yellow; a

black cotton handkerchief over the head, and fastened under the chin; over this, bound broad and flat round the head as a turban, a chintz handkerchief, black, with green and yellow flowered stripes; and lastly, a white shawl or *kefiya*, with white and blue fringes, thrown over the back of the head and shoulders, and crossed in front. This may be taken to represent the ordinary dress of the females of Harran. Many of them, but not all, had small nose-rings, as also necklaces and bracelets. We did not see any anklets. Neither did we perceive any of the women, old or young, with veils or face-coverings of any kind; but of course the ends of the white shawl worn over the head and shoulders, could at any time be brought forward so as to conceal the lower part of the face.

The packing of our luggage was a work of much more difficulty and trouble than it would have been had Mikhail been with us; but at length we were all fairly off, mules, water and all. Before taking leave of the sheikh we gave him, through Ahmed, what we conceived to be a very liberal allowance for the keep of our animals, and also a present for himself, with which to all appearance he was perfectly satisfied, and we parted on the best terms; he and several of the principal villagers accompanying us outside the village, where they took leave of us. I mention this more particularly here, as I shall have occasion to revert to the subject, when I come to narrate our second visit to Harran.

Our road on leaving the village lay at first between vineyards on the one side and ploughed fields on the other. I did not mount my horse immediately, but walked a little way through the vineyards with my gun, in the hope of having some sport, as I was told there was an abundance of partridges and birds of all kinds, as well as hares, in the vineyards; but I was not fortunate enough to see more than one bird, which I fired at and missed. After I had mounted my horse, we proceeded on our way for some distance, when, finding the mules with the baggage had remained behind, I galloped back to see what was the cause; leaving my husband to go on with Ahmed and the man with the jars of water, whom he was afraid to let go out of his sight, lest he should repeat a trick which we had already caught him playing us. This was to drive his horse on some distance ahead, and then to squat quietly down and smoke his pipe, whilst the horse was left to graze about, or to lie down with the water-jars on his back, as he might feel inclined.

When I reached the mules, I found they had got into a mess in crossing a watercourse, one of them having refused to go through the water. This caused considerable delay; but, as soon as they were all right and had fairly started afresh, I left them, and rode off across the plain to catch up my husband, who in the meanwhile had got so far in advance that I could not see him. However, I continued along the route I imagined him to have taken, in the best way I could, till I came to a

stream, where I lost the track, and in seeking for this I at length lost myself altogether.

I now wandered about over the plain, galloping as fast as I could go in every direction, only now and then falling in with a shepherd, of whom I asked the way to Damascus with the few words of Arabic I had picked up. Either they did not understand me or I could not understand them; but it seemed to me they were only directing me to their own villages, the names of which I knew, but all of which, as far as I understood, were out of my way. Thus I strayed about for miles, passing by some encampments of sedentary Arabs, and crossing several canals and streams, till my horse and myself were fairly worn out, and it began to get dark. I could find no one to put me in the right way: some wanted me to go with them to their village—the nearest village—to sleep, whence I might go on in the morning. It was most kindly meant, no doubt, but it was anything but soothing or agreeable to me, whatever it might have been to my horse had I accepted the invitation. It was fortunate perhaps that they did not know I was a female; for, as I wore a long cloak and a boy's cap on my head, they took me for a youth, calling after me *ya welled,* as I dashed past them. However, I persisted in going on, and after scouring the plain in every direction, I at length got into the right road; and just as the night was closing in, I reached the village of El Melîha, passing through which, quite heart-sick and tired, I all at once heard myself called

to by the well-known voice of my husband. I cannot describe how thankful I felt.

His going on so far without me had been caused by a mistake on the part of Ahmed, if it was not something worse. Finding me remain so long behind, my husband had repeatedly sent Ahmed back to look for me, taking for granted that I was keeping with the mules in order to bring them on with me. Ahmed, after galloping back some little distance, invariably returned with the assurance that he could see me with the rest, and that we were close at hand. Whether he saw the mules at all I will not take on myself to say; but that he saw me with them was a downright falsehood, for I had not even set eyes on them from the time I left them after I had first turned back. I suspect it had been planned between Ahmed and the muleteer that we should all pass the night at El Melīha, and enter Damascus early in the morning, so as to make another day of it; for which there would of course be extra pay for the mules, extra bakhshīsh for our escort, and all sorts of supplemental expenses.

From my husband I learned that, as he was every moment expecting me to catch him up, and as he did not dare quit the water-carrier, he had gone on leisurely with him through the village of Nola,—where in the stream of the Harush he saw a quantity of *keneb*, or hemp, steeping, with large stones laid on it to keep it down in the water,—and thence through Bzēne and

Zibdīn, and so on to El Melīha. He had not been particularly anxious on my account, in consequence of the repeated assurances of that fellow Ahmed that I was in sight; but at El Melīha he got very uneasy, and insisted on not going on further till I caught him up. This quite suited Ahmed's arrangements; for he had evidently made up his mind to pass the night at El Melīha.

On my arrival, without alighting from my horse, I took a cup of coffee, and then waited a few minutes to see whether the mules would arrive. Finding they did not come on, we determined on proceeding to Damascus in the dark, in spite of the urgent dissuasions of Ahmed. On reaching the gate of the city we found it shut. For more than a quarter of an hour we kept on knocking at the door, calling out to the *bawāb* (door-keeper), offering bakhshīsh, declaring ourselves to be English and escorted by the English Consul's kawáss, but without getting any one to attend to us. I do not think we should have been let in at all, had I not fired off my revolver and threatened to storm the gate! When at length the door-keeper came, he did not dare let us in till he had gone to the guard-house, a little way up the street, and got permission to open the gate; and when he returned bringing the key, he was accompanied by two or three soldiers, to whom, as a matter of course, we had to give bakhshīsh, as well as to the worthy bawāb himself.

When we entered the city, we found it almost in total

darkness, with every house shut up, and the inhabitants apparently all gone to bed; and how we found our way to the hotel was a marvel. We dashed on through the narrow streets and bazars, all of which were deserted except by the dogs, on which our horses kept treading at almost every step, making them howl in the most hideous manner. Every now and then our horses, to which we had to trust more than to ourselves, kept bumping us against the corners of the houses and the closed shop-windows, and jolting us against one another in the most ludicrous manner. It was famous fun, notwithstanding; and the thought of my having got free from my great anxiety in the plain, probably made me enjoy all the more these trifling difficulties within the city; so that we kept on laughing and joking all the way till we reached the hotel, where we arrived about eight o'clock, to the utter astonishment of our host and his family, who had no idea of seeing us return at that late hour of the night. However, they soon prepared us some supper, after which we were glad enough to seek our night's rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAMASCUS.

Sunday, December 22nd.—This morning when we got up, we were told that we had not retired to rest more than five minutes when it began to rain heavily, and continued to do so all night. How fortunate it was that we left Harran yesterday as we did, and how right it was of us not to be induced to sleep at El-Melīha!

On sending to inquire at the English Consulate whether there would be divine service this morning, we were told that there are not sufficient English residents for the service to be performed in our language, but that there would be service in Arabic at the American Consulate at noon. As this would not have edified us much, we did not attend, but preferred reading prayers at home. We regretted afterwards that we did not attend the service at the American Consulate, as it would have afforded us, and especially my husband, an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the members of the two missions, American and English, stationed in Damascus.

It was not till past ten o'clock that the mules arrived with our baggage. Nasib and Yussuf had, as we expected, passed the night in one of the villages and come on slowly this morning, with a view to be enabled to charge for the third day. For this we were fully prepared; and as there had been plenty of time for them to come on with us yesterday evening, if they had not purposely lagged behind, and as Nasib's pay was most liberal,—sixty francs for six animals for the two days,—my husband paid him that amount, and sent him about his business, in spite of all his remonstrances and protestations; and, on account of his attempt to impose on us, we would not even give him a farthing of bakhshīsh. To the man who brought on the water from Harran we gave about five francs,—a very liberal allowance for his day's labour, including the cost of the pitchers; with which remuneration he went off highly contented, and returning us no end of thanks. We had made the girls at Harran a present before leaving, so that we considered we had left behind us in that place a favourable impression, which we were desirous of doing under all the circumstances of our visit.

Monday, December 23rd.—In the morning we went out to look about the city, passing through the bazars, for the purpose of examining them and viewing the mosques and public buildings, and also of purchasing a few articles of which we were in need. As I was already acquainted with the bazars of Cairo, I was not

so much struck with these of Damascus as I might otherwise have been. They appear, however, to be more extensive than those of Cairo; and, as may well be imagined, they have a more decidedly Oriental look, being generally narrower and more covered in, so as to be very gloomy and cool on entering from the glare and heat of the sun. They are different too in this respect, that the various trades are each confined to a separate quarter, instead of being intermixed as they mostly are at Cairo. During those parts of the day, too, which are usually given to shopping, the crowds of purchasers and idlers were perhaps greater than in Cairo; but out of business hours the shops were comparatively deserted. Not so at Cairo, where the bazar is one continuous scene of bustle and confusion the whole day long.

We also went into some of the khans or caravanserais: large, strong, fireproof buildings, in which the wholesale merchants deposit their goods and transact their business. The finest of these is the great khan of Asad Pasha. It is a magnificent square building, of which the court is covered with nine fine domes, richly ornamented; the centre one being supported by four columns, in the centre of which is a round marble basin with a fountain of running water. Round the sides of the court below, and also along an upper gallery, are the warehouses of the merchants. It is much to be regretted that some of the beautiful side-domes have fallen in, and have been replaced by a common wooden

roof. They are said to have been destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. It is not in accordance with the habits of these people to repair a ruin: they prefer erecting a new building, and letting the old one go altogether to decay. In Egypt we saw repeated instances of this.

Shortly after our return to the hotel we received a visit from Dr. Wetzstein, who kindly remained some time with us, discussing our intended journey to Mount Gilead, the road we ought to take, and the means to be adopted for ensuring our safety. As only last year he went over a part of the country east of Jordan which we were about to transverse, he was able to furnish us with much valuable information. He told us that the present maps, even that accompanying his own little work published in Germany in 1860, are faulty in many particulars. He suggested that if he could find us an escort from the tribe of Beni Sakhr, this would be quite sufficient to carry us in safety the whole way across the Ghor, or valley of the Jordan; and he promised to try and find one of the tribe in Damascus. If he should not be successful, he would give us letters to one of their principal sheikhs. The Leja is occupied by the Sulūt Arabs, and it might be advisable to have one of them as an escort; but none of the tribe were likely to be met with in Damascus, as they were on anything but good terms with the Turkish Government, and in fact a price had been set on the heads of some of their chiefs.

It was only on the previous Friday that two heads had been brought in and presented to the Mushir Pasha or Seraskier. On their being thrown down before his Excellency, he rose from his divan, stamped on the heads, spat on them, and kicked them about, cursing them all the while in the choicest Turkish. This was looked on as an act of great valour, as showing how he would treat the whole of the tribe if they dared to come in his way. We should regard it in a different light. The heads were first hung up at the citadel, and then exposed on a black board in the Arab bazar,—that is to say, the bazar where are sold all the articles used by the Beduins of the Desert.

Tuesday, December 24th.—This morning we received a letter from Mr. Heald, announcing the arrival of Mikhail at Beyrout, and his departure again for this place; so that we might expect him back again shortly. Mr. Heald also forwarded us some letters from England, which we were indeed rejoiced to receive. While my husband went to call upon our Consul, I occupied myself with reading and answering my letters, previously to our intended departure. In the afternoon we both went to visit Dr. Wetzstein. He received us in the most cordial manner, apologizing for not being able to entertain us as he could have wished; as everything was packed up preparatory to his departure for Europe, and the whole place consequently was in great disorder. After taking coffee, which is usually the first thing done on paying

or receiving visits, he made us taste some of the famous wine of Helbon, made in his own house at Damascus, from grapes sent to him by the inhabitants of that place. It is a sweet oily wine and very good, and if made with care would, no doubt, be deserving of its ancient reputation.

Helbon is noted not more for its wine than for the stupidity of its inhabitants, whose reputation in this respect is similar to that of the wise men of Gotham, as the waggish Merry Andrew styled his countrymen, the barons of Pevensey. Among the ridiculous stories fathered on them, I will here repeat a few.

Once upon a time the inhabitants of Helbon declared themselves independent, and were going to establish a government of their own, but found themselves unable to carry out their intention, because there were not men enough in the place to fill all the public offices.

Another time, it is said, the good folks of Helbon wished to drag a little on one side a mountain which kept the midday sun from their village. With this object they tied a rope to a large oak growing on the mountain, and pulled at it till the rope broke, and gave many of them so severe a fall, that they were content to postpone the removal of the mountain till some more fitting opportunity.

On another occasion, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, the inhabitants of Helbon took it into their heads that the people of a neighbouring village

had stolen that planet. Accordingly, they all turned out armed against their neighbours, to force them to give them back their moon; but before they had quite reached the village the eclipse was over, and the moon reappeared in full splendour. On this they returned home in triumph, boasting that their neighbours had given them back their moon for fear of them.

A native of Helbon was once driving to Damascus a donkey, laden with wood for sale; when, the load being too heavy for the poor animal, he considerately took it off and put it on his own shoulders, and then mounting the donkey, he rode on it into Damascus.

Another of these Syrian Gothamites, who wanted to purchase a cradle for his child, measured the length of it with his two hands, and so went to Damascus, keeping his hands stretched out at the exact distance from one another. In passing through the crowded streets, first the one arm and then the other got knocked out of its place by the passers-by, so that the good man soon lost his measure. On this he hurried back home, and tied between his outstretched hands a stick the exact length of the cradle, and thus succeeded in reaching the carpenter's shop and giving him the correct measure.

A boy once thrust his hand into a narrow-necked pitcher containing walnuts, and having filled his hand with them, was unable to draw it out again. He cried bitterly; the whole village assembled to deliberate on what was best to be done, and the wise man of the place

gave it as his opinion that the boy's hand must be cut off; when fortunately a stranger, who happened to be passing by, freed the boy from the danger he was in, by telling him to let go the walnuts, and so draw his hand out of the pitcher empty, as he had put it in.

During our visit to Dr. Wetzstein, we had again a long talk about our journey. He had not yet seen any of the Beni-Sakhr Arabs. While we were there, a Levantine gentleman came in, to whom our host spoke on the subject, and who promised to look after one for us. He appeared to understand the country east of Jordan and its inhabitants, quite as well as Dr. Wetzstein himself, and expressed his opinion that there would be no difficulty in finding a protector for us. For our escort through the hostile country of the Sulūt Arabs he recommended a Druze, as somehow or other those people are on good terms with all the tribes.

Dr. Wetzstein had some beautiful gazelles, which were quite tame, running about the house like dogs. It was a pretty sight to see these graceful little animals following him from room to room, and coming to us to eat nuts and biscuits out of our hands. He said he intended to take them with him to Germany, as they were great pets of his wife.

It is curious how these animals are caught by the Beduins in the desert country lying to the east of Harran. Two walls of considerable length are erected, commencing at some distance from each other, and con-

verging to a point. Before the two ends quite meet, a mound of earth is thrown up between them, and the two walls, being continued beyond this mound, are united by a cross-wall of about half their height; behind this lower wall is a large pit, the earth dug out of which had served to form the mound. Horsemen now contrive to drive a herd of gazelles between the two walls, where they are furthest apart. The timid animals rush forward towards the extremity of the enclosure, at first not seeing the low cross-wall, which is hidden by the mound of earth; and when, at length, they find themselves closed in on both sides, they naturally try to escape by ascending the mound and leaping over the low wall, when they fall into the pit beyond it, and are taken, often as many as twenty or thirty at a time.

Wednesday, December 25th (Christmas Day).—When we quitted England, my husband had been obliged to leave behind him a box containing the instruments he wanted for use on the journey; they having been packed so badly by the maker, as not to be in a state fit to bear the knocking about of travelling. He was promised they should be ready before our departure, but at the last moment we were compelled to start without them. We were then assured they should be sent out to us by the next steamer; but at the time of our departure from Alexandria they had not arrived, and it was only by the letter received from Mr. Heald yesterday that we heard of their having at length reached Beyrout. As

Mikhail was expected so soon, my husband went at once to the electric-telegraph office, and dispatched a telegram to Mr. Heald, requesting him to forward the box of instruments immediately, as it was essential to have them before starting on our journey. Telegraphic messages between Damascus and Beyrout—how strange it seems to talk of telegraphs in this part of the world!—are forwarded in French, Arabic, or Turkish. My husband gave his message in French; but on communicating with Beyrout, it was found that the French clerk was not at the office, so the message had to be repeated in Arabic.

On his way back, my husband passed through the Arab bazar, where he saw the board on which had been exposed the heads of the two Beduin gentlemen, through whose country we were about to pass, which ghastly trophies had only just been removed. One of the Mohammedan shopkeepers was pointed out to him, as having, during the late massacres, sheltered and fed no less than five hundred Christians. The performer of so meritorious an action is deserving of every respect. So thought my husband; and accordingly he stopped and saluted the worthy man, to his evident gratification.

About twelve o'clock we were surprised by the arrival of Mikhail. He had performed the journey from Beyrout in two days and a half, the weather having been bad on the road going, but fair on the way back. He told us that, about nine hours before arriving here, some

Turkish soldiers had taken from him all his mules except two, which he had brought on. He was going to lodge a complaint with the British Consul, and hoped to be able to get other mules to replace them by to-morrow.

The brothers Mallūk, the well-known silk-mercers, who had had their house and warehouses destroyed during the late disturbances, were staying in Demetri's hotel, while prosecuting their claim on the Turkish Government for compensation. This morning one of them asked me to look over a small assortment of Damascus scarfs and cloaks, which they still had by them. There were some very beautiful cloaks of rich silk, very much like poplin, splendidly embroidered in stripes of gold, which would make very handsome and not less useful opera cloaks. I was much inclined to purchase one; but when I thought of the journey before me, I resisted the temptation; contenting myself with buying a *kefíya*, or scarf of striped silk, with long fringes with knotted ends, usually worn by the Arabs over their heads,—an article which I wanted to wear during the journey, and which proved to be of immense service to me: in fact, I do not know what I should have done without it.

Our arrangement with Mikhail before his departure for Beyrout was, that we were to start on our journey as soon as practicable after his return; and as his pay would not commence till then, he was naturally desirous that our agreement should come into operation as soon

as possible. We on our side had no special inducement to remain in Damascus, at a time of year when the rain confined us so much to the house, and when in fact the unhealthiness of the season was likely to make us both ill, if we made any lengthened stay. I was indeed myself beginning to feel very unwell, and was only afraid I might be laid up altogether. However my husband doctored me with quinine, etc., and I was fortunately preserved from absolute illness.

Such being the case, we arranged with Mikhail that we would positively start for Harran on the following Saturday, or Sunday at the latest; and we sent him to inform Dr. Wetzstein of our intention, and to ascertain what he had been able to do with respect to our escort. He told Mikhail that he had not yet succeeded in finding a Beni Sakhr as he had wished; and that if he continued unsuccessful, we must engage a Druze to accompany us as far as Mezarib, where we must send down into the Ghor for one of the sheikhs of the Beni Sakhr. He would, however, communicate with my husband on the subject. It was clear to me that we were likely to have a great deal of difficulty in getting off with these people, who are always talking of *bukrah, inshallah!*—"to-morrow, please God."

It was now time for Mikhail to come to some understanding with us about money; and as he asked us for forty pounds in advance, we had no hesitation in giving him that sum, especially as our friends here ad-

vised us to let the funds required for the journey belong as much as possible to him, rather than to ourselves. But, to our astonishment, when we inquired of him how much more we should require between Damascus and Jerusalem, he told us certainly not less than thirty or forty pounds. Of course he means this latter money to be spent by us in presents on the road, and not to go in further payment to himself.

Mr. Rogers having kindly invited us to eat our Christmas dinner at the Consulate, we left the hotel about sunset. We had thought of going on horses or donkeys; but the latter animals were not to be had, and Mikhail strongly recommended us to walk, on account of the slippery state of the streets, which are much worse when half dry than when they are full of liquid mud: so we put on our boots and trudged away. Mr. Rogers gave us a hearty welcome. The only other guest was Mr. Waddington, who on this occasion was an Englishman, as on the *jour de l'an* he said he should of course be a Frenchman. Though so far away from home, the English plum-pudding was not wanting on the board, and we did not fail to wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all at home. As may well be imagined, our intended journey formed the principal topic of conversation. It was clear both to Mr. Rogers and to Mr. Waddington that we must not go at all through or near the country of the Sulūt Arabs. We should keep on the northern side of the Awaj as far as possible, in fact

as far as Kisweh, where we should have to turn to the south; though even this would not absolutely secure us from the Sulūt: for, only two months ago, their sheikh, Bghitan (the nearest approach to this unpronounceable name is Brītān, the *r* having the Northumbrian burr), a most formidable person as it would seem, crossed the river and plundered a village close to Damascus. The best plan, in their opinion, was that Mr. Rogers should procure us a Druze escort from Kisweh as far as Mezarib or thereabouts, where we should be handed over to the Beni Sakhr Arabs.

This advice that we should keep along the north side of the Awaj quite approved itself to my husband's judgement. In undertaking our journey, it was his special object to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of the patriarch Jacob in his flight from Padan-Aram; and from a consideration of the incidents related in the 30th and 31st chapters of the Book of Genesis, it appeared to him that he was far more likely to do so by proceeding up the left bank of the Awaj, before crossing the river, than by at once passing over it at Nejha. It is but natural to suppose, that, in choosing the pasture-ground for the flocks placed under his charge by Laban, the patriarch should have had in contemplation his subsequent evasion, and that he would have selected a spot which lay in the direction of the land of Canaan, that is to say, as far as he could conveniently go along the banks of the river westward. Now, on the opposite side

of the Awaj, between Nejha and Kisweh, is a mountainous district, called Jebel-em-Mánihh; and it is not to be imagined that, on his first crossing the river, the fugitive would have driven his numerous flocks and herds up into those mountains. On the contrary, we are told that "he rose up and passed over the river, and set his face toward the Mount Gilead;" which must be understood to mean, that after crossing the river Pharpar or Awaj he took a straight course over the plains in the direction of that mountain. When we came to perform the journey ourselves, it was seen how completely my husband's anticipations were realized.

On our speaking with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Waddington about the review of the 'Anczeh Arabs, of which Dr. Wetzstein had given us so interesting a description on our way together to Harran, both our friends doubted the accuracy of his estimate of Mohammed-ed-Duhhy's forces. The next day, however, Mr. Waddington met Dr. Wetzstein at our hotel, when the latter explained that he did not mean to assert that the whole number were of Mohammed's own tribe, but that altogether he commanded the number stated; as he had with him more than half of his adversary Fasail's tribe, the Rohaili, besides others. With this explanation, Mr. Waddington admitted that their number might not have been overrated. Mohammed's tribe alone encamped within the Merj: the others were stationed in the Desert, east of the lakes. All these tribes belong, however, to the

'Aneẓeh, who form one of the great divisions of the Beduins of the Syrian Desert.

Sheikh Mijwel, of whom we had heard so much before we left England, turns out to be but a secondary sort of person. His importance arises from the fact, that the encampment of the subtribe of the 'Aneẓeh to which he belongs (of which however he is not the chief), is in the neighbourhood of Damascus, so that he has acquired a sort of monopoly in supplying the escort to European travellers visiting Baalbec and Palmyra. His having married an Englishwoman is also a reason for his being a marked man among tourists. When his tribe are in the vicinity of Damascus, he resides with his wife, Mrs. Digby, in a house which she has purchased in the outskirts of the city. When the tribe are in the Desert, or Sheikh Mijwel has to escort a party of Europeans to Baalbec or Palmyra, his wife usually accompanies him. I do not at all know why he should be called Miguel, as if his name were Spanish or Portuguese. Mr. Rogers tells us it is *Mijwel*, the word having, when written in Arabic characters, the precise pronunciation of *Midge'well*; and that, though uncommon, the name is not singular among the Arabs, although he could not explain its meaning. We omitted to consult Dr. Wetzstein, who would no doubt have been able to throw light on the subject. At the time when we were in Damascus poor Mijwel had come to grief, he having been imprisoned for a debt which he had contracted, I believe, as surety for

one of his kinsmen; but, as Mr. Rogers informed us when dining with him, he had that morning obtained from the Pasha his liberation, his wife having taken on herself the payment of the debt.

Mr. Waddington is much inclined to the opinion entertained by my husband, that the possessions of the two tribes and a half beyond Jordan did not extend to the east of Gilead. The plains of Hauran, he says, are not at all adapted for the settled residence of a pastoral people; for during the dry season they are without verdure, and almost entirely without water.

Chatting on these and other subjects, we passed a very agreeable evening; and we returned to our hotel quite delighted at having spent our Christmas Day in a manner so very different from what we had anticipated when we left England.

Thursday, December 26th.—The morning being fine and bright, I availed myself of the opportunity to take some photographic views of the city, for which the uppermost terrace of the hotel afforded an excellent position. When I had got all ready to begin my work, the sky became a good deal overcast, and I was almost afraid my labour would have been in vain. However, as the atmosphere was clear, I succeeded in taking several very good views. The Christian quarter of the city presents a most deplorable aspect, the roofs of the greater number of the houses having been destroyed, and many of the houses themselves being nothing but a heap of ruins.

While I was thus engaged, Dr. Wetzstein, who had called on my husband, was busily occupied with him in arranging the route we were to take, and the Arab sheikhs to whom we should have to give bakhshīsh. The Druzes would receive money, of which, with all the honourable feeling attributed to them, they seem to know the full value. To Ahmed-et-Turk, of Eshmiskin, we were to give a black cloth coat richly embroidered with gold, and we were to take two scarlet coats for the sheikhs of the Beni Sakhr. These are all the presents in kind that Dr. Wetzstein recommended us to take, but besides these there would be no end of money presents. This being settled, Mikhail went out with Dr. Wetzstein's kawáss, to buy the dresses. He said that if they were bought in the hotel there would be five or ten per cent. to be paid to several persons: meaning (I suppose) that he would prefer taking it all to himself, or dividing it perhaps with his comrade alone.

The route we were to take, as settled with Dr. Wetzstein, was from Kisweh, almost due south along the high Haj road between Damascus and Mecca, as far as Mezarib, where we were to turn off to the right (westward), to ascend and cross Mount Gilead. As far as we could make out, this was the road which the patriarch Jacob must have taken. In fact the features of the country are too distinctly marked, to allow of much latitude in any direction.

One day, when we were at the Consulate, Mr. Rogers

showed us a large round dish of copper gilt, which he had purchased the day before. Round it was an Arabic inscription, and within this another circle, with the German words "Hilf Got aus Not," several times repeated. The Arabic is corrupt and unintelligible, it having been copied by European workmen, who did not understand the language. Dishes of this description, made at Nuremberg in the sixteenth century for the Damascus market, are not unfrequent.

This morning, in the course of conversation with Dr. Wetzstein, we happened to allude to the dish we had seen at Mr. Rogers's; when he told us that, while digging for the foundations of a house he had lately built in his village of Ghassūle, his people found several coined pieces, and among them one with which he was particularly struck. "On the one side" he said "it bore three crowns, with the words 'Gottes Segen macht reich;'* and on the other side were the words"—when my husband finished the sentence by saying—"Hans Krauwinkel in Nürnberg." Dr. Wetzstein's astonishment may well be imagined. "How came you to know that?" exclaimed he. It was now my husband's turn to relate, that, when turning up the ground at Bekesbourne last year, we also had found several coins, the very first of which, singularly enough, was identical with the one described by our friend.

As the ancient mansion of the Bekes was long the

* "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich."—Prov. x. 22.

residence of the Priors of Christ Church, Canterbury, before it became the palace of Archbishop Cranmer, it is perfectly intelligible how these Nuremberg *Rechenpfennige* or counters should have been found on the site of Christ Church House; but it is not so easy to account for their presence in Padan-Aram, unless we may suppose them to have been carried thither by some monkish pilgrims to the Holy Land. Be this as it may, the coincidence is not a little remarkable.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOMEN OF DAMASCUS.

Friday, December 27th.—Yesterday, before leaving us, Dr. Wetzstein promised to procure me an introduction to the *harīm*, that is to say the family, of one of the residents of the city. As a matter of etiquette, he appears to have considered the introduction would come with more propriety from our own Consul, to whom we had not thought of applying, on account of his having only recently arrived at his post, and being (as he himself told us) almost a stranger in the place. Accordingly this morning, soon after twelve o'clock, a young man called on me from Mr. Rogers, to say that a lady was waiting to receive me and to introduce me to her family and also to some of her friends.

Without keeping the Consul's messenger waiting, I at once set out with him, accompanied by my dragoman; and on arriving at the young lady's residence, I was received by her and shown into the *liwān* or reception-room, a spacious hall paved with marble, with a raised

basin of water or fountain in the centre. On the three sides were recesses with wooden floors, raised a foot or more from the pavement, and having a low divan round the sides of each. On the divan, round the recess facing the door at which I entered, were seated a number of ladies, who all rose on my entrance; and the mistress of the house, who was a Christian, came forward to the edge of the raised floor and gave me her hand, which she afterwards raised to her mouth and forehead, welcoming me in Arabic. The floor was so high from the pavement, that I had some little difficulty in getting up on it, which I am afraid I did in no very dignified manner. When at last I managed to get there, I touched the hands of two or three of the ladies, made a bow to the others, and was then led to the upper end of the room, where I was placed on the divan, which was slightly higher than those down the two sides. On my taking my seat the other ladies resumed theirs. Beside me sat two or three very handsomely dressed Turkish ladies, visitors like myself. The floor of the room in which we sat was covered with white Indian matting, and in front of the divans were Persian rugs. In the centre was a brazier containing lighted charcoal.

Among the ladies present, nearly twenty in number, were several very pretty young women, whose ages varied from fourteen to twenty or twenty-five. They had clear complexions, with beautiful languishing black eyes and black hair. The hair was parted a little on one side

of the head, and cut short on each side of the face, on which it seemed to be plastered down quite flat, and down the back hung a long plaited tail,—or in some cases two or three tails,—said to be frequently of false hair. Many of them wore a sort of flat wreath or coronet of artificial flowers and leaves made of muslin, reaching across the forehead and along one side of the head. Some wore black waistcoats embroidered in gold, fitting close to the neck, with loose light-coloured silk jackets, lined and trimmed with fur. The skirts of their dresses were of thin silk, quite plain, and reaching down to the feet like our own dresses, only under theirs they wore long loose trousers. On their feet they had thin coloured boots, and some only socks, fitting tight, over which they put on coloured slippers on descending from the raised floor to go out of doors.

Soon after we were all seated, lemonade was served in tumblers on a tray by a black servant-girl, who stood below the raised floor. A tumbler was offered to me by the lady of the house with her right hand, and when I had finished she took the glass from me, putting one hand on the top and the other on the bottom; and then, raising it to her mouth and forehead, and saying something in Arabic which I did not understand, she returned it to the servant. I was next asked if I smoked, and whether I preferred the nargileh, the cigarette, or the pipe. I declined them all, saying I had not yet learnt to smoke. The lady of the house and her daughter then lit pipes,

cigarettes, and nargilehs for their guests, according to their several tastes; but I found that neither the ladies of the house nor any of their relatives smoked at all, whether from choice or out of politeness to myself I will not pretend to say.

The daughter, who was extremely pretty, spoke French with me. Her age was about sixteen, and she had been married two years, and had had one child, who was dead. Through the interpretation of this young lady, and also of a cousin of hers about fourteen years of age, who like her had learnt French from the Sœurs de Charité at Beyrout, we kept up an animated conversation. They all seemed surprised at hearing I was married, but were much pleased with a miniature portrait of my husband, which I wore in a locket. They looked with much curiosity at my dress, and handled and examined it most minutely; but what astonished them most was the way in which I wore my hair. The mysteries of the net and the rouleaux they could not sufficiently pry into. They inquired how long I had been married; whether I had any family; what languages I spoke, and what countries I had visited; and they were perfectly amazed at hearing I had travelled so far and seen so many places. They said they already loved me very much, and wished I would stay here a long time, so that I might go and see them very often. Most of them had never been out of Damascus, and two or three only as far as Beyrout. They seemed to have

little or no idea of other countries. The Turkish visitors had come from Constantinople when they were very young.

After pipes came coffee, which was served to us in delicate china cups, placed in silver filigree stands instead of saucers; and after partaking of this, our conversation turned on the interesting subject of the men in these countries having more than one wife. The ladies seemed to treat the matter with very little feeling, or, I should rather say, with perfect indifference. They laughed, and said that when the husband had married them, he was quite at liberty to leave them if he did not like them, and marry somebody else. I was told that after twelve years of age a young lady is considered as beginning to be *passée*. The bridegroom is chosen and accepted by the father of the bride, without seeing or being seen by her. If the lady has no objection to the gentleman from the report made to her of him, they are married. If they happen to like one another after the marriage, so much the better; if not, the husband takes another wife should he feel so inclined.

When I took leave, which I was not allowed to do without much pressing to stay, they begged me to come again before quitting Damascus. They all rose: some gave me their hands, others saluted me by touching their mouths and foreheads, and I descended the platform and made my exit, having very much enjoyed my first visit to an Eastern harem. At the other end of

the courtyard I was met by the master of the house, a good-looking man, dressed *à la Turque*, who came out and saluted me in French, saying how much he was honoured by my having gone to visit his *harīm*. I expressed my great gratification and thanks, and left the house accompanied by one of the young ladies who spoke French, who took me to visit two other families.

I must not omit to mention that my companion, before leaving the house, covered her face with a thin gauze veil, and wrapped herself up in a white linen cloth, covering her head; over which she put on a black silk cloak, without shape, hiding her from head to foot, and rendering her as unknown to everybody, even her nearest friends and relations, as a domino at a masquerade, which it very much resembles, and which I have no doubt is nothing but this costume carried from the Levant into Italy. Many of the women here wear coloured muslins over their faces, with large flaring patterns, which give them a most hideous appearance. Some of them look more like the painted faces of the clowns on the stage than anything else.

I must now proceed to give an account of a visit I paid to one of the public baths shortly after my arrival in Damascus, which I did not insert in its proper place, in order not to break the connection of the subject I was then upon.

Before leaving England I had always made up my mind to go to a real Turkish bath; and on Thursday,

the 19th of December (the second day after our arrival in Damascus), the public baths being on that afternoon appropriated to females, I went to one in the neighbourhood of our hotel, accompanied by Katinka, Demetri's wife, as my attendant. The only sign by which the women's baths are known, is a string stretched across the entrance-door, with a piece or two of rag tied to it; and although the same bath-houses serve at different times for both men and women, yet, on the days on which this sign is suspended over the door, a man would sooner think of entering a private harem than of violating this sanctuary of the women.

I first entered a large hall, in the centre of which was a fountain playing, the water from which fell in several jets into a large circular stone basin, about ten feet across, looking deliciously clean and cool. The floor of this room was paved with squares of marble of different colours; and on three sides of it were recesses containing raised platforms, on which were ranged in a row a number of divans and small bedsteads, with mattresses and pillows, on which were reclining several ladies, some half dressed, some wholly so, but almost all of them smoking and sipping rich coffee from the tiny little china cups in general use in those countries. Some were smoking long nargilehs, and others cigarettes, in richly ornamented cigar-holders. Many of these ladies had gaily dressed little children playing about them on their beds, and some were talking, and others apparently

sleeping. Altogether the outer hall presented a very gay appearance, and at the same time inspired a delicious feeling of *dolce far niente*. In a corner of one of the raised platforms was a little desk, surmounted by a richly gilt canopy, at which sat the superintendent, who rose as we entered and came forward to receive us, and to whom my attendant paid the money for my bath.

I was then conducted down a long stone passage, likewise paved with marble, along the side of which was a gutter, with a running stream of delightfully cool water. At the end of this passage we were met by a young woman, who superintends the dressing-room of the bathers. She spoke a few words with Demetri's wife which I did not understand, and then we were immediately shown into another hall, likewise paved with marble, with a stream running across the floor. In this room were a number of small bedsteads and divans, on which were placed some matting and pillows. This room, like the other, was filled with women and children dressing and undressing, with many of the former smoking, and the children playing about them. Here the women sit upon the divans and dress themselves sitting. I felt rather uneasy at seeing many of the women and children partly naked, though they on their side did not seem in any way abashed at a stranger's entrance amongst them.

As I wished to see all over the bath-house before venturing to allow myself to be undressed, I proceeded

with the waiting-woman out of this room through a door into another passage, down which was running a stream of warm water, the steam from which prevented me from seeing very distinctly; but it seemed to me as if a number of women kept running backwards and forwards down this passage to the cold room, without shoes or stockings, and with really nothing on them but a coloured handkerchief round the waist. From this we passed through several halls without any furniture in them, but all warmed by steam, and the floors covered with a thin slippery film of soapy water; and here the women were standing about naked, many of them wearing high wooden pattens to keep their feet from the hot stones, and to prevent them from slipping. The heat was gradually getting greater as we passed through these rooms, until at last we entered the grand hall or bath-room. Here I could not stand for the slipperiness of the soapy water over the polished marble floor, and was obliged to be held up by two women, one on each side.

The clouds of steam, joined to the smoke from all kinds of pipes that were being used, prevented me from seeing and almost from breathing. It was well it was so, for it required no small amount of courage on the part of an European lady to enter this room at all; and had the atmosphere been clear, the disgustingly indelicate and immodest scene that would have presented itself would, I do believe, have frightened me away altogether. The hall contained women of all ages and

in all states of health, with children of all shapes and makes. Some few of the women—and when I dared to examine, I found that they were principally the youngest and by far the best-looking—showed some small amount of modesty by tying a handkerchief round their bodies. The ugly old hags, who would have done best had they covered themselves up altogether, seemed to possess not a particle of shame, but rather to glory in exposing themselves. The hair of all was streaming down their backs. Some were combing out their children's and one another's hair with combs, such as we use to our horses' manes; others were scrubbing themselves or being scrubbed with soap and brushes, while lying flat on the floor; others sitting on stools; but most of them smoking while they were undergoing the operation of being scrubbed all over by the women of the baths employed for that purpose.

It was a large circular hall beautifully paved with polished marble, the walls being of the same material, and it was lighted by a skylight above. In different parts round the room were handsomely carved marble basins, some round and others oval, standing about a foot from the ground, and being about a couple of feet wide. Each basin had two taps projecting over it from the wall, one for hot, the other for cold water. About the floor were many little gutters for the water to run off. The whole place, as I saw it occupied, gave me the idea of an immense wash-house in England, the females looking like

a number of washerwomen, indistinctly seen, moving to and fro through the clouds of steam.

I was so thoroughly shocked and horrified at seeing so many females together in such a state, and apparently without the least idea of shame about them, and thinking I was about to be subjected to a similar treatment, that I fairly took to my heels, rushing back through all the passages and rooms as quickly as I could, in spite of the efforts of the attendants to detain me; and, to their utter amazement, I at last got out of the building altogether, and ran home to our hotel, where I sat down quite faint from the heat and smell of the place I had escaped from. My husband, who was naturally surprised to see me back so soon, was anxious to know what was the matter. I told him I had not been able to summon courage to remain; for the whole habits of the women there were not what I could conform to; that I had seen no signs of a private room, and I was sure I should never be able to take a bath amongst so many. Katinka now arrived in search of me, and after my husband's explaining the matter to her (for she did not understand a word of English, French, or Italian), and on her assuring him and me that I should have a private room and everything I required, I once more started off with her to take my bath.

I passed through the outer vestibule and along the passage to the first hall, where I had to suffer myself to be undressed by the waiting-women, in the presence of

all the ladies who were there before me, both dressing and undressing. For this purpose I was made to sit upon a sort of Indian bedstead, where my clothes were dragged off me, and submitted to the inspection of the rest of the females present, who seemed greatly amused at my crinoline. Had I worn a hoop, it would doubtless have astonished them a great deal more. I then managed to cover myself with a long flannel dressing-gown, before they could succeed in freeing me from all my garments, which I could plainly see they had set their minds on doing; and then, in spite of all they could do or say to prevent it, I slipped on my bathing-clothes.

I was now content to resign myself to my fate. First, I had to submit to have all my hair taken down and pulled about by most of the women present, although I must confess I could not see anything in it very different from theirs, which generally is very fine. In this state I was conducted through the various halls, till I reached the large bath-room a second time, where I was again compelled to seek the support of a couple of women to cross the hot, slippery and greasy floor. Having taken off both shoes and stockings, it was the more difficult for me to keep myself up. After being detained in this bathing-hall some few minutes by those horrid naked women and children, who wanted sadly to persuade me, and even tried to force me, to take off my bath-clothes, I entered a small arched doorway in one corner of the hall, and found myself in a little square room resembling

the one I had just left, only it was not more than about eight or ten feet in length each way, and with a single basin and its two taps for water. After entering this room a curtain was drawn over the entrance, and two hideous old women, nearly naked, brought a three-legged stool, and placed it near the stone basin which held the water; and on this I was made to sit down. The heat of this room was so great that I could hardly bear it, and the steam so thick that I could see nothing. But this was only the beginning. Before I had time to tell where I was, I was almost suffocated by two or three pails of cold water being thrown over my head; after which came a couple of pails of scalding hot water, which made me positively leap up, and cry out that I should be stifled if they put any more over me. One of the old women then proceeded to soap my head and hair, rubbing and scratching and tearing the latter in the most unmerciful style, and at such a rate that it was almost more than I could bear; whilst the other woman was serving my limbs and body much after the same fashion.

After having been subjected to as much soaping and scratching and scrubbing, as if I had been a perfect sweep or a blackamoor desirous of being washed white, the hair-dresser commenced combing my hair straight down my back, regardless of entanglement or hurting me, while my other tire-women kept pouring buckets of hot water over me, and rubbing me with soap, and

scrubbing me with a whisp of some sort of grass;—and in this manner my whole body was served till I became quite exhausted. Last of all, a number of pails of cold water were poured over me, my dressing-gown was brought to me, and I left the bath-room, and returned more dead than alive to the dressing-room, where I threw myself on a bed perfectly exhausted. Here I rested awhile, and watched the others dressing.

After I was somewhat recovered, my things were all put on for me as I lay on the bed, and I then proceeded to the outer vestibule, where it is customary to remain for several hours, lounging on the divans, drinking coffee, smoking, gossiping, and talking scandal and the news of the day. I confess I felt I had had enough of it; besides which the smoke was to me intolerable: so I was glad enough to leave and get back to the hotel, and enjoy my cup of coffee quietly and free from smoke in my own little room.

Since my return to England, I have read Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's famous description of her visit to a public Turkish bath. From what is here written it will be seen that, though there is an interval of nearly a century and a half between her visit and mine, no material change has taken place; the chief difference between our descriptions being that the one is the florid representation of a highly accomplished and imaginative lady, whilst the other is the plain unvarnished narrative of an unpretending recorder of facts.

CHAPTER X.

DAMASCUS—(CONTINUED).

I NOW return to my regular diary. While I was away on the morning of the 27th of December visiting the harems, my husband remained at home writing letters for Europe, giving a brief account of our visit to Harran, and also superintending the making of two wooden cases, one of which was for a carboy containing the water from Rebekah's Well, intended as a present to the Queen, and the other was to hold one of the pitchers in which I had drawn the water from the well. The carboy was so large as to swallow up the whole contents of the two pitchers, except about a gallon, which he put into five glass bottles and packed with the pitcher, the latter being filled with dried apricots to keep it from breaking.

While so employed, he received a visit from Mr. Rogers, who kindly came to say that his two kawásses were looking for the Druze to accompany us to Eshmiskin, and that his dragomans were writing letters of recommendation to the several sheikhs of the tribes, through

whose countries we were to pass, as likewise a general circular letter similar to a passport. He said that there was not the slightest cause for fear. There were villages all along the route; and such being the case, there could be no danger. Besides this, he said that *his* recommendation was sure to be respected, as he was personally acquainted with two of the sheikhs of the Beni Sakhr. My husband gave him, at his request, a copy of a list which Dr. Wetzstein had drawn up of the places along our intended route, in order that he might know our whereabouts, in case he should have occasion to communicate with us. All this was very friendly and considerate.

Mr. Rogers informed my husband further that he had been speaking seriously to Mikhail about his extravagance, cautioning him to be more economical and careful. The chap has been quite spoilt by accompanying European tourists, and especially by having recently been with a party of seven noblemen and gentlemen, who paid him £2. 10*s*. per day each, making in all £17. 10*s*. for every single day he had to provide for them, out of which sum he must have realized a famous profit!

When I came home from my visits, I had myself a regular quarrel with Mikhail, for wanting us to pay for his mules and servants during our stay in Damascus. I had not the patience of my husband, but got quite out of temper with him, which I think did him good. The question between us was left for settlement by the Consul to-morrow.

After we had dined, Mr. Rogers's kawáss came with a Druze, to make arrangements for escorting us to Eshmiskin. He was full of professions of friendship and offers of service, but neither we ourselves nor Mikhail, who took him into another room to talk the matter over in private, could bring him to speak of terms; so this question, like that with Mikhail himself, had to be left for the Consul to-morrow. A consul in these countries has no light duty, in consequence of his being called on to settle and decide every question that arises between travellers and the natives they have to deal with.

The Druze was very desirous that we should go to Deir-Ali, the residence of the sheikh there, to obtain from him a suitable escort of six, eight, or ten men, as might be required. We objected to this, as also to going anywhere off the *sultaniyeh*, or high Haj-road; when he proposed that the Consul should write a letter to the sheikh, asking him for the escort. All this was evidently for the purpose of rendering our agreement more difficult, and the terms of it therefore more costly. Though he could not be brought to name any price for the escort, he gave Mikhail to understand that he should very much like to have a gun for himself.

Our visitor was a very fine man, and, in his white turban, white trousers and girdle, and black cloak, seemed quite clean, and altogether the most decent-looking person I had set my eyes on. But I saw him in a dark room by candle-light. Next morning, by the

light of day, his appearance and general effect were not altogether so prepossessing.

The Druzes are a remarkable and mysterious people, respecting whose origin, customs, and religion very conflicting opinions prevail. Outwardly they would seem to be Mohammedans, but among Christians they profess a faith nearly resembling our own. They are accused of worshipping in secret the image of a calf, but this they most emphatically repudiate. The real truth seems to be that they are a sort of mystics, who are all things to all men, outwardly professing to be guided by strict moral rules, but inwardly believing that the end justifies the means, and that the worst of a crime is its detection. They believe in the transmigration of souls, but always from one human body into another, and not from or into that of an animal; and they say that 34,300,000 years have elapsed between the creation and the time of Hakim-beamr-Illah, who is hereafter to appear as the Messiah. They are said neither to drink wine nor smoke tobacco, nor do they touch money. These rules are, however, subject to occasional exceptions,—that is to say, as often as they think fit to break them. In one respect the Druzes are, in my opinion, highly to be commended. The women among them are held in great honour, and are for the most part initiated into their mysteries, which are said to partake of the character of freemasonry. This is far from being the case with the men, who are divided into "initiated" and "ignorant."

The singular head-dress of the females, consisting of a sort of horn about a foot long, over which is worn a white cotton cloth, covering the head, has frequently been described by travellers in these parts.

The Druzes of Hauran and the eastern districts of Syria, do not enjoy so high a reputation as those of Mount Lebanon and the west. There is, however, nothing extraordinary in this, when it is borne in mind that the Druzes are by no means a single nation, but a community, quite as much political as religious, of tribes, who have become allied and converted to the faith which they profess in common; but who are no more of the same origin than the various nations professing the Christian or Mohammedan religion, or the various people who are so frequently found united under one government.

Among the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon some strange traditions exist, connecting them with the countries beyond Caucasus and with China. These traditions, childish as they may be thought, are nevertheless deserving of investigation. According to the ethnological table contained in the tenth chapter of Genesis, the aborigines of Aram,—that is to say, the mountainous country of which Mount Lebanon is the core,—were of Shemitish extraction. So likewise was the family of the patriarch Abraham, the descendant of Arphaxad, who emigrated from the northern country of the Chaldæans (Casdim) to settle in Padan-Aram,—the plain

country on the eastern skirts of the highlands of Aram, —before he proceeded further south-westward into the land of Canaan; of which latter country the aborigines were Hamites, and therefore of a totally distinct stock from the Shemites of the north.

In making use of these terms Shemite and Hamite, instead of Turanian and Semitic, as employed by ethnologists and philologists generally, it must be explained that they are adopted in accordance with the system of the filiation of mankind and the distribution of languages propounded by my husband, in his 'Origines Biblicæ,' as is explained in the Appendix to the present work.

The erroneous application of the name Semitic to a class of nations and languages, now known to be cognate with others whose origin is manifestly different, was first made under the impression, that the language in which the Scriptures of the Old Testament have been handed down to us, possessed a peculiar sanctity, on account of its having been spoken by the favoured descendants of the patriarch Shem, and probably even by Adam and Eve in Paradise. It is hardly necessary to point out the absurdity of such a notion. If the Hebrew language, which is now known to be Hamitish, were holy because the Scriptures of the Old Testament are written in it, how much more holy ought not the Japhthitish Greek language to be, on account of its being that of the Gospel and the other writings of the New Testament!

Whatever then may have been the native language of the patriarch Abraham when he first entered the land of Canaan, or that of his descendants when they subsequently invaded the same country under the leadership of Moses and Joshua, it is certain that not many generations could have elapsed, before the Israelites acquired and adopted the language of the people whom they had conquered without extirpating or expelling them; in like manner as in latter ages the Franks adopted the language of the Roman Gauls, and the Normans that of the English. There is the greater reason for believing this to have been the case with the Israelites; because, in continuing to "dwell among the Canaanites, Hittites, and Amorites, and Perizzites, and Hivites, and Jebusites," they did not, as they had been commanded to do, keep themselves distinct as a separate and holy people; but, on the contrary, "they took their daughters to their sons, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods," and so eventually became the subjects of the nations whose countries they had invaded, instead of continuing to be the dominant race.

Hence it was, that, in the ages intervening between the time of Joshua and that of the overthrow of the kingdom of Israel, the Shemitish Israelites had become Hamites as regards their language, if not likewise in other respects; so that their ancient Scriptures, in order to be intelligible to them, would have had to be translated into the Canaanitish "Hebrew" then spoken among

them, just as at a subsequent period the Old Testament was translated into Greek for the use of the Jews of Alexandria.

Such being the case, it is to be questioned whether any attempts, like those of Bishop Colenso and other critics of the same school, to determine from the internal evidence of the Jewish version of the Old Testament, the date and character of the earlier portions of the Hebrew Scriptures and the circumstances under which they were written, will be attended with any more satisfactory result than would ensue from a similar analysis of the Greek Septuagint version. If it be objected that we have no right to assume a process of translation to which the original documents make no allusion; the answer is, that the same argument applies, not merely to the Greek Septuagint version, but likewise to the Latin Vulgate and even to our English Authorized version, in none of which is any allusion made *in the text* to a process of translation.

Before we left Damascus, having occasion for the services of an European tailor, we sent for an *artiste* who was a Jew, born in that city of German parents. He spoke German fluently, but had not the remotest idea of his father's native country, beyond the fact that he was born "somewhere in Germany." This circumstance has afforded my husband an apt illustration of the origin of the erroneous identification of the Harran of Scripture.

For the sake of argument, he assumes the father of this Damascus Jew tailor to have been a native of the town of Frankfort in Prussia; and his descendants after several generations to return to Germany, having entirely lost the language and the remembrance of everything connected with that country,—excepting only the tradition that their ancestor came from Frankfort. On their arrival, one of their earliest inquiries would naturally be after the residence of their forefathers; and they would doubtless be informed that Frankfort is a large and celebrated free-city, where great market-fairs are held, at which traders congregate from all parts of the globe, and where numerous Jews reside, amongst whom the Rothschild family has acquired a cosmopolitan reputation; and they would be told about the Juden-gasse, the synagogue of their nation, and various other matters likely to interest them most deeply. Would it be surprising if these descendants of the Damascus Jew were, with justifiable feelings of pride, to declare themselves to be sprung from this famous city of Frankfort? And would it not even be natural they should reject any suggestion that the true place of their origin was Frankfort *on the Oder*, "in Prussia,"—to their minds a paltry town, whose inhabitants are only about twice as many in number, all together, as the Jews alone who are resident at Frankfort *on the Maine?*

Just in the same manner, the Jews of the Captivity, who could not have failed to hear in Babylon and else-

where of the famous city of Harran, in Mesopotamia, between Euphrates and Tigris, the two rivers of Assyria, would not unreasonably have regarded that city as the residence of the fathers of their nation; whilst the comparatively insignificant town of Harran, in the Ghutha of Damascus, between Abana and Pharpar, the two rivers of Aram ("Aram Naharaim"), would probably have been altogether unknown to them, or if known, would only have been passed over with contempt.

It may be not entirely immaterial to remark, that the distance between the two Frankforts and that between the two Harrans, are about equal.

Saturday, December 28th.—This morning we went with our dragoman to the Consulate, to refer the question between us to the decision of Mr. Rogers. We found the Druze sheikh already there, but thought it better to let him wait till Mikhail and my husband had settled their little difference. He wanted to charge us for his animals during the three days he had been in Damascus, since his return from Beyrout. This we objected to as unreasonable, because the delay was caused by his not being ready to start any more than ourselves. In his desire that our contract should commence at the earliest moment, he had hurried back from Beyrout, before his tents for our further journey were ready for use, and he and his people had since been at work on them at the hotel. After a good deal of discussion, it was arranged that we should pay him ninety piastres for one

day, in full of all demands. Having squeezed this out of us, which was in fact more than he was really entitled to, he was profuse in his excuses and assurances of his devotedness to our service, his regard for our interest, and a deal more, which I suppose he considered an ample equivalent for our money.

It was next the Druze's turn. On being shown in, he was not less profuse in his assurances than Mikhail himself; only his object was to point out to us the dangers of the road, the necessity for a considerable escort, the inconveniences they would sustain at this season of the year, the great care they would take of our lives and property, and so forth. We plainly understood what all this meant—a large bakhshīsh; still Mr. Rogers could not, any more than ourselves last night, bring the gentleman to name a price for his services. At length, at Mr. Rogers's suggestion, our dragoman left the room with the Druze, with a view to ascertain quietly what he really wanted. The Druzes are not like the Beduins in these matters. They have some degree of shame, and do not like to appear to be bargaining; though this does not prevent them from making the best terms possible.

Mikhail soon returned, and told us that the sheikh said he should require ten mounted men at 200 piastres each, being 2000 piastres; 300 piastres more for their horses' food on their return journey, and a dress of the value of about 200 piastres for another sheikh: making

2500 piastres in all, or more than £20 sterling. He did at first talk of 300 piastres for each horseman, but was induced by Mikhail to content himself with 200. Of course this did not include the present to himself, which, as he had suggested last night, might be a gun, or perhaps a brace of revolvers, or some such small trifle. This seemed to the Consul, not less than to ourselves, to be nothing better than an attempt at extortion; and as we could not get him to lower his demands, we sent him away. Mr. Rogers told us that some Druzes were going to call on him that afternoon from the neighbouring village of Jermana, and when they came he would bring them down to us; meanwhile, we were to go on arranging everything for our departure to-morrow.

Before leaving, my husband made an official declaration respecting the water drawn by me from Rebekah's Well, which the Consul certified; and then, enclosing the declaration and certificate with my husband's letter to the Queen in an envelope, he attached this to the neck of the carboy, and passing the ends of the tape over the cork, sealed the mouth of the vessel with his consular seal. The case containing the carboy and letter was then well packed with straw and nailed down, and left in Mr. Rogers's charge to be sent down to Mr. Heald at Beyrout, for transmission to England.

It is here the proper place to relate what happened to this vessel of water addressed to the Queen. When it arrived in England, our revered Sovereign and the whole

nation were plunged in the deepest grief for the loss of the good Prince Consort. The case when landed was forwarded to Windsor Castle, where it appears to have arrived in safety, except that (as far as we could understand the matter on inquiry) the letter so carefully attached to the neck of the carboy by Mr. Consul Rogers was unaccountably missing; and the officials, not knowing whence the package came, and finding after a time that the vessel contained "water in a state of decomposition," emptied it out. It was a source of great mortification to us, that this should have been the result of all our trouble and care. For some time after our return to England, having learnt that the water had reached the Palace in safety, we refrained from making inquiries about it, out of respect for Her Majesty's feelings. Notwithstanding our great disappointment, it is at all events a gratification to us to have preserved a small quantity of the water, both for the purpose of having it analysed, and also keeping it as a memorial of our visit to Rebekah's Well.

Mr. Rogers then gave my husband the letters which he had been so good as to have written to the following Arab sheikhs:—(1.) The Sheikh of the Sheikhs of Eshmiskin (that is to say, the Sherrīf Ahmed-el-Harīri, generally known as Ahmed-et-Turk); (2.) Sheikh Abdallah of Irbid, at Hosn; (3.) Sheikh Fendi el Faiz, of the Beni Sakhr Arabs; (4.) Sheikh Shlash, and (5.) Sheikh Khoreishan, of the same tribe, there being three

sub-tribes; and (6.) Sheikh Diab ibn Freikh, of Kefrenji.

It was considered, and with good reason, that with these letters, and, in addition, a general letter in the nature of a passport, we could hardly meet with any mishap, or that if we did we should not be long in finding a protector. As it marvellously turned out, we had no occasion to make use of any of these letters, except the one to Ahmed-et-Turk.

While my husband was with Mr. Rogers, the post arrived from Beyrout with a letter from Mr. Heald, informing us he had sent on the box of instruments, and also forwarding our letters from home, with a copy of the 'Athenæum' of November the 26th, which contained a letter written by my husband before our departure from England, announcing our intended visit to Harran and its object. At the same time he was informed that the box had arrived at the custom-house here, and the Consul immediately sent down to have it cleared and brought to our hotel. At half-past four, however, he sent to say that the custom-house officers would not pass the box without seeing its contents. We at once gave the key to Mr. Rogers's messenger, but it was too late; the gate was shut, and to-morrow being Sunday and the custom-house officers being Christians, it was not to be got at till Monday morning. This was most vexatious, but there was no help for it. *Allah kerim!* as they say here; or, as we had long before learnt in Italy, *Pazienza!*

During my husband's absence I had been all day hard at work packing and preparing for our journey, which I naturally concluded would commence some time to-morrow; and, as it was desirable to travel as light as possible, I managed to do away with two of our trunks, which, with my gun-case, were to be sent down to Beyrout and forwarded to Alexandria. Of course Mikhail was the chief or rather the sole gainer by this, as we had contracted to pay him for "a mule and a half" to carry our extra luggage.

About sunset a Druze from Jermana, Sheikh Hamzeh by name, came with a letter from the Consul. He told us there was no danger; but that the road from Kisweh was rather bad just beyond Khan-Denūn, in consequence of the late heavy rains, and he did not know whether we should be able to pass. This was evidently intended to induce us to go round by Deir-Ali; but we were not to be moved from the route we had decided on. We now came to speak about terms; when, after many compliments and some fencing with the question, he offered to take us to Eshmiskin with five men, at the rate of £3 per man. On our objecting to this, as being little (if anything) better than the proposal made by the Druze yesterday, Mikhail left the room with Sheikh Hamzeh, and, after a good deal of discussion, came back to say that he consented to take £10 for the job; but even this we could not bring ourselves to agree to. For, if such was the price we were to pay for an escort for

two days, while we were at Damascus, under the protection of our Consul, and able to make our own terms; what might we not have to expect when we should be alone on the road, and left to the tender mercies of our dragoman, who naturally sympathizes with his countrymen, and more than probably has a good percentage on all that they extract from the pockets of us European travellers? It was only by strenuously opposing at the outset all such attempts at imposition, that we might hope to get through our journey on anything like reasonable terms. We therefore still remained without any arrangement for an escort on the morrow.

Sunday, December 29th.—Our starting to-day was out of the question. I had been very unwell all night, and in the morning found myself unable to get up. I suppose that the packing of yesterday had overfatigued me: I had been, however, anything but well before. In fact, this lengthened stay at Damascus was evidently affecting my general health, and I longed above all things to get away. The time of year and the bad weather were much against us, and it might have seemed well to delay our journey till the fine season; though, had we done so, the course of events, political and otherwise, has shown us that the journey would never have been performed at all. Of course Mikhail had prepared everything for starting this morning, and my husband allowed mid-day to pass, before he positively let him know we were not going. This postpone-

ment was all for the best, as, though the morning was beautiful and bright, at twelve o'clock it began raining hard and so continued all day long.

About eleven o'clock, Mr. Rogers, Dr. Wetzstein, and Sheikh Hamzeh of Jermana assembled at our hotel. The latter persisted in his demand, notwithstanding all their arguments and persuasions. My husband was equally firm.

Dr. Wetzstein, who, from his long residence in Damascus and his knowledge of the country through which we were about to pass, was our chief counsellor, proposed all sorts of plans to meet the emergency. He thought that Abdallah Agha, a Kurd in command of the detachment of Turkish soldiers at Kisweh, would be able to carry us through; but Mr. Rogers said he had just heard of that officer's having taken flight. He had bound himself under a heavy penalty to take Bghitan, the chief of the Sulūt, within a certain period. This time had run out, and Bghitan was still at large; and the Government stupidly wished to enforce the bond so stupidly given: so Abdallah Agha had left his command and was off, for which no one could blame him.

After much deliberation it was finally settled that the English Consul should apply to Emin Pasha, the Governor of Damascus, for an escort of soldiers from the garrison, for which we should have to pay a mejideh to each man and a sovereign to their commander. We should

have preferred a Druze escort, were they not so exorbitant in their demands. Dr. Wetzstein says that the English have made kings of these people, and that had the French remained here and the heads of five hundred Druzes been cut off, the rest would have been more amenable to reason. He assures us that this Sheikh Hamzeh has often gone this very same road for him for fifty piastres, and been thankful.

In the afternoon my husband walked to the British Consulate, where he again met Dr. Wetzstein. They had made an application to Emin Pasha and were awaiting his reply, which came whilst he was there. His Excellency sent an order to Yus-Bashi Ahmed Agha Beirakdār (the centurion and standard-bearer Ahmed Agha), at Kisweh, to furnish us with an escort to Eshmiskin. The order was couched in very strong language, and both Consuls were highly pleased with it. At the same time they told my husband, that, if at Kisweh we should happen to fall in with a Sūlti Arab, he was by all means to take him, and dispense with the letter to Ahmed Agha. The Ṣulūt are divided into two subtribes, of which the respective chiefs are Bghitan and Khalif Abu Suleiman. The former are at war and the latter at peace with the Turkish Government. Should we be accompanied by one of the latter (and we are not likely to meet with one of the former in the villages), we should be safer than with any one else, as the Sulūt are the only people we had to fear. On reaching Eshmiskin

and placing ourselves under the protection of Ahmed et-Turk, we should be out of all further danger.

After once more arranging with Mr. Rogers as to the dispatch of our baggage and the carboy of water to the coast, the forwarding of letters, etc., and again going over with Dr. Wetzstein the particulars of our intended route; my husband took final leave of his good friends, whom he could not sufficiently thank for all their attention and care in providing for our safety and the success of our somewhat perilous enterprise,—as, after all said and done, they could not but consider it to be. After his return home my husband got Mikhail to change forty napoleons into mejidehs (worth about three shillings and sixpence each) and half-mejidehs. They are weighty, it is true, but there is no small change to be had on the road, and a napoleon might sometimes have to do duty, where a mejideh or two would have served the purpose just as well. Besides, the very sight of gold is fascinating.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM DAMASCUS TO HARRAN.

Monday, December 30th.—It was a most lovely morning, putting us in high spirits for our journey. The mules were at the door early, and the packing and loading went on with all deliberate speed. As soon as the custom-house was open, my husband went for his box of instruments, but was kept there an hour for the chief officer, without whose presence it could not be cleared. When at length he came, the case was merely opened and closed again, without any examination of its contents. This was the first instance of the effects of an English traveller being subjected to this formality, and our Consul warmly resented what appeared to him to be an encroachment on our privileges, and said he intended to make a strong representation to the Government on the subject, and my husband authorized him to put in a claim on his behalf for damages for one day's detention. What the result of this remonstrance was we have never heard. It certainly does seem strange that a box, which

had been allowed to pass the custom-house at Beyrout on its arrival from abroad, should have been required to be opened at the inland custom-house of Damascus.

On examining the contents of the box at the hotel, my husband was vexed beyond measure at finding the instruments almost as badly packed as they were when they had first been sent home, which was the cause of their being returned, and so left behind when we quitted England. In particular, the index of the aneroid barometer would not work, and the glass had to be taken off to loosen it, by which means it got shifted, and my husband was obliged at the last moment to send off to Mr. Rogers, to inquire where the index of his aneroid at the consulate stood at half-past nine o'clock, in order that he might compare it with his own at that hour, and and thus ascertain the error of his instrument. He had also to boil his thermometers, to ascertain the elevation of Damascus above the sea. As all this was left till the last moment, while the mules were standing at the door loaded and waiting only for this box to be sent off, it could not but be done in the greatest hurry and confusion; consequently the result was hardly likely to be satisfactory. He made, however, the height of Damascus above the sea to be 2130 feet, which, I believe, is not very far from the true elevation.

At length by half-past ten the mules were dispatched for Harran. We then breakfasted and finished our arrangements, and by twelve o'clock we were ourselves

en route. During our stay in Damascus the weather had been so bad, and we ourselves so much occupied, that we had not much time to devote to sight-seeing. We had not, however, been quite negligent in this respect; and this morning, on our way out of the city, we went to visit two remarkable objects which we had not yet seen.

The first was the Great Mosque, which, next to the Holy Places of Mecca and Medina and the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, is held most sacred by the Mohammedans. Before the conquest of Damascus by the Moslems, this mosque was a Christian church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose head is said to have been placed under the foundation-stone, and whose grave is still shown within the mosque. As however the Baptist was beheaded at Machærus, a fortress on the east side of Jordan, near the north end of the Dead Sea, and we read that "his disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus;" and as the martyr's head was given by Herod to Herodias's daughter, "and she brought it to her mother;" it is not very clear how the two should be found together at Damascus. Besides, it is generally understood by those who believe in such things, that the remains of St. John the Baptist are preserved to this day, together with the *Sacro Catino,* in the Cathedral of Genoa. But when did an inconsistency, or even an impossibility, ever stand in the way of a tradition?

Entering one of the shops in the neighbouring bazar, we mounted on the roof, where we obtained a good view of the great gate, now walled up: a most magnificent work of art, deserving of far more than the hurried sight we could only afford time to take of it. The Mohammedans believe that the Messiah is to descend from heaven upon the eastern minaret of this mosque, which is accordingly called the Minaret of Jesus. We could not look into the yard of the mosque from above, on account of a wall which has been built purposely to obstruct the view; but we should probably not have seen much more than we had already seen from the principal entrance.

We next went to see the large plane-tree just outside the iron-bazar, which, after all we had read of it, disappointed us much. The boll of the tree is very large, it is true—nearly 40 feet in circumference, it is said; but at the height of a few feet, where the proper stem begins, I do not think it is at all bigger than our Bekesbourne walnut; and the extent of the arms is decidedly much less.

Having thus finished our sight-seeing, we proceeded eastward, following the course of the Bárada to Bab-Tuma, or Thomas's Gate, by which we left the city. Shortly after passing the gate, we crossed the Bárada, and went a short distance on the high-road to Aleppo and Palmyra, when we turned eastward, and continued along the left bank of the river. Just outside the city

we met Sheikh Mijwel, close to the house of his wife, Mrs. Digby. He stopped to speak with Mikhail, and by him was introduced to my husband, with whom he shook hands. As he passed me, he saluted me with much respect, but without speaking. I was much surprised at finding him quite a different person from what I had imagined him to be from his portrait in Miss Beaufort's 'Egyptian Shrines and Syrian Sepulchres.' He there appears to be a fine, tall, handsome man, in the prime of life, and magnificently dressed. We found him to be much older-looking, short, small-featured, and insignificant in appearance and dress, much like the rest of the people, and not much cleaner. Mikhail, who had known him when he was in very low circumstances, spoke of him in anything but a complimentary manner.

After proceeding some distance along the north side of the Bárada, we found that we had gone too far to the north, Mikhail having taken on himself to follow the advice of some ignorant peasants, instead of doing as we told him. The poor man was sadly put out, it being the first time he had ever travelled by a strange road without a regular guide; and he could not at all understand how we should know the way better than himself, especially as we had made a point of choosing a different road from either of those we had taken in going to and coming from Harran on the previous occasion. It was not without some words with Mikhail that we got him to understand that we had a special object in what we

did, and were not like the ordinary run of travellers, who come merely to "do" the country, and are therefore content to place themselves in the hands of their dragoman and 'Murray.'

We crossed the river where it forms several streams, at a village called Jisrein, or Two Bridges. Here we saw immense quantities of hemp steeping in the water, and imagine the river to have been artificially divided for that purpose. After passing the Bárada, we continued by a very bad road on the southern side of the river.

It was nearly dark when we approached Harran, and we sent Mikhail on before us to prepare for our reception. Soon after he had left, while my husband and myself were riding slowly along through the vineyards near the village, we were overtaken by two horsemen, who approached at a rapid pace. They saluted us, when my husband addressed them and they replied, in the words of Jacob and the shepherds, "My brethren, whence be ye? and they said, Of Harran are we." This answer, striking as it was at such a place, did not however give the required information. We wished to know from what place they were then coming; and on my husband's putting this question to them, they returned an answer which at that late hour was yet more startling than the first—"From Duma!" We could scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"

We entered into Harran with our companions, who were inhabitants of the village, returning from a town distant about five miles to the north-east of Damascus, which bears the same name as the place mentioned by the prophet Isaiah in conjunction with Tema. This reduplication of name is frequent in these countries. Besides the Harran of the patriarchs, there is a place of the same name in the Leja, mentioned by Burckhardt. No doubt a second Tema will be found near this second Duma—the Tema, in fact, of the Book of Job.

We did not reach Harran till past six o'clock, and we went straight to the menzūl or travellers' house, where we found our lodging very different from what it had been on the former occasion, Mikhail having turned all the people out and taken exclusive possession. The sheikh and the principal villagers were sitting round the entrance of the courtyard of the menzūl waiting to receive us, and they all seemed delighted to see us again, calling out to me *ya Sitt,* and kissing my hands and my clothes to an alarming extent. There was much more water about the village than on our former visit, and the place must at this season be dreadfully unhealthy. Even the inside of the house we were in was miserably cold and damp, without the means of making a good fire; for there is no wood here, and the only fuel used is dried cattle-dung. Fortunately we had brought plenty of charcoal with us, or I do not know what we should have done even for cooking.

Tuesday, December 31*st.*—It rained hard all last night and during the early part of the morning, but cleared up about eleven o'clock, when I immediately set to work to take a photograph of the village. The preparations occupied much more time than on ordinary occasions, as a suitable place for a dark room had first to be found and got ready; and, even as it was, it was a very long way off from the spot from which I had to take the view.

When all was ready, the sky became overcast, so that it was with difficulty I managed to take two views of the town. The people crowding about me were excessively annoying; but after a while they were got into pretty good order. Just as I was going to take my second view, my husband wanted to place a girl of the village with Mikhail as Rebekah and Eliezer; but he was so long in getting them into position, that I was forced to remove the shades, and so he was taken too. His appearance in the view reminded him, he said, of the burlesque of 'L'Assedio di Troja, con Pulcinella guardiano del cavallo trojano,' as he had seen it represented at the theatre of San Carlino at Naples many years ago. The camera and the dark room being so far apart, it was very fatiguing for me to have to run backwards and forwards between them with the plates, especially as the muddy ground was so slippery that I was in danger of falling at every step. Before two o'clock it began to rain, and of course I had to give up my work and return to the house.

Later in the afternoon it again cleared up sufficiently to allow us to visit the columns and the well, for the purpose of verifying our previous measurements and observations. We also re-examined the inscription, but could make nothing more of it than before. On speaking to the sheikh and some of the principal inhabitants about our taking away the piece of column, they said that it belonged to the mosque, and that the consent of the *mūllah*, or priest of the village, would be requisite. They talked of our paying four pounds for it. We told them we did not want it for ourselves, but for the British nation; and that if they would not part with it on reasonable terms, we should get the Consul to apply for it to the Governor of Damascus, who would order it to be given up for nothing. Some of the persons present, and especially one from Damascus, who happened to be there, said the inscription was *kufir* (infidel), and ought not to be in the holy place.

While Mikhail went to fetch the mūllah, my husband and I walked about the town, and then returned home, where shortly afterwards Mikhail came to tell us that the mūllah, the sheikh, and the principal villagers, had assembled in the mosque-yard in solemn conclave, and had come to the resolution that for one pound sterling for a prayer-carpet for the mosque, five rotols of oil for the lamps, and about 100 piastres more in cash, we might have the inscription. This was getting near the right price, but was still too much. It became, however, useless

to carry the negotiation further, as there was no mason to cut the column in two, so as to render the inscription portable; and besides, we could hardly have had it removed before quitting Harran. We therefore decided on leaving the matter in the hands of Mr. Rogers, to whom my husband wrote on the subject on his arrival at Jerusalem. He has since learnt from Dean Stanley that Mr. Robson, who visited Harran at his request and copied the inscription, as is already explained in a previous chapter (page 124), did not consider it worth the removal.

The boiling-point of water shows Harran to be 1740 feet above the sea, which makes the fall between Damascus and this place to be nearly 400 feet. This would make the elevation of the neighbouring lakes to be about 1700 feet above the ocean; which must consequently be regarded as the minimum elevation of the plateau of the great Syrian Desert, before it begins to fall towards the Euphrates.

East of the lakes is a very remarkable country, almost unknown, described in Murray's 'Handbook' as "a group of conical hills called the Tellūl," and consisting in fact of an immense field of lava, beset with volcanic cones, some of which rise to the height of 1800 feet above the plain. The whole of this tract of country is uninhabitable and even impassable. But between it and the lakes is an open passage, of some twelve or fifteen miles in width, bearing the significant appellation of *Derb-el-Ghazawāt*—the Road of *Razzies* or Marauding Expe-

ditions,—along which scarcely a day passes without the passage, either in the one direction or the other, of some party of Arabs bent on plunder. It was by this Robbers' Road that the Sabeans from the south and the Chaldeans from the north entered into the Land of Uz, and fell upon the oxen and asses and the camels of the patriarch Job, and carried them away; and it is by the same road at the present day that the 'Anezeh and other Arab tribes enter the Merj, and levy contributions on the outlying villages, and often threaten the Ghutha or even the City of Damascus itself. It was not so (they say) in the time of Ibrahim Pasha, whose loss is lamented by the people here, and indeed throughout Syria. He was a severe but a just prince, and every one knew that, under his iron rule, any act of oppression was sure to be severely punished.

Wednesday, January 1*st,* 1862.—We closed the past year at Harran, thankful that we should have so far succeeded in the object of our journey. With the new year we had to commence the more difficult portion of our expedition—our return home by an almost unknown road, through a country in great part previously unvisited by Europeans. Had the day been fine, we purposed remaining at Harran, to enable me to take some more photographs; but, on getting up this morning, we found it so overcast and threatening, that we saw it would be useless to remain with that object, and we therefore decided on at once departing.

When all was ready for our journey and we were about to start, the sheikh's son came to say that, when we were last here, my husband had promised his father a cloak, and he now asked for it. At this demand we were perfectly amazed. We had remunerated the sheikh and his people in a very liberal way, as we considered, and we had never promised the sheikh a cloak or anything else. This we told the man, and when our dragoman came up, we had the matter explained to him more fully; but he assured us that all the money they had received from us was four-and-twenty piastres, which had been given to the sheikh by Ahmed, the British Consul's kawáss, in our name, with the promise that, when we returned here again from Damascus in a few days, we would bring him a cloak. It was now our turn to explain that we had given Ahmed one hundred and twenty piastres, for fodder for our six horses and mules (being at the rates of twenty piastres each), to which we had added a five-franc piece (about twenty-seven piastres) as a bakhshīsh for the sheikh. With this money he had approached the sheikh, as if to give it to him, and had then returned to us, saying that the sheikh was not satisfied; in consequence of which we had added a mejideh, which last piece of money alone the rascal appears to have given to the poor people, putting all the rest into his own pocket.

Ahmed had been so many years attached to the British Consulate, and bore so high a character, that we

had not the slightest suspicion of his being capable of such roguery; and in fact we could not be sure whether this might not be an attempt, on the part of the good folks of Harran, to impose upon us before we took our final departure. All that we could do therefore under the circumstances was, to assure them that we would have the matter inquired into by the Consul; and that, if the fact were as stated, the promise given in my husband's name should be kept, and the sheikh should have his cloak. All this we wrote to the Consul from Jerusalem, only he had left Damascus before our letter reached him. But having by good fortune fallen in with him at Alexandria, on his way to England, we spoke to him on the subject; when he told us that before he left his post he had found out Ahmed's real character and had dismissed him, and that when he returned from England he would see into the matter. This incident only shows how completely European travellers are at the mercy of their guides and interpreters, and how likely it is that, through the misconduct of the latter, they often get a character which they do not by any means deserve.

I may here add that Mr. Rogers, who has again been in England during the present year, informs us that both Ahmed em-Mansûr and the sheikh of Harran have recently lost their lives in some local disturbances; so that retribution is no longer in the hands of mortal man.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM HARRAN TO SANAMEIN.

LEAVING Harran, we went to Kufrēn, by the way we had first come to Harran in company with Dr. Wetzstein, and thence proceeded to Ghassūle by a most wretched road, the plain being almost entirely under water. The country seems, however, to be generally well cultivated, and the people rich and prosperous, they being under the special protection of Mohammed ed-Duhhi. As this village and the neighbouring one of Sekka belong to Dr. Wetzstein, we can now understand the motive for his great friendship with that powerful chief, to whom of course he pays blackmail, receiving his protection in return. This relation constitutes what is called *khūweh*, or brotherhood.

We arrived at Ghassūle about twelve o'clock, and went straight to the house of Sheikh Mahmūd, to whom we presented a letter from Dr. Wetzstein, which our good friend had been so thoughtful as to send to us just as we were leaving Damascus. Mahmūd was delighted at



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seeing us again, and, with Syrian hospitality, at once began preparing for our dinner; bringing rugs and cushions for us to repose on in the meanwhile, making up a good fire, and in fact doing everything for our comfort during the stay which he took for granted we were going to make with him. He was exceedingly disappointed and almost angry when he saw our dragoman, in the sulky English fashion, setting out our lunch on some large stones in the courtyard, and we told him we could not wait, as we had to reach Kisweh before night.

While our lunch was preparing, I profited by the time to get out a dry plate, and take a photograph of the place, having promised Dr. Wetzstein that I would do my best to procure him a view of whichever of his two villages we might pass through. Sekka we left about a mile to the right, or I should have preferred taking that place, as being larger and more picturesque. I could not here take the village itself, there being no convenient position for doing so; but I took what was probably more interesting—a view of some ancient columns and arches, apparently the remains of an extensive building. Ghassūle was in former times a fortified military station, for the protection of Damascus and its neighbourhood from the predatory incursions of the nomadic occupiers of the desert regions towards the east and south. Of course all the inhabitants ran out to look at me and what I was doing, and it was not without difficulty that

they could be prevented from standing right in front of the camera and impeding the view. At length my husband managed to drive or coax them back towards the building, where they stood while I took them all in a mass.

After we had finished our lunch out of doors, we went into the sheikh's house and had coffee, which he had been preparing in the meanwhile, and which he served to us himself in the most approved fashion. He first poured some coffee into the cup, drank a little of it, then filled it up and presented it to me; and when I had finished drinking, he took the cup from me, and himself drank out the dregs. His horse was then brought to the door,—a splendid animal, decked out with a fine scarlet saddle-cloth, fringed and tasselled almost down to the ground,—which he mounted for the purpose of accompanying us to Nejha, the next village on our route.

During our ride, whenever we came to a nice solid piece of ground, Sheikh Mahmūd was most anxious to show off his horse and his horsemanship, galloping round us and challenging me to race with him. This I very willingly did; and as the mare I rode was as fleet a little animal as one could well wish to mount, I had the satisfaction of twice beating him hollow. When we were some distance in advance of my husband, I expressed my desire to return; but Mahmūd wanted me to go on, telling me to come on and leave the *baker*—as

I understood him to say,—pointing to my husband. I could not at all make out what he could possibly mean by "the baker;" and when my husband joined us, I inquired. It turned out that our dragoman had thought fit to change my husband's designation, and instead of calling him *Khawāja*, as European travellers are usually styled, he had given him the title of *Bēk*, as the Turkish *Beg* or *Bey* is pronounced in Syria; so that, curiously enough, he had now become Beke-Bēk. This then was Sheikh Mahmūd's "baker."

As for Mikhail himself, he had dropped his Christian name, and called himself Abu Salim—the Father of Salim—such being his son's name. His doing so was quite in accordance with a custom very prevalent in this country among Christians as well as Mohammedans, which conveniently leaves the bearer's religion in doubt. He told us that he would never forswear Jesus; but at the same time we saw he did all in his power, when among Mohammedans, to let them believe him to be one of them. I began to suspect Master Mikhail—or Abu Salim, as we must now call him—to be a regular coward, and subsequent events did not give me reason to change my opinion. Our going out of the beaten track did not suit him at all, and he kept constantly asking questions of the people about where we were going and how we were to go, having evidently no confidence in us. But he must be pardoned this. From his childhood he has been travelling over roads which

he has learnt by heart; and on them, no doubt, he is a very fair *cicerone*, and perhaps even above the average of dragomans. But the moment he is brought into a country he does not know, he is as ignorant as the commonest peasant.

Our party was now larger than it had been before. We were four riders, with three muleteers, having charge of seven mules and donkeys laden with our personal baggage, beds, canteen, cooking utensils, tents, food for ourselves and Beduin escort, and I know not what besides.

Our course, which was to the south-east, gave us a fine view of Jebel esh-Sheikh; and as the sky was clear, we saw distinctly the "snow on Hermon," at times as plainly as we had seen it on Mont Blanc. But the weather was very changeable, and not long after leaving Ghassūle we had a sharp hailstorm, which however was fortunately but of short duration. Near Kharāntu we passed on our right a circular hill, called Tell Abayezid, with a square building on the summit, which Sheikh Mahmūd told us was erected by Sultan Bayazid; and he had some story to relate about a damsel having been shut up there, which we could not exactly comprehend. When we got to Nejha, Mahmūd inquired of the sheikh of the place whether there were any Sulūt Arabs there; and finding none, he asked for a guide to take us on to Kisweh. A black man was immediately furnished, in consideration of ten piastres, and on we went under his

guidance, without even dismounting. We took a most friendly farewell of Sheikh Mahmūd, telling him we should not fail to acquaint the Prussian Consul with his attentions, and promising, at his urgent request, that if the view I had taken of Ghassūle should succeed, I would send him a copy of it. I need scarcely add here that I fulfilled my promise, through Dr. Wetzstein. On leaving Nejha, we passed to the south of a range of small conical hills called Tellūl Khurjille, which separate the Merj from the valley of the Awaj.

Whether the patriarch Jacob crossed the Awaj here, or had driven his flocks further up the valley of the river in anticipation of his flight, may be difficult to determine. At all events, there are at the present day few or no trees near Nejha; whereas along the banks of the river higher up they increase in number, till about Kisweh they are plentiful. The distance of "three days' journey," which Laban set betwixt himself and Jacob, would be best answered by placing the grazing-ground of the latter as far westward as possible up the banks of the stream; whilst the "rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chestnut-tree," which he "took and pilled white strakes in," would have required the presence of such trees, or rather of the poplar, and of the *almond* and *plane* trees, as commentators suppose those to be that are named in the Hebrew text. At the time of year when we visited Syria the leaves were falling fast, so that we could not distinguish what kinds of trees are now grow-

ing on the banks of the river; but the three last-named are common throughout all the country, and it is a coincidence not undeserving of remark, that the young plantations at Harran consist of two of them, namely the poplar and the plane.

The country here began to be strewn with stones, much like the ground in Mauritius; only the stones here were very much smaller, and appeared to me like lumps of cinder. As we went on they increased in size and quantity, and in places we found them cleared off the ground and placed in rows, which made the resemblance to Mauritius all the greater. At 3.45 P.M. we passed by Khurjille, a large village on the opposite side of the Awaj; just beyond which place we crossed the river by a stone bridge in very bad condition, it having been injured by the floods. As soon as we reached the opposite bank, our guide threw down his cloak and ran off towards the village; but Abu Salim galloped after him, and brought him back in a very short time. He said he was only going to ask for a guide to take his place. But this excuse would not do for us. We said that Sheikh Mahmūd had engaged him to take us to Kisweh, and to Kisweh he must go, and that without even stopping a moment. The detention, for the ostensible purpose of procuring a fresh guide, would doubtless have ended in our being kept at Khurjille for the night, or perhaps worse; for it is an ugly-looking out-of-the-way place, and we should not at all have liked to remain there.

Our road now continued along the south side of the river, skirting Jebel Mānihh and the country of the Druzes. Just above us, on the left-hand, ran a canal, cut all the way from Kisweh, to irrigate the low grounds between it and the river. In the course of our journey we saw many such canals. The expense of making them and keeping them in repair must be considerable; and they prove the attention formerly paid to agriculture to have been greater than at the present day, for they are now getting very much out of order. Before crossing the Awaj we particularly noticed a *kneyeh*, or underground canal, of the description mentioned in a former chapter,* which we found almost entirely fallen in, so as to have become in fact an open canal. The Awaj truly deserves its name, which means "the crooked." Never was there such a winding stream, the bends of it returning on one another, so as sometimes almost to touch. It would be quite impossible to represent it truly on a map.

If we regard the water-parting, that is to say the summit of the mountain-range bounding the river Pharpar or Awaj towards the south, and not the course of the river itself, as the natural territorial division between the land of Aram and "the east country," occupied by the Midianites and other descendants of Abraham out of the right line, we must consider the northern slope of Jebel Mānihh as forming a portion of Aram Naha-

* See page 110.

raim; and it is here, therefore, in "the mountains of the east," that we must look for "Pethor of Aram Naharaim," the residence of the prophet Balaam, "which is by the river of the land of the children of his people." Thus it is intelligible why Balak, king of Moab, when he sent for Balaam to curse Israel, should have availed himself of the assistance of the Midianites, as occupying the country intervening between Moab and Aram; and it is likewise intelligible how, when the Israelites, under Phinehas, shortly afterwards conquered the Midianites, Balaam, the son of Beor, should also have been slain among his friends and near neighbours.

Just before we reached Kisweh it began to rain hard, so that we were nearly wet through by the time we arrived, which was at a quarter past five o'clock. We were very tired, and yet more cold. Our day's work had been a hard one, and the muleteers grumbled very much. The village was so full of soldiers, both regulars and bashi-buzūks, that we had much difficulty in finding a lodging. It was nearly an hour before we could get into a decent house, and even the way to this was most filthy. Soon after we arrived we sent our dragoman to the barracks, with the letter from Emin Pasha to Ahmed Agha. The latter was gone to Ghabāghib, leaving in his place his lieutenant, Suleiman Agha, whose son soon waited on us with three or four attendants, to say that his father would obey the Pasha's commands, and send us on with an escort to Ahmed Agha, who would him-

self provide for our safe arrival at Eshmiskin. So far so good. Our people were now in better humour, and quite prepared to go on; only they bargained for not so long a day's march as that of to-day, which altogether had lasted as much as nine hours. We explained to them that it was *un cas tout-à-fait exceptionnel,* and that Ghabāghib, where Ahmed Agha was, would be only half the distance.

Thursday, January 2nd.—At seven o'clock, when we got up, nobody was stirring, and we had to call Abu Salim two or three times before we could get him to bring our chocolate. On the road from Beyrout it was he who was always up first, and who quite annoyed us by hurrying us, and coming in to pack up the things before we were half ready. The difference is, that then he had contracted for the whole journey at a fixed price: now we are paying him by the day, so that he does not care how long the journey lasts. Long before we were ready, our escort was at the door, waiting to start. At length we were in our saddles, and off at 9.30 A.M. But before we left the place my husband went to pay his respects to Suleiman Agha, who was most polite, saying that though the Pasha's order was to Ahmed Agha, yet out of respect to us he had acted on it, so far as to send us on to that officer, whom we should find at Ghabāghib.

Kisweh is a large village—I may rather call it a town—standing high on a rock on the southern bank of the

Awaj, commanding the Haj road from Esh-Sham or Damascus to Mecca. From its position, it must be dry and healthy. Our escort consisted of twelve men—an unnecessarily large number, as it appeared to us; but I dare say Abu Salim had asked for them. They were bashi-buzūks, or irregular horse, some armed with spears ten or twelve feet long, others with guns not exactly regulation, and some with only swords and pistols. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes, and made altogether a very picturesque appearance. Their order of march was just as irregular as their dress and equipment. However, we all went on together in the best possible humour, the soldiers galloping about in all directions; and every now and then, when they were straggling or got on too far ahead, their commander called them in, and they stopped in a group, very pleasing to look at, till all the mules had come up and passed them, when on they dashed again.

Our road was across a wild and desolate stony plain, without a sign of life—without a habitation or a tree of any kind—without even a blade of grass. The total absence of trees is a remarkable feature of the whole of the plain country, between the regions of Bashan and Gilead on the one hand and the mountains of Hauran on the other. At some distance from our road towards the east is a hill, noted for a solitary tree standing on it, from which singularity it has appropriately acquired the distinctive appellation of Tell Abu Shajar. This name

has, however, been too literally translated the Hill of the Father of a Tree. It should rather be Father One-Tree, or simply and more idiomatically One-Tree Hill. In such expressions as this, the Arabic *Abu* and *Umm* do not mean "the father or mother" *of* such and such a thing; but in most cases they correspond precisely to our familiar epithets Father (or Daddy) and Mother, in such names as Father (or Daddy) Longlegs, Mother Goose, etc. The nickname *Abu Tarbūsh* given to Ibrahim Pasha, on account of his having introduced the Turkish fez or tarbūsh into the Egyptian army, did not mean the Father of Tarbūshes or red-caps, but Daddy Red-cap, just as Marshal Bugeaud was called by his soldiers in Algeria Papa Moustache, because of the immense mustachoes worn by him.

Khan Denūn, the first station on the Haj route after Kisweh, is a solitary building, serving as a place of shelter to travellers; its site being chosen on account of the water, which is mostly to be met with, from some springs in the neighbourhood. We found the ground very swampy, as might be expected at this season of the year; but not so much so as to render necessary a circuit by Deir Ali, as the Druze at Damascus wished us to believe. At 11 A.M. some human figures were seen before us at a distance, moving across the line of our march. On this our whole party closed up; and while we proceeded slowly, one of the horsemen rode forward to reconnoitre. The strangers turned out to be some

inoffensive peasants driving a couple of donkeys before them; so it was only a false alarm.

Shortly after noon we approached Subbet Fir'ōn, a large stony *tell* or conical hill, with a ruin on its summit, having the appearance of two columns, with a cornice above like a doorway. To this hill, which appears to be of volcanic origin, is attached a legend, from which it derives its name of Subbet Fir'ōn—the Corn-heap of Pharaoh. When that monarch—of course the oppressor of the Israelites under Moses, for no other is known—was building the aqueduct between Dilli and Mukēs, known as *Kanātir Fir'ōn*,—Pharaoh's Bridges, about which I shall have to say more, by-and-by,—he took forcible possession of a large quantity of corn belonging to the inhabitants of Hauran, and piled it up in three heaps, to serve as food for the workmen employed on the building. Of these three heaps, the *Subbeh* was one, the others being two smaller conical hills called *Garāra*, which word means a heap of corn of a smaller size. But one day, when the tyrant had sent his biggest camel to fetch some corn from these heaps, God changed them into the three stony masses now seen, whose names perpetuate their former state; the camel itself being at the same time transformed into a similar stony mass, standing between the two *garāras*, of which the shape bears a rude resemblance to that of the animal.

We stopped to lunch under the side of Subbet Fir'ōn; and shortly after leaving again, we passed, at a little

distance to the right, on the summit of a low range of hills, a ruin which one of the escort called Kasr Ibn el-Kawās, the Castle of the Janissary's son. I dare say there is some story attached to it, but we were not told it. After crossing a small brook over a bridge, to which they gave the name of Jisr el-Khanāfis, and then a causeway on low arches through a shallow lake or swamp, we came to a small village built of the black basaltic stone of Hauran, of which the name Ghabāghib (with two unpronounceable letters the same as in Bghitan) is quite in character with the place itself; it being a most wretched collection of hovels, with no means of approach but by scrambling over a heap of rugged rocks, at the top of which it is built; and the only motive for its existence being, that it commands the neighbouring water, and thus forms one of the stations of the Haj.

It was here we were to have found Ahmed Agha; but, to our dismay, we learnt that he had left for Sanamein. Of course we at once proposed to follow him, but our escort refused to go any further, and our own attendants did the same. Abu Salim at first said that the soldiers wanted to stop here for the night, and that they would go on with us in the morning; but he afterwards told us their orders were to accompany us only as far as Ghabāghib. Whatever the truth may have been, we were determined not to pass the night in this solitary place, on the very borders of the Leja, the country of the

Sulūt Arabs, where we were pretty certain to be plundered, and not unlikely to have our throats cut before morning. Had Ahmed Agha been here with his troops to protect us, it would have been another thing. Besides all this, it was only half-past one in the afternoon, so that there was no excuse for not going on.

Our minds were therefore made up in an instant, and without even dismounting, we demanded a guide from the sheikh, who gave us one. Abu Salim and our people persisted in saying they would go no further without the escort; but my husband and I pushed on alone, leaving all our baggage and mules and people behind, and taking the chance of their following us. In descending from the village over the rocks, my husband's mule came down on his knees, bursting the crupper and throwing his rider forward, so that he could not recover his seat, but slipt over the animal's neck. Seeing this, I jumped from my horse, just in time to save my husband's head from coming in contact with the stones. As it was, there was fortunately no harm done, and we soon continued on our way with the guide only, whom we induced to accompany us by the promise of a good bakhshīsh. It was not till we were nearly out of sight of Ghabāghib, and after repeatedly looking back, that we perceived our people and mules coming slowly on after us, the soldiers stopping behind altogether. Just before Abu Salim came up with us, the guide, who had lagged for the others, fairly bolted. Abu Salim called

out to tell us of this, thinking no doubt that we should turn back likewise, but we took no heed of what he said, and jogged quietly on along the *sultaniyeh*, that is to say, the sultan's road, equivalent to the queen's highway with us.

This road has in past times received much attention from the rulers of the country, the streams being bridged over and a broad causeway laid in many parts; but the whole is now in so dilapidated a condition, that it is often preferable to travel by the side of the road, instead of upon the causeway itself; whilst many of the arches of the bridges are broken through, so as at times to render the passage over them not without danger. The country beyond Ghabāghib began to improve in character, and parts of it were under tillage, the signs of improvement being more manifest the further we proceeded south. It must have been formerly more thickly peopled than it is at the present day, from the remains of numerous villages which we passed on our road, now in ruins and apparently quite deserted.

Soon after half-past four we arrived in safety at Sanamein. The whole way my husband and I had been riding on alone; Abu Salim, who had gradually been creeping up to us, having only joined us just as we reached the town. The approach to this place from the north is very striking; two lofty square towers being visible from a considerable distance, and giving to the place in our eyes a general resemblance to the town

of Sandwich, as seen across the marshes on the way from Ash.

As soon as Abu Salim joined us, we sent him to look for Ahmed Agha; but he had again flitted. They told us he was scouring the country in pursuit of the Sulūt Beduins, being one night at one place and the next at another. This was not very pleasant intelligence to us, as we feared it would place obstacles in the way of our further progress. The sheikh of Sanamein was not at home, but we took possession of the menzūl as a matter of course. There were several persons in it, whom Abu Salim, also as a matter of course, unceremoniously turned out.

We had hardly settled down by the fire, which was made of a log of wood in a hole in the middle of the floor, when our dragoman came in to remonstrate—and more than remonstrate: it was a regular strike. He said he had never been in the habit of travelling in that manner, and he would not do so now. He demanded protection for his life and that of his people. We replied that we, for our parts, had no desire or intention to run into needless danger; but that, if we were content to risk our lives and property,—supposing there was any risk, which we said there was not,—we thought he might do the same. This, however, he did not at all admit. He said he had a regard for his life, whatever we might have for ours; and that neither he nor any of his people would stir a step further without protection.

We called him a coward, thinking to shame him; but this had no effect, and so we finished the discussion with a regular defiance. We told him most distinctly and seriously, that we should go on to Eshmiskin the next morning, let whatever might happen; and that if he and his muleteers did not accompany us, it would be at their peril.

This made a decided impression on our dragoman, who had hoped to be able to carry matters with a high hand. A little parleying now ensued, and Abu Salim asked, in a tone very much more respectful, whether we did not intend to take some escort from this place. We replied that we would take the sheikh if he would come, and half the inhabitants of the town with him, if he considered it necessary. Upon this assurance he ceased his objections, and we began to see light. This was the more evident when Yussuf and the muleteers made their appearance. They had come to back their leader in the strike; but hardly had they opened their mouths, when he turned round upon them and abused them famously; and we were much amused at hearing him employ the very same arguments to them that we had made use of to him. We concluded therefore, that all would come right, especially as they set to work with a will to get our dinner ready.

Before dinner was served the sheikh arrived on horseback, and on dismounting he immediately entered the menzūl. He was received by us, or rather by Abu Sa-

lim in our name, with great ceremony. Our man, who was now on his best behaviour, was profuse in his compliments, brought in coffee, and while the sheikh was drinking it, began telling him the object of our journey and what we required of him. The latter was not less polite than we were, and assured us without hesitation that he would not only accompany us to Eshmiskin, but all over Hauran and the Leja, and would go with us for two months if we required him to do so. We thanked him for his kind offer, but said that we should be more than satisfied if he would only escort us to-morrow, to which he replied most solemnly, "On my head be it," suiting the action to the word; and an elderly sheikh, a relative of his, who had accompanied him, exclaimed more emphatically and sonorously, "On my head."

As we were now going to dinner, they took their leave; but in the evening the sheikh returned with one of his sons, to inform us that it rained in a little on the side of the room where our beds had been placed, and he recommended our moving them, which we did. Abu Salim and Yussuf (the cook) were just going to sit down to dinner in one corner of the room. The former could not do less than invite the sheikh and his son to eat with him; so the three sat down together, the cook leaving his place at the table to wait on them, and among them they cleared off poor Yussuf's share of the repast. The sheikh now said he had eaten our bread and our salt, and we were brothers; and he repeated his offer of ser-

vices in almost stronger terms than before. We showed him Emin Pasha's *buyurūldi* to Ahmed Agha, which, not having fallen in with him, we of course retained in our possession; and it seemed to have its due effect on him, especially as we told him that we should not fail to tell the English Consul how he had carried out the Pasha's order instead of Ahmed Agha. He was evidently pleased with all this, and got my husband to write down his name—Sheikh Ismāyin el Felāhh of Sanamein—very carefully in order that we might not forget it. The whole of the evening they remained smoking their horrid pipes and chatting, to my great discomfort, till I was compelled at last to beg them to leave the room, as I wanted to retire to rest.

Sanamein—"the Two Idols"—is the representative of the ancient Aëre of the Itinerary of Antonine. It is a strange place, it being at present a dwelling among tombs. The houses, many of which are uninhabited and in ruins, appear to have been more than once destroyed and rebuilt with the materials of the former erections. The water of Sanamein runs to the Sheriat el Mandhūr or Yarmūk, the ancient Hieromax, which is a chief tributary of the Jordan, if even it is not larger than the direct stream; the water-parting between the basin of this river and that of the Awaj or Pharpar, is in the neighbourhood of Ghabāghib: so that here for the first time we drank of water flowing into the Jordan.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM SANAMEIN TO ESHMISKIN.

Friday, January 3rd.—The difference between last evening and this morning was like the appearance of a theatre by night and by daylight. Soon after we had risen, Sheikh Ismāyin came to pay his respects, and to say that as Ahmed Agha and his soldiers were at Inkhil, a place a few miles off towards the south-west, it would be only necessary for him to accompany us so far. We replied that Inkhil was out of our road to Eshmiskin, and that we should certainly not think of going there merely to see Ahmed Agha. With this answer he appeared satisfied and withdrew; but he soon came back to say that the weather was bad and the road likewise, and that the journey, which last night he had described as one of five hours, would occupy at least eight. He therefore suggested that we should remain here for the day. We thanked him for his consideration, but said that if we waited to-day for the weather, we might have to wait to-morrow likewise, or at this season of the year even a

week or a month; and therefore we had quite made up our minds to leave. It was evident he did not intend to accompany us in the rain, and the result was as we anticipated. When we were ready to start, we found that we were to be placed under the guidance and protection of a single unarmed man, who, we were told, was a son of the sheikh. We had expected some demur on the part of our people this morning; but our talk with Abu Salim last night, and probably also the assurance of the sheikh that there was absolutely no danger, had had their effect; for we heard not a word of grumbling indoors, and the loading of the mules went on outside quite quietly.

We have christened our dragoman Don Quixote, and our cook Sancho Panza. Yussuf is a fat little fellow, always quiet and good-tempered, with a grin on his face whenever spoken to; and he generally rides on at the head of the party, seated on his horse, with his pots and pans, amidst which he sits, clattering around him. His master, though anything but Quixotic, is most assuredly a Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, always grumbling, always dissatisfied, always complaining; and the most amusing part of his conduct is, that whenever we happen to find fault with him for anything done wrong or neglected, he immediately begins to rate poor Yussuf most roundly; and the latter, whenever he has an opportunity, in his turn vents his anger (which however is never very great) on the muleteers.

It had rained heavily during the greater part of the night, and it was anything but fair in the morning. Indeed, during the whole day we had showers, but fortunately they never lasted long enough to wet us through. We started at a quarter past nine, and shortly afterwards fell in with a party of five or six villagers going our way, with their mules laden. With them our people at once joined company, and the whole party went on together, through a rich and well-cultivated country, talking, laughing, and smoking, with no more cause to fear than there was in the Plain of Damascus. A little further on we crossed a bridge of five arches, with two smaller ones, over a stream running to the Yarmūk. Our road continued along the *sultaniyeh*, here and there traversing causeways through swamps and bridges over small streams, of which the courses were to the Wady Harrām, which ran along on our left-hand; and, passing successively the villages of Kneyeh, Liktēbeh, and Mahajjeh, at noon we came to the river, which we crossed by a bridge of five arches, one of which is partly broken in. We then continued down the other bank of the stream, passing to our left Tell Mikdād, with a building on the summit, and then another *tell* further off: the two reminding my husband of Debiet and Arira, in the plains of Gojam in Southern Abessinia.

In about an hour and a half we came to Dilli, a ruined building, near a large marsh, called El-Gab, which, from its always possessing a supply of water from numerous

springs, forms one of the Haj stations. It is here that commences the ancient aqueduct, to which I have already alluded under the name of Pharaoh's Bridges. This gigantic work, of which considerable portions still exist, though in a state of ruin and decay, was carried from El-Gab southwards along the eastern side of the *sultaniyeh*, which it crossed in the neighbourhood of Wady esh-Shellāleh—the River of the Cataract—over the deep valley of which stream it was conveyed upon a double (or, if I am not mistaken, a triple) row of arches—*kanātir fok kanātir*, "bridges above bridges;" thence proceeding westward to Mukēs, the ancient Gadara, on the brink of the valley of the Jordan, for the supply of which city with water this aqueduct appears to have been constructed.

Notwithstanding the local tradition which would throw back the erection of Pharaoh's Bridges till the time of the Exodus of the Israëlites, it is an historical fact, not generally known but not the less easily to be demonstrated, that it is the work of a comparatively recent period. In the Annals of the Arabian historian Hamzeh-el-Isfahani, as is shown in Dr. Wetzstein's valuable little work, to which I have already referred more than once, it is expressly recorded that this aqueduct was constructed by Jebeleh I., the fifth king of the dynasty of the Gassanides; and as this dynasty commenced about A.D. 135, the date of the structure cannot be earlier than the middle of the third century of our era.

From Dr. Wetzstein's investigations, it appears that to this powerful yet almost unknown line of monarchs of Himyaritic extraction, who, professing Christianity, were among the first converts to our religion, must be attributed the erection of very many of the cities east of Jordan, which by recent travellers have been supposed to be the "threescore cities, all fenced with high walls, gates, and bars," of Og, king of Bashan, who was conquered by the Israelites under Moses. Dr. Wetzstein has copied several hundreds of the inscriptions still existing in these ruined cities, and Mr. Waddington as many as two thousand; and, as far as my husband understands the subject, not one of these inscriptions is of a date earlier than the commencement of the Christian era.

If this should really be the case,—and there seems no reason to doubt it,—it must be a great disappointment to those who have imagined that they saw, in these comparatively modern buildings, the venerable relics of a pre-Israelitish age. Such an idea has been entertained, not merely by persons whom philosophers might perhaps look down on, as over-credulous and ready to believe any old wife's tale, but by those strong-minded freethinkers, whom no one would imagine likely to be so misled. Even Bishop Colenso, while questioning whether Og's bedstead of *iron* may not have been a *stone* sarcophagus, does not hesitate to believe in the preservation to this day, almost intact, of the stone cities of that monarch's kingdom; for he says that "doubtless

these massive Cyclopean ruins existed in the time of the Deuteronomist, as they exist now, and as they probably existed for ages before him." This mixture of scepticism and credulity reminds one of the story of the old woman, who refused to believe her grandson, the sailor-boy, when he told her he had seen a flying-fish, but readily credited his story of how the crew of his ship, when in the Red Sea, had pulled up with their anchor one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels. I have recently been given to understand, that Mr. Consul Rogers has sent to the British Museum a door from one of these ancient cities. Our archæologists at home may thus be able to decide for themselves, as to the age of the buildings to which it belongs.

All the way to-day our guide had been particularly attentive, telling us the names of places, and explaining to us everything of note along the road, finishing, however, each piece of information with the expression of his hope that we should not forget his bakhshīsh. As we approached Eshmiskin, having got us quite alone, he gently hinted to us that, *inshallah*, he would receive twenty or thirty pieces of gold; to which modest suggestion we made no reply, but mentally wished he might get it, though certainly not from us. At the end of our day's journey the road turned a little to the right, and we descended to the village of Eshmiskin, where we arrived at half-past three, fortunately just before it began to rain again very heavily. As we approached we saw

several persons on the look-out on the house-tops and on a very high mound, seemingly artificial; which, in the constantly disturbed state of the country, is a matter of necessary precaution.

We proceeded, as usual, straight to the menzūl, where we were welcomed by the sheikh's brother, a remarkably fine man, almost gigantic in his proportions, who might well represent the ancient Rephaim; and by-and-by the sheikh himself came in, who was as fine a man as his brother. He made us sit down close by the fire, and gave us coffee; and, perceiving the heat and smoke to be too much for us, he ordered his brother to take away the root of a large olive-tree, which lay smouldering on the hearth in the middle of the room, without any chimney to carry off the smoke. This the giant lifted up and carried out of the house, almost without an effort. There is no wood about here, and all the fuel has to be brought from Jebel-ed-Druze, as the mountains of Hauran are called. There is also plenty of wood on Jebel Ajlun or Mount Gilead.

In the room was a man very ill of fever, on whom I took compassion, giving him some medicine, and sending him off to bed. The sheikh no sooner saw this, than he requested me to go and see his two wives, who were both ill. I at once followed him to his harīm, where I found the ladies evidently suffering from fever. The elder of the two, whose name was Fatmeh, had already partly recovered from her attack, but was still weak.

The younger, named Leileh, a very interesting delicate-looking little thing, with pretty dark eyes and luxuriant black hair, was apparently in a high state of fever, and suffering great pain in the head. With a view to improve her condition, she was laid on a mattress on the floor, wrapped up in a quantity of clothes, with a charcoal fire placed close to her; the room, which was small, being filled with women, and having the doors and every means of ventilation stopped up, so that the place smelt and felt horridly close and unhealthy.

My first duty was to have the fire removed to the further end of the room, and the doors opened to let in fresh air; and I then dismissed several of the women, and got the others to keep away from my patient. After feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue, which both indicated a high state of fever, and making inquiries rather by signs than by words, I administered a dose of medicine, which I thought likely to soothe and relieve her. I did the same for the other lady; and then made up some doses of quinine, which I left with the sheikh, to be given to them both. The women seemed quite grateful, and wanted me to stay a long time with them. I think they fancied me a wonderful person in thus being able to doctor them; but I am an old practitioner, having had in Mauritius a large establishment of Indian servants to attend to, one or other of whom was always coming to me, as their "papa-maman," to be cured of some ailment. Besides I had my husband with me as

a consulting physician! The sheikh remained with me the whole time, and appeared to take great interest in all I did to ease his wives' sufferings, particularly the younger and prettier of the two.

On returning to the menzūl I was beset by patients, some with fever, others with bad eyes, (which seemed to be a general disease here, as indeed everywhere in these countries,) some with sore fingers, and even broken limbs, which they fancied I could mend in the twinkling of an eye; till at length I was fairly tired out, and told them I could not attend to any more that night.

Sheikh Ahmed el-Harīri, better known as Ahmed et-Tūrk, is the most powerful and important of the settled inhabitants of Hauran. His title is *Sheikh Mushaikh Hauran*, that is to say, the Sheikh of the Sheikhs of Hauran; he and his whole tribe being *Sherrīfs* or descendants of the Prophet, and as such bearing the title of Sheikh, which belongs to all indiscriminately, young and old, rich and poor. This is the only hereditary nobility among the Mohammedans, resembling that of the Continent, which descends to all children alike. Sheikh Ahmed had with him two sons. The elder, by Leileh, a remarkably fine lad, was evidently the favourite, being his father's constant companion; the other was a little boy, who was pointed out to us as Fatmeh's son.

While we were at dinner, we told Abu Salim to ask the particulars of Ahmed et-Tūrk's interference on behalf of the Christians of Hauran, respecting which Dr.

Wetzstein had spoken to us in Damascus, and had requested us to make inquiries on the spot. Ahmed et-Tūrk stated, that last summer, when he was at Inkhil on account of the want of water at Eshmiskin, a camel-driver from Damascus brought news of the massacre of the Christians in that city. Much agitation immediately ensued throughout Hauran, and the Christians were everywhere threatened. This was particularly the case at Ezraʿ or Zoraʿ (erroneously supposed by some persons to be the Edrei of Scripture), a village on the western side of the Leja, a few miles to the north-east of Eshmiskin, where there were as many as five or six hundred Christians, the inhabitants of two villages in Jebel Hauran, who, having been ill-treated by the Druzes there four or five years ago, had left their homes and had come and settled at Ezraʿ. Ahmed et-Tūrk immediately sent letters to all his tribe, and soon collected a body of two hundred armed men, and at their head he hurried to Ezraʿ, arriving just in time to save the Christians from the Arabs of the Leja, whom he drove off. He then sent letters to all the chiefs of tribes in the Leja, requesting them to spare the Christians among them for his sake, which they did; though his letters arrived too late to prevent the occurrence of some plundering. From Ezraʿ he went to Mahajjeh, a village a few miles further to the north, where he sheltered and supported ten Christian families from the neighbouring village of Hhirātà. At another time, seeing a party of Druzes

driving away the cattle of some Christians, he pursued them, and recovered the property with his sword.

There can be no doubt of all that was thus related to us by Ahmed et-Tūrk being substantially true, as it confirmed what we had already heard from the Prussian Consul. We asked whether any notice had been taken of this meritorious conduct; to which the sheikh's brother replied, that shortly after these occurrences he went to Damascus and told the Consul of Rūm—by which I suppose he meant the Greek Consul—as likewise the French Consul, of what his brother had done, but no notice whatever was taken of it. He did not however go to the English Consul. We told Sheikh Ahmed that we were sure nothing of his conduct could be known in England, where we should, however, feel it to be our duty to make it known. Shortly after our return to England my husband fulfilled his promise, by communicating to Lord Dufferin the foregoing particulars.

In Murray's 'Handbook for Syria and Palestine' it is stated that Eshmiskin is "occupied exclusively by Muslems, famous, like their all brethren along the Haj road, for fanaticism. Fortunate will the traveller be, or at least well protected, who escapes insolence and insult at their hands." In common fairness to Ahmed et-Tūrk and his people, I am bound, in the name of my husband and myself, as travellers who visited them certainly without any great protection, to protest against

such a charge being applicable to them; though, after the instances of noble and disinterested conduct which I have just related, and which show the very reverse of fanaticism, it can hardly be necessary for me to enter such a protest.

Before we left Damascus Dr. Wetzstein had been rather particular in instructing us how we were to behave towards Ahmed et-Türk. On the day of our arrival we were not to speak to him at all about our further journey, neither were we to give him the present intended for him. All this we were to leave till the following morning, and when it should be time for us to think of leaving, Abu Salim was to take the coat to the sheikh in his house, and put it on him without saying a word; upon which Ahmed et-Türk could not do less than come and thank us in person, and we should then have an opportunity of asking him for an escort, which he would be bound to grant us, and even to accompany us in person, if we required it. In spite of this pretty arrangement, no sooner had we finished our inquiries about the sheikh's interference on behalf of the Christians, than Abu Salim began speaking about our journey; to which Ahmed et-Türk replied that he had no authority out of Hauran, but he knew a man who could take us from village to village as far as Kefrenji, the sheikh of which place, whom he also knew, would see us in safety to Nablûs.

Saturday, Junuary 4th.—Though the conversation of

last night has so far disarranged our plan, we still thought it right to carry it out as far as lay in our power; so as soon as we were up this morning we sent Abu Salim with the coat. He came back in a few minutes, saying that the sheikh had received it in silence, without thanks, and without even saying a civil word to him (Abu Salim), which seemed to affect him more than anything else. Sheikh Mahmūd, who was present, remarked however that he too ought to have a coat. We feared that we had played our game badly, but waited awhile to see whether Sheikh Ahmed would come and thank us. Seeing and hearing nothing of him, and being desirous of departing, we were at length obliged to send our dragoman to him again, with a request that he would arrange for our journey, as it was getting late in the day. On this he made his appearance, saluting us in a friendly but decidedly cool manner, and instead of speaking of our journey, he began telling me about his wives, who were not well, he said; to which I replied, with professional dignity, that they would be better by-and-by, Inshallah! When the health of my patients had been sufficiently discussed, we spoke about the arrangements for our journey; when Ahmed et-Turk said he would send his brother Mahmūd on with us to Turra, where we should sleep, and we should thence be passed on by the sheikh of Turra to the next village in safety; and so on. He added that the road was quite safe the whole way.

Our host now set to work making up the fire. A basket of charcoal was brought in and placed by his side, from which he took out piece by piece, and piled them upon the embers most artistically, — putting a live coal here and another there between them; and, when all was arranged to his satisfaction, he began blowing up the fire with the skirts of his coat. One of his kinsmen, who was sitting by his side, offered to relieve him, on which the sheikh sat aside, watching the other's movements. But as, with us, no one ever thinks another can poke the fire as well as himself, so Sheikh Ahmed soon began to think the same as to blowing it; and, pushing the other aside, he set to work fanning most vigorously, and shortly had a good fire, with which he seemed not a little satisfied.

He then sent a man out for some coffee,—obtained from Abu Salim, as the latter took care to let us know, as if he were the sufferer, when in fact we had paid him for it,—which, when brought in, was looked over with great care, and then put into an iron pan with a long handle. The duty of roasting was entrusted to Sheikh Mahmūd, who carefully turned the beans over with an iron spoon, of which the handle was as long as that of the pan, the operation being performed as if the fate of empires depended on it. When done, the coffee was emptied into a mortar made of olive-wood, handsomely inlaid, in figures of different-coloured woods; of which highly-esteemed utensil the place of honour was on

a corner of the hearthstone, in which a hole was cut for it to stand.

Meanwhile the water was boiled by Sheikh Ahmed himself in the best coffee-pot, from which what remained of yesterday's coffee, except just the grounds, had first been poured into a second larger pot, which served for persons of lower degree. Then the fresh-pounded coffee was taken by the sheikh out of the mortar, and put into the boiling water. The pot was now placed by the side of the fire, and when it had stood long enough to settle and fine, the sheikh poured a little out into a cup, and tasted it with all the gusto of a connoisseur. A cup was now poured out and handed to each of us, the whole ceremony having taken place with the utmost form and precision.

Though we had no cause whatever to be dissatisfied with Ahmed et-Türk's reception and treatment of us,—in fact we should only have had reason to be thankful if we had been as well received everywhere,—still we could not but feel disappointed in finding things turn so differently from what we had been led to expect. We can only explain it by supposing that we were wanting, on our side, in the observance of the forms of Syrian etiquette; and we cannot but think that we were at fault in at all alluding to our further journey overnight; but we could not prevent our dragoman from broaching the subject as he did. However, we must not blame him for so doing. In Palestine and Egypt,

on the beaten track of European travellers, his ordinary arrangements for lodgings, food, guides, escort, etc., are a pure matter of business; and we conclude that he thought he was right in acting here according to his usual practice.

Before taking leave of our host I went in to see my lady-patients, and found Leileh's fever considerably abated. I recommended her and Fatmeh to take the medicines I had left for them, but after I was gone I dare say they did nothing of the sort. These people have their own notions with regard to medicines and their operation. Like Naaman, the Syrian of old, who said, "Behold, I thought he will come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper;" so they imagine they are to be cured at once by a charm or some sort of miraculous interference. The man's eye, which I had attended to last night, was however quite well in the morning, as he took care to show me; so that my *prestige* continued at all events till after my departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM ESHMISKIN TO MOUNT GILEAD.

It was not till half-past nine that we left Eshmiskin, under the guidance of Sheikh Mahmūd. We crossed by a good bridge of three arches, a stream running to the south-west, and then continued over the fertile plains of the Nukra of Hauran, through a rich country, where the people were actively engaged in ploughing and sowing. In one field alone we counted twelve ploughs. The Nukra is one of the most fertile districts of Syria, and from it Damascus receives its chief supply of corn. As we went along, we could not help being amused at the different degrees of respect paid us by our dragoman, which varied in proportion to his fears. Between Beyrout and Damascus my husband was a simple *Khawāja;* then he was a *Bēk;* at Ghabāghib he became a *Consul;* here he had dropped down again to a *Khawāja,* though (as will be seen in the sequel) only for a time.

After we had passed a couple of small conical hills on

our right-hand, the horizon in the west and south-west of us opened to our sight perfectly clear of mountains; while southward we perceived the low range of El Kafarāt, and behind and over it, and further to the south, the more lofty mass of Jebel Ajlūn or Mount Gilead. Nothing could be more striking than this apparition, which took us quite by surprise; nor could anything be more gratifying, since it so completely accorded with my husband's views as to the locality and circumstances of Jacob's flight from Padan Aram. Indeed it was not till this moment that we could fully appreciate the few emphatic words in which the patriarch's journey is recorded:—"He passed over the river, and set his face toward the Mount Gilead," precisely as we were now doing when following in his footsteps.

The level country on our right-hand is the district of Jaulān, which, though presenting on the east side of the Lake of Tiberias the edge of a high plateau intersected by deep ravines, is towards the west merely a continuation of the plains of the Nukra; and from the fact that no mountain crosses Jaulān to connect Jebel esh-Sheikh or Hermon with Jebel Ajlūn or Gilead, the latter mountain stands out distinctly and prominently before every one traversing those plains from the north and east, to whom it serves as a landmark and a guide, as it served to the patriarch Jacob, when he travelled by this same road nearly forty centuries ago.

It was shortly after midday, while still continuing

over the plain, and keeping the summit of Mount Gilead constantly in sight, that we arrived near the village of Tafs, containing a curious old tower. Here we stopped to lunch, and while we were thus occupied, Sheikh Mahmūd went into the village and returned with a man, who, to our surprise, he said was to accompany us in his place during the remainder of the day's journey. We were anything but pleased with this; and, on his asking for a bakhshīsh when taking leave, we told him that being on our journey, with everything packed up, we had nothing to give him. On his persisting in his demand, we referred him to Abu Salim, who at first said he likewise had nothing; but on being pressed, he at last managed to hunt up a couple of mejidehs, which he offered to Mahmūd, "to buy coffee," as he expressed it. The sheikh said that such a present was a shame, but he accepted it nevertheless, and took leave of us all, looking very sulky.

From Tafs we still kept on the high-road with our new guide, till, at a little before two o'clock, we reached Kellat-em-Mezarib, a Haj station close to a small lake called El Bejjeh, containing water all the year round, which in this waterless land it is important to guard. The place is a sort of fortress, the walls of which have lately been repaired, and it does not contain more than twenty or thirty families. Mount Gilead stood always before us, most distinctly visible, though not at all lofty on this side. From the opposite side of the Ghor—the

low valley of the Jordan—it has the appearance of a range of mountains of considerable elevation.

Continuing for some time over the plain, we crossed Wady Fariyān by a bridge, and then Wady Mitdan, both being head-streams of the Yarmūk; and the ground now becoming broken, we left the plain and soon arrived at Turra, a small village, the houses of which are all underground. It poured with rain, and our people would have much liked to stop here; but, as it was impossible to pass the night in such a miserable place, we decided on pushing on to Howāra, which village we were given to understand was only about an hour further off, but which it took us nearly four hours to reach.

Just beyond Turra we passed the grave of a sheikh of the family of Ibn Freikh of Berekāt, who four years ago was killed here in battle by the Beni-Sakhr. We now reached the edge of the ravine known as Wady esh-Shellāleh—the River of the Cataract,—by which the waters of the north-eastern side of Mount Gilead find their way into the Yarmūk. It is a large and deep ravine, the descent into which from the plain on either side is so abrupt, that it is often unperceived till one is close to the edge; and into it the river precipitates itself by a fall, or succession of rapids, of considerable height, whence it has obtained its name. In its main features Wady Shellāleh resembles the ravine of the Grande Rivière in Mauritius; and my husband tells me that this is the general character of the rivers of Eastern Africa falling into the Nile.

After reaching the bed of Wady Shellāleh, which we did at half-past five in the evening, we continued our road up the stream, crossing it repeatedly. This part of our journey was rather difficult and tedious, so that it was already dark before we were out of the ravine. I hardly know how we should have found our way, had not the rain ceased before we got down to the bed of the stream; and while we were there the moon, though only four days old and mostly obscured by clouds, still shone out from time to time sufficiently to enable us to pick our way through the rocks, reeds, and brushwood.

It was fortunate, however, that the evening was not brighter; for in the valley we passed near to an encampment of the Beni-Sakhr Arabs, and on the mountains above us we saw the fires of another encampment. Had they perceived us, they would assuredly not have allowed us to pass unquestioned. It is true we had letters from Consul Rogers to the sheikhs of the three divisions of this powerful tribe, so that we were not likely to come to any great harm; but we were better pleased at not having occasion to produce those letters, as it is most probable we should have been delayed, and quite certain we should have had to fraternize with them,—to form *khūweh* or brotherhood, as it is called, which means nothing more nor less than paying them blackmail for their protection, or rather for permission to pass unmolested through their country. During our progress, therefore, along Wady Shellāleh, we used every precaution against

making a noise, so as not to attract the attention of the Arabs.

When we first spoke with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Waddington about our journey, the latter was of opinion that at the doubtful part of it, wherever that might happen to be, a night-march would be advisable. Without any premeditation, and in fact without being conscious of it till it was almost over, we had here, curiously enough, followed out the plan suggested by Mr. Waddington. On the other hand, this night-march caused us unfortunately to miss seeing the remains of the Kanātir Fir'on or Pharaoh's Bridges, of which I have already spoken. Dr. Wetzstein had particularly wished us to see this interesting ancient structure, and it was with this view that he directed us to go by Turra and down into Wady Shellāleh, instead of continuing our route along the plain and round the head of the ravine.

Continuing about three-quarters of an hour over the plain, after emerging from Wady Shellāleh, we were glad enough to reach Howāra, which we did at a quarter-past seven in the evening, very weary and very cold. We found it to be a miserable place, its houses, like those of Turra, being mostly underground; and what accommodation there might have been was already forestalled by a party of soldiers; so that we were thankful to be told by Abu Salim, that he had found a suitable dry spot outside the village, on which to encamp for the night. Before the tents were pitched, Abu Salim, in his character of the

English Consul's kawáss, sent an order to the sheikh of the village to bring firewood, water, and other necessaries for our use. Emin Pasha's *buyurūldi* was also produced, in order to make the soldiers find room for our mules.

But while our dragoman was thus sedulously engaged, a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, and my husband was dubbed by him *Hakim-bashi*, or chief physician, to Fuad Pasha, with Abu Salim as his kawáss. As long as my husband was merely styled *Bēk* and *Consul*, he said nothing, these being mere complimentary epithets, like *Khawāja*; but now that a specific title like this was attributed to him, he felt himself called on to remonstrate. But Abu Salim begged that he would not interfere with what did not concern him. It was his business, he said, to make all suitable arrangements for our journey, and if these were left to him he would be responsible for the consequences, but not otherwise. So, with the example of the author of 'Eōthen' before us, we thought it best to submit in silence to all the honours that might be heaped upon us.

At first we felt very cold in our tent, but a fire was soon lighted in it, and by the time we had dined it was tolerably warm and very comfortable. This was the first time we had been able to pitch our tent; and it was a great relief to me to be alone and free from the incessant importunity of the natives. We were also very much cleaner than we had been in the villages. During

the last two nights we had been most wretchedly tormented by the fleas, so much so that I could not get a wink of sleep. I therefore desired Abu Salim to shake and beat all the clothes outside the tent before making our bed up; and the good effects of his doing so were experienced by us in a comfortable night's rest.

Sunday, January 5th.—It was a lovely morning. Our people, notwithstanding their hard day's work yesterday, were in good humour, as were we ourselves. We did not at all hurry them, because we intended to make but a short day of it—a Sabbath-day's journey, in fact. We started about half-past nine. Not knowing precisely the position of Howāra, in consequence of its not being correctly placed in the maps, we could not tell how far we should have to go, but we thought we might perhaps be able to reach Ain Jenneh.

On the way we inquired about the Kanātir Fir'on, but could learn nothing more than we already knew. Abu Salim wished, however, to correct the notion entertained by my husband that this aqueduct was built to carry water *to* Mukēs. He said he must mean to *below* Mukēs; for, as that town stands on a mountain, the water could not possibly be made to run to it up-hill. This was most philosophical, and in appearance incontrovertible. Viewed from the valley of the Jordan or from Palestine, Mukēs is unquestionably on a mountain; but the fact is, that this "mountain" is nothing more nor less than the edge of the higher table-land behind

it, over the surface of which there is a sufficient fall for the construction of the aqueduct.

Passing the village of Sārihh on our left, which, like Howāra, is built underground, we arrived in about an hour at El Hosn, a village conspicuously placed on the summit of a *tell*, or conical hill. Its inhabitants are principally Christians of the Greek Church, of whom there are forty families. The sheikh is, however, a Mohammedan. We saw women here with their arms and faces tattooed, a custom we had not noticed anywhere else. We also observed at El Hosn, as in several other places, immense holes or caverns underground, used by the inhabitants as granaries and places of refuge against the Beduins. The mouth is small, but they are deep and of great extent.

At El Hosn we took a Christian guide, with whom we now began ascending the mountain in a south-westerly direction, the whole ground being full of springs. We were in fact ascending the side of Jebel Ajlūn or Mount Gilead, which may be considered as commencing from Wady Shellāleh, most of the sources of that river being in its sides. Behind us was a fine view of the extensive plains of the Nukra, of which the beautifully cultivated ground showed in the bright sunshine patches of various colours.

In about half an hour after leaving El Hosn we came to a lovely little rivulet, running briskly down the mountain-side. It was the first clear water fit to drink that

we had seen since we left Damascus, and with one accord we stopped to drink: in fact we all made a rush at it, our animals not less eagerly than our attendants and ourselves; each scrambling to get the first draught, before the deliciously cool water, sparkling in the sun, should be rendered turbid by the others. A few minutes more brought us to the summit of Gilead, where our eyes were gladdened by a sight of what is probably to Christians the most interesting portion of the Promised Land. The conspicuous cone of Mount Tabor, the supposed site of the Transfiguration, was at once identified by our attendants; and then Nazareth, Cana, Tiberias, and the other places of our Saviour's miracles and teaching were eagerly pointed out to us. We paused in silent admiration of this most interesting and affecting scene, with hearts full of thankfulness for having been permitted to reach this spot in safety to behold it. To be in such a position commanding a view of all these memorable places, far more than repaid us for all the trouble and expense and perils of our journey; but above all, we felt that the object of the journey itself was accomplished, and this too in a way that realized in the fullest degree my husband's anticipations.

When the patriarch Jacob was overtaken by his father-in-law Laban, it is manifest that his resting-place on the summit of Gilead, where he "pitched his tent in the mount," must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood, possessing the advantages of a plentiful supply of

water and good pasturage for his numerous flocks and herds; such, in fact, as are to be found at the place where we thus stopped to drink, and—what is of more importance—such as could not have been met with previously on the road; so that the general position of the patriarch's halting-place may be regarded as absolutely determined. And as further it is written that "early in the morning Laban rose up and . . . departed, and returned unto his place, and Jacob went on his way; and the angels of God met him; and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host, and he called the name of that place Mahanaim;"—it may not unreasonably be imagined that here on the brow of the mountain, where the Promised Land is first descried, or at some spot of a similar character not far distant, was the place of the patriarch's mysterious encounter.

In the 'Handbook for Syria and Palestine' it is stated that "about three hours north of Sūf is a ruin called Mahneh, which may perhaps occupy the site of the Mahanaim of Scripture." From the incorrectness of the map accompanying that work, we could not, while on our journey, at all make out, when here, that we were near this ruin called Mahneh; but, on my husband's laying down our route since our return to England, it seems to him that Mahneh cannot be far—apparently not more than three or four miles—distant from the place which, when on the spot, he conjectured might be Mahanaim. What confirms him in this opinion is the conviction that

when we turned off westward, by Turra, to go down into Wady Shellāleh, we left the route pursued by the patriarch Jacob; who certainly would never have driven his flocks and herds into that broken and difficult country, but would have continued his course southward over the plain, straight in the direction of Mount Gilead. By following such a course, he must have ascended the side of the mountain a few miles to the southward of the road taken by ourselves, and would thus have struck the summit of the ridge precisely at Mahneh or Mahanaim.

What the prospect may be from Mahanaim, I cannot pretend to say; but the following description is given in the 'Handbook' of the noble view that is to be obtained from the old castle of Rabbad, in Wady Ajlūn, about halfway up the side of the mountain, right on the way to Mahanaim. From that spot, "nearly the whole valley of the Jordan, with the Lake of Tiberias at the one end and the Dead Sea at the other, is laid open before us. Beyond it is the mountain range of Palestine, sinking down into the broad plain of Esdraelon on the north; further to the right is the graceful cone of Tabor, and the hills of Galilee behind, rising gradually up into the great chain of Lebanon. Turning to the north, the view is only shut in by the lofty snow-tipped summit of Hermon." This view, it will be perceived, is far more comprehensive than the one seen by ourselves from the spot where we crossed the summit of Gilead; and Mahanaim,

which is in a direct line above Kellat-er-Rabbad, as viewed from Bethel, ought to command the same view; or rather, as that castle is only about halfway up the mountain, the prospect from Mahanaim ought to be far more extensive, embracing probably the whole of the Promised Land—a most fitting sight to greet the wanderer after his long absence from the country of his birth.

In order more fully to illustrate this subject, it is requisite to bring under consideration the journey which, twenty years previously, the patriarch Jacob had taken when he "went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Harran." Respecting this journey we read, that on the way Jacob "lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. . . . And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not

leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set up for a pillar shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east."

The land into which the fugitive thus came after leaving Beth-el, is that of "the sons of the concubines which Abraham had, . . . and sent away . . . eastward unto the east country;"—the country of Job, who "was the greatest of all the men of the east;"—and the country of Balaam, who came "out of the mountains of the east" to curse Israel:—that is to say, in general terms, the entire country beyond Jordan to the eastward. And the reasonable construction of the statement in the text, that

"then"—that is to say, on his departure from Beth-el —"Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east," is, that Beth-el was that point in the fugitive's journey, at which he ceased to go northwards on the road previously travelled by Abraham and by Eliezer, and that thence he turned eastward and crossed over the Jordan.

The conclusion that Jacob did really leave the land of Canaan by the way of Mount Gilead, instead of continuing northward to Shechem by the road used by Abraham and Eliezer, is corroborated by the consideration of the remarkable view from Beth-el and its immediate vicinity. In Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible' it is said, "When on the spot little doubt can be felt as to the localities of this interesting place. . . . As the eye turns involuntarily eastward, it takes in a large part of the plain of the Jordan opposite Jericho; distant, it is true, but not too distant to discern in that clear atmosphere the lines of verdure that mark the brooks, which descend from the mountains beyond the river, and fertilize the plain even in its present neglected state." Such is the general prospect from Beth-el and its vicinity. But there is a particular view from Taiyibah, at a short distance east of that place, which is especially deserving of notice. It is thus graphically described in Murray's 'Handbook:'—"The whole eastern declivities of Benjamin are here before us. . . . Away below is the long, deep valley of the Jordan. Beyond are the mountains

of Moab and Gilead. On the north-east a cleft is observed in the range, marking the course of Wady Zurka, the ancient Jabbok, the boundary between the kingdoms of Og and Sihon. And yonder, too, north of it, is the ravine of Ajlūn, in which a clear eye will easily distinguish the old fortress of Rubud, perched on a lofty crag, far up among the hills."

If, then, at or near Beth-el, in the case of ordinary travellers under ordinary circumstances, the eye turns involuntarily eastward; how wistfully and anxiously must that of the fugitive Jacob have been directed to those "mountains of the east," and with what excited feelings must he have gazed on the magnificent view thus portrayed!—especially as it was late in the day when he approached Beth-el, and the rays of the setting sun would have lighted up the mountain-summits of Gilead, rendering all their salient points distinctly visible and more strongly marked; and perhaps then, as now, was seen a Mizpeh—"beacon" or "watch-tower"—perched on a lofty crag, and commanding, like the old fortress of Rabbad (Rubud), a panorama of the entire Land of Promise, from Dan to Beer-sheba.

Arriving late at Beth-el, Jacob had to "tarry there all night, because the sun was set;" and it can easily be conceived—for who has not experienced the like?—that as "he lay down in that place to sleep," the impressive view of the evening should have blended itself with the vision of the night; so that, when in his dream he saw

"a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," that ladder appeared to the sleeper as if extending from the edge of the deep valley of the Jordan up the mountain-side of Gilead, along the deeply marked line of the ravine of Ajlūn; and "the angels of God ascending and descending on it," seemed to point out to the wearied fugitive the way by which he was not only to go, but likewise to return; whilst "above it,"—that is to say, at Mahanaim, the spot at the summit of Mount Gilead, at which, on his way back from Padan Aram, the angels of God were afterwards to meet him, as if to greet him on his return home: at this very spot—"the Lord stood and said" to him, in his sleep, the mysterious and cheering words, which not only founded Israel as a nation, but promised that in the fulness of time in him and in his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed.

The connection and correspondence between Beth-el and Mahanaim thus suggested, may, it is hoped, afford material aid in the elucidation of the two important passages of Scripture, contained in the twenty-eighth and thirty-second chapters of the Book of Genesis.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM MOUNT GILEAD TO KEFRENJI.

If we were rejoiced at having reached the summit of Mount Gilead, our people were not less so. One of the muleteers was a native of Safet, which place we could plainly see where we stood; so that he was, so to say, at home. But I question whether Abu Salim was not the best pleased of all. His journey from Damascus, through a country absolutely unknown to him, must have been frightfully trying, and he could not but have been most heartily glad at its coming to an end. It is true that he had never before been at the precise spot where we now were, but he could see where he was, and knew that he was in the immediate neighbourhood of places he had often visited; so that he was at length in the proper field of his labours as an experienced guide and interpreter to European travellers in the Holy Land.

After having surfeited ourselves with the view of the scene before us, we proceeded on our journey, always slightly ascending; and as we did so, the mountains in

the north of Palestine opened on us by degrees, whilst on the other hand the prospect gradually closed in towards the south. Shortly before reaching the *col*, we passed close to our right a lovely little circular lake, with a rivulet running out of it towards the north, and beyond it a single terebinthine tree. The ground now became covered with stones, with several rude heaps of them standing about; and we began descending a wady, apparently the bed of one of the head-streams of Wady Yabes, which falls into the Jordan. The country here was very beautiful, affording fine pasturage to numerous flocks of sheep. At this season of the year they were those of the villagers; in the summer the Beni-Sakhr Arabs come here with theirs. Trees also began to be more plentiful, and we met several peasants with donkeys laden with wood, which they were taking down to the plains for sale. Here we stopped to lunch. This being the Christmas Eve of the Greek Church, our guide was fasting and could not take his meal with us; but we gave him a piece of dry bread, which, as a traveller, it was lawful for him to eat.

After lunching, we began ascending the mountain on the other side of the wady, when we were astonished by the sight of a *cromlech*, the very picture of Kit's-Coity-House, which I had been to see only a few months previously, when we attended the meeting at Maidstone of our Kent Archæological Society. It is formed of rough unhewn stones, the top stone being about eight feet long,



Cromlech on Mount Gilead.

six feet broad, and rather more than one foot thick, very irregular above, but flat on the inside, with its lower face about three feet three inches from the ground. The three upright stones are quite polished on the inside from rubbing, whether by animals or by human beings I cannot say. It faces nearly north, and the stone at the back is so placed as to leave a recess behind it, about one-third as deep as that in front. It stands on the rugged side of the mountain, which is covered with rough stones of no very large size.*

Whilst we were examining the cromlech, we were accosted by a Turkish officer on horseback, with a bashi-buzūk attending him, who was on his way to the neighbouring village of Mezār. He came up and saluted us very politely, and asked if he could assist us in any way, telling us also where he was going. We thanked him for his politeness, and said we were ourselves going on to the same place. We then remounted and proceeded, the sides of the mountain being now covered with oaks and olives; and continuing down a well-wooded valley leading to the Ghor, we again obtained a view of the Promised Land. We now ascended southward, approaching a *tell* on our right, in which were several

* The 'Athenæum,' of June 25th, 1864, contains a letter from Mr. D. Roberton Blaine, describing a considerable number of similar cromlechs discovered by him at Jumha and at Kefr el Job, on the road between Gadara and Jerash: consequently at no great distance from the ne seen by us.

circular holes leading into cavities below, like those already described, and on the summit of which was Mezār. Without going up to the village, we stopped at the foot of the hill, where our Christian guide took leave of us; and while Abu Salim went up to the village for another, we rode slowly along the road to Jerash, which here turned off to the left.

We had not however proceeded far, when our dragoman came galloping down the hill, calling upon us to stop; and when he reached us, he was in such a state of excitement, and so out of breath, that he had some difficulty in telling us that Hammed (Mohammed Emin) Beg, the Mutsellim or Governor of Jebel Ajlūn, was in the village, and, having heard our request to the sheikh for a guide, had taken on himself to forward us on our journey, saying it was not safe for us to travel alone. While our dragoman was imparting to us this agreeable intelligence, the Mutsellim himself, whom he had found just on the point of starting for the neighbouring village of Tibneh, came down the hill attended by a numerous suite.

He was a very handsome young Turk,—a native of Thessaly, I believe,—rode a splendid bay horse, and seemed magnificently dressed; but he was so completely covered up in a large silk *abba* or cloak, embroidered in gold and silver, that the details of his garments were not to be seen. Over his head he wore a white silk *kefiya*, also worked with silver. His saddle-cloth was

one mass of gold embroidery. Many of his attendants were very handsomely dressed, and in fact the whole cavalcade was a grand and imposing sight. Hammed Beg rode down to us at full speed, pulling up his horse sharply in front of us; and, saluting us in the most courteous manner, he offered us his protection. On being informed of our intended route, he ordered a couple of bashi-buzūks to accompany us to Ain Jenneh and Kefrenji, to which latter place he said he was himself going on the following day; adding, that on his arrival there he would see us again, and personally make arrangements for forwarding us in safety across the Jordan to Nablūs. While the Mutsellim was thus conversing with us, his suite drew up in a circle round us; and after we had thanked him for his very great kindness and attention, he saluted us and galloped off; and they all followed his example, leaving with us the two soldiers who were to be our escort.

We had thought of being able to sleep this evening at Ain Jenneh, but when we heard that it was as much as four hours' journey distant, we at once determined on remaining at Mezār. We therefore ascended the *tell*, but, without entering into the village, we pitched our tents a little way outside. It was a delightful spot and admirably well chosen, commanding on the one side an extensive view over the whole of Galilee, and on the other side almost as extensive a prospect of the plains of Hauran. Hermon was also visible, and beyond it to the

left the southern portion of Lebanon above Sidon, like it white with snow. Our tent was pitched just under a large olive-tree, to which some of the ropes were attached, a precaution which we found far from useless during the night. Close beside our tent was a small circular lake or pond full of water. The day was a splendid one: that of our first journey to Harran was fine, but this was incomparably better. The sun was actually hot; and we quite revelled in it, for we had not felt it so warm since we left Alexandria. After we had looked about us a little, we went into the tent to take coffee, and then to read our prayers. Afterwards we sat, like the patriarch Abraham, in the door of the tent; and, as evening came on, we watched the men of the village performing their ablutions and saying their prayers by the water, and the cattle coming up to drink, the whole forming a most interesting scene.

Whilst thus sitting in the door of our tent, my husband referred to two passages, which he had copied into his note-book shortly before our departure from England. The one was from the Bishop of Columbia's 'Diary,' thus describing his resting at Cayoosh in July, 1861:—"The morning was very hot, and the only refuge and that but slight from the heat, and where most air could be got, was my tent-door. I sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day. So did Abraham in a strange land, far from the place of his birth." The other passage was from Mr. Melly's work, 'Khartoum



and the Blue and White Niles,' in which, after describing the death of his father at Girgee, he says:—"Like Abraham in similar circumstances, we sent to the chiefs of the village to request a place in their cemetery: expressing their sympathy, they considerately desired us to take our choice, and then guided us to the spot."

Here we have instances of three civilized Europeans, while sojourning in a foreign land, comparing themselves to the patriarch Abraham. Why then should the patriarch be likened—as is the fashion of the present age—to a filthy Beduin sheikh, rather than to a civilized Oriental of rank and education? When the history of Terah and his family is considered free from all preconceived notions, it will be perceived how entirely unfounded is the prevailing opinion respecting the state of society in the patriarchal ages.

Terah himself was clearly no "wandering sheikh;" for, whatever may have been the cause of his removal from Ur-Casdim into Aram Naharaim, it is certain that he at once settled down in the latter country, and took up his permanent residence at Harran, where his descendants remained fixed as townsmen during upwards of two centuries, Jacob having found Laban dwelling within the very city that his grandfather Abraham, Terah's son, had quitted.

When Lot, Terah's grandson, separated from his uncle Abraham, whom he had accompanied into Canaan, he soon left off the latter's assumed wandering life, and,

relapsing into the habits of his family, settled down and dwelled in the cities of the plain; and the marked contrast between the different modes of life of Abraham and his renegade nephew, is shown in the description of the visit they each received from, and the reception they respectively gave to, the messengers of Jehovah. Abraham, we are told, "sat in the tent door in the heat of the day;" and he said, "Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree." Lot, on the contrary, "sat in the gate of Sodom; . . . and he said . . . Turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet."

The indisputable truth is, that Abraham, like his father Terah, was neither a Beduin Arab nor a nomade, but a Shemitish townsman, possessing, before he removed into Canaan, a fixed residence within the city of Harran; and the wandering mode of life of himself and his son Isaac and grandson Jacob, instead of being in accordance with the ordinary state of society, was a marked and deliberately intentional exception. And that the posterity of Jacob at a later period, when they had escaped out of the house of bondage, did not, even during their forty years' wanderings in the Arabian Desert, acquire nomadic habits, is established by the fact that, on their conquest of the various cities of the Canaanites, they at once occupied those cities and cultivated the soil, as had been ordained to them through

their great lawgiver long before they acquired possession of the Promised Land.

Let the wild Beduins of the present day (to whom the patriarchs have been likened) be required to leave their tents and dwell within the walls of a town, or to become the cultivators of the soil; and, like the descendants of Jonadab the son of Rechab, the Kenite, no persuasion, no bribe, would induce them to do so. And this is true not only of the Beduins of the Arabian and Syrian Deserts, but of all nomadic people, whatever quarter of the globe they may inhabit; who look down with contempt and even abhorrence on the cultivation of the soil, regarding it as a fit occupation for slaves or serfs, but totally unbecoming free men.

The description of Kirjath-arba or Hebron, the city of the children of Heth, and of Shalem, that of the Hivites, shows not less plainly that the Canaanites, like the inhabitants of the cities of the plain, were far from resembling the Beduin Arabs of the present day. And, in like manner, evidence of the high social condition of the primitive inhabitants of the countries east of Jordan, is afforded by the "threescore cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan ... fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, beside unwalled towns a great many."

Nothing shall be said here of the faith by which "Abraham, when he was called to go into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and

he went out, not knowing whither he went." It is sufficient to regard the patriarch's emigration from Chaldea into Aram, and thence into Canaan, simply as an historical fact; and it certainly does appear that he may more fitly be compared to an English gentleman removing first to the Cape of Good Hope and then to Australia, and there becoming a large sheep-farmer, than to a wild wandering Beduin sheikh of the Desert.

Mr. Kinglake, in his 'History of the Crimean War,' says that the French military are accustomed to give to the Parisians the contemptuous designation of Beduins, in order that, in the event of an insurrection, the soldiers may be prepared to treat the citizens with as little consideration as if they actually were Beduins; in the same way as an Irish Roman Catholic prelate once, by pronouncing Protestants to be "vermin," exposed them to the sudden death which is the lot of vermin everywhere: and there can be no doubt that the most effectual way to bring the holy men of early Scripture history into disrepute, is to liken them to Beduins of the present day. It is much to be deplored that Mr. Herbert, in his magnificent picture in the House of Lords of Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law from Mount Sinai, should have represented the Israelites as a band of rude Beduins, for which there is not a shadow of authority in the text of Scripture.*

* Dr. Beke's views respecting the primitive condition of mankind, and the rise and progress of society, are given in the Appendix to the present work.

The spot we were now at I imagine to be the hill Mizar of Psalm xlii. 5 :—"O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and from the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." My husband makes the elevation of this spot to be 2200 feet above the ocean: adding to this the depression of the valley of the Jordan, Mezar must have an apparent height of more than 3000 feet, which would make it, though small, a commanding object from the opposite side of the river.

At Mezar we passed altogether a most delightful day. We felt ourselves here to be already within the Promised Land, and so likewise must the Two Tribes and a Half beyond Jordan have felt themselves; for all the sights we saw here were as familiar to them as to their brethren within the Land of Canaan. It was not the river Jordan, but the ridge of Mount Gilead, that formed the natural boundary of the possessions of the children of Israel. Viewed in this light, the covenant between Jacob and Laban, at Mizpeh on the summit of Gilead, acquires a peculiar significance :—"This heap be witness, and this pillar be witness, that I will not pass over this heap to thee, and that thou shalt not pass over this heap and this pillar unto me for harm." At the same time, it is positively certain, from the physical character of the country lying on the eastern side of the ridge of Gilead, that a people like the Israelites could never have made any permanent settlement there.

After sundown the wind rose and blew very strong. We feared that rain was coming, but it was only the warm air of the Ghor rushing upwards. During the night it sounded so exactly like rain, that we could not convince ourselves it was not pouring hard, till we looked out and saw the stars shining brightly. In fact, it was a lovely night overhead; but the wind from below was so violent, that it threatened to tear our tent to pieces, and it would assuredly have capsized it, had it not been so well secured to the tree.

Monday January 6th (Twelfth Day).—We were up very early this morning, and enjoyed a magnificently clear view of the morning sun shining on the snows of Hermon and Lebanon. This tent-life is far preferable to passing the night in the villages: in fact, moving from place to place through such a country is to my mind most agreeable, and far more enjoyable than living in houses and cities. There is even a saving of time on the journey; as, although the tents themselves have to be taken down and packed, this has the effect of obliging us to be up and dressed all the earlier; for the tents are unceremoniously pulled down over our heads. But when once they are down and the things packed, there is no carrying of them outside, and sometimes to a considerable distance, to be placed on the mules' backs. Instead of this, the animals are brought up to their loads, which are at once lifted on them, and off they go, generally with a run as soon as the things are thrown

on their backs, as a means of adjusting the load, I suppose.

We started soon after eight o'clock, passing through a country covered with oaks of two species,* one of which is evergreen; our course being through an undulating country, but gradually ascending. The difference between the eastern and western sides of Mount Gilead is most remarkable, the latter being as well wooded as the former is destitute of trees. The beauty of the country, together with its excellent pasturage, renders intelligible the desire of the two tribes of Reuben and Gad, with the half-tribe of Manasseh, to possess it for their numerous flocks and herds; whilst the mast of its oaks must at all times have made it a country peculiarly adapted for swine. Only a few miles below us was "the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee," where was the "herd of many swine feeding on the mountain," which "ran violently down a steep place into the lake."

The ground over which we rode was full of springs, and we passed numerous beautiful rivulets prattling along their rocky beds and sparkling in the bright sun, with several charmingly secluded lakes in hollows covered with the finest grass, and shut in on all sides by magnificent oaks. I can only compare the scenery to that of some of the retired spots in our large English parks; though I doubt whether I ever saw any of them half so

* *Quercus infectoria* and *Quercus pseudo-coccifera.*

beautiful as these we saw here. The trees were now beginning to lose their leaves, and the various tints of brown and yellow were most pleasing to the eye. From some of the oak-trees we picked some immense gall-nuts, full an inch and a half across. Occasionally as we emerged from the clumps of oaks by which our road was overshadowed, we had glimpses of Hermon and the mountains of Galilee, as also of those above the plain of Esdraelon, Jezreel, or Megiddo.

Beautiful as this country is, it is incessantly exposed to the inroads of the Beduins. The Beni-Sakhr and Aduan are those tribes whose depredations are the most frequent, and on our road to-day we passed the graves of two sheikhs of the once-famous tribe of Berekat, recently slain in battle with the latter. The Mutsellim is now in pursuit of the Aduan, but is unable to come up with them. The Turkish Government is using every means to weaken the Arabs. Last year they took three sheikhs of the 'Anezeh, who unfortunately died in prison, in spite of all the care taken of them. There is little doubt of their having been slowly poisoned; for it would not have done to put them to death openly, as this would have occasioned a blood-feud.

About two hours and a half after our departure from Mezar, we came to where the road to Sūf and Jerash branches off from that to Ain-Jenneh, it being two hours to Sūf, and two more to Jerash. We should have much liked to visit the ruins of the ancient Gerasa; but it

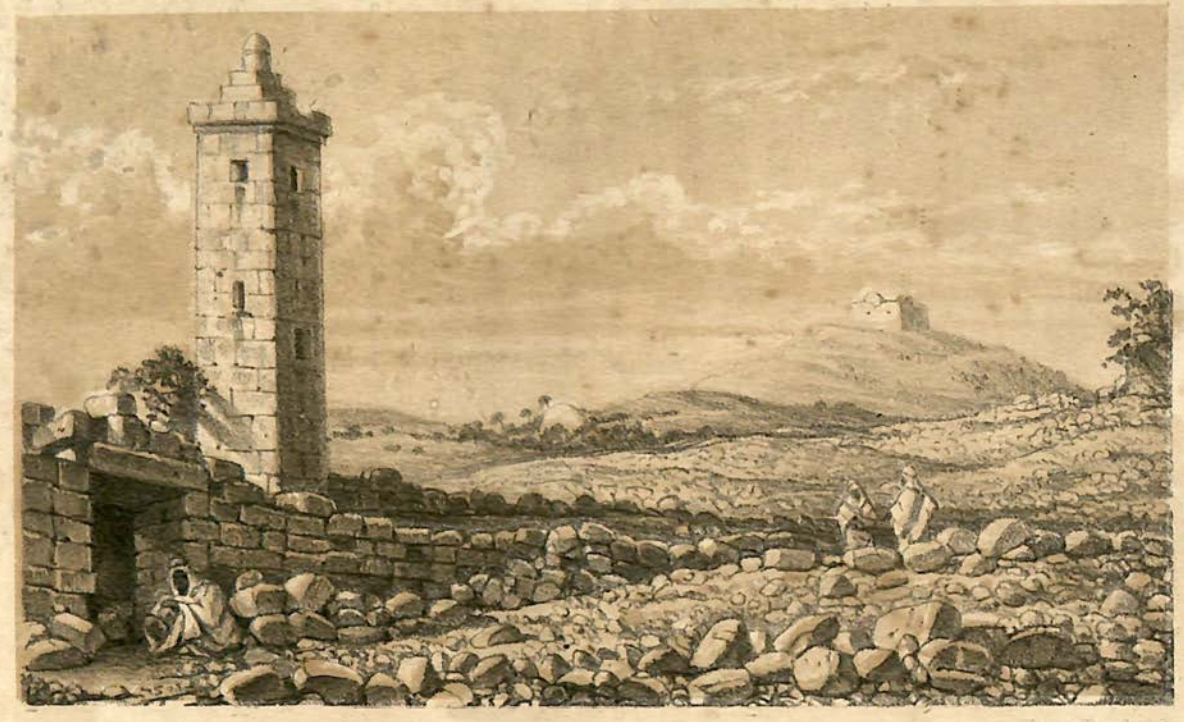
was not within the scope of our journey, and besides it would not have been at all safe to go there just now, on account of the Arabs being in great force in that neighbourhood. In fact, when we saw the Mutsellim at Mezar, he imagined at first we were intending to go to Jerash, which caused him to say he would not have allowed us to attempt it, as even he could not protect us there.

Our way, therefore, now proceeded towards Ain-Jenneh, along the eastern side of the main ridge, commanding a magnificent view of the mountains of Hauran, and beyond them of the snowy summits of those of El Safa, which I could distinctly see with my glasses, to the surprise of my husband and myself. Behind us was the giant Hermon, so well deserving of its name of Jebel esh-Sheikh, visible everywhere, in like manner covered with snow; and then, after a brief interval, we caught a glimpse of Tabor, with the mountains of Shechem and Gilboa, and again, to the west of the plain of Esdraelon and beyond it, the distant range of Carmel.

Towards twelve o'clock we stopped to lunch in a most lovely spot, probably surpassing in beauty all we had yet seen. It was in a delightful meadow, on the bank of a small lake. Only a few minutes before reaching it, we had passed three smaller lakes; but our dragoman appears to have pitched on this one on account of its exceeding loveliness. I am bound to give Mikhail credit for his good taste in the selection of the resting-places.

at which we take our lunch. All round us were low hills wooded to the summits, shutting out all distant prospect, except towards the west, where we had a sight of the mountains beyond Jordan. Around us, but not too near, were large flocks of goats, the shepherds keeping which were all armed with firelocks. We quite luxuriated here over our simple meal of bread and cheese and onions, which was all we had; Mikhail having been able to get only a piece of kid for dinner at Mezar the night before, which had been all finished by our attendants: added to this a draught of the deliciously cool water of the lake, *tempérée* with some very good wine made by our host Demetri at Damascus,—the "wine of Helbon,"—which we had brought on with us for the journey. It was upwards of half an hour before we could tear ourselves away from this enchanting spot.

We now began descending a wady in a south-westerly direction, and soon came in sight of Kellat-er-Rabbad, perched on an eminence. This castle, which has been visited and described by travellers in times past, is now rapidly falling into decay, like the once-powerful family of Berekat, its owners, now represented by the sheikhs of Kefrenji. Still descending the wady, we came to a large spring, bursting out from under the rocks, and forming at once a tolerably large rivulet. After crossing the stream we came a little lower down to another, larger than the first, which we crossed back again. The two together formed a considerable brook. This is



Vincent Brooks, Imp.

AJLUN & KELLAT - ER - RABBAD

Ain-Jenneh, at the head of Wady Ajlūn, the village of that name being situate a little higher up. We then proceeded rapidly down the banks of the stream, till we came to the village of Ajlūn, which is in part troglodytic, and seems to have been formerly more extensive. The mosque has a tall but unsightly square tower, and behind it is seen in the distance the castle of Rabbad, most conspicuously placed on the summit of a lofty isolated mountain.

I stopped here to take a photograph, and, while I was so engaged, two men on horseback approached from the valley below, one of whom dismounted, and, coming up to me, respectfully kissed my hand. He was Sheikh Diab ibn Freikh, the nephew (I believe) of Sheikh Durgan ibn Freikh of Berekat, sheikh of Kefrenji, or more properly sheikh of Ajlūn, though his present residence is at the former place. His attendant was an Arab of the Ghor, though he was so black that he might have been taken for a Nubian. Diab informed us he had received orders from the Mutsellim, to meet us here and escort us down to Kefrenji. Placing ourselves therefore under his guidance, we at once crossed the river and descended the left bank, passing an aqueduct thrown over the stream on a single arch, so narrow as to be only sufficient to carry a small quantity of water for irrigation. We also crossed a tributary stream coming from the left, almost as large as the main stream itself, the name of which we did not ascertain.

The whole way Sheikh Diab and his attendant amused themselves—or more probably intended to amuse us, which they certainly did—by attacking one another in sham fight; the sheikh being armed with a sword, and his attendant having improvised a weapon by breaking a stout branch from an olive tree, which trees here take the place of the oaks. They attacked one another in the most furious manner, advancing and retreating at full gallop, checking their horses when at their greatest speed, and throwing them back on their haunches; and it was really wonderful to see them, while thus madly driving up and down the steep and rocky sides of the mountain, through the brushwood and round and among the trees, possessing the most perfect command over their horses, though with only a simple rope-halter over their heads, without either bit or snaffle.

We here caught a glimpse for the first time, though indistinctly, of the mountains of Judæa; after which, leaving the bank of the river and ascending a little to the left, we arrived at Kefrenji at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. In these parts, a village is placed on some prominent spot overlooking the surrounding country, so as to prevent surprises; and, as a matter of course, the inhabitants were out on the house-tops watching our approach. We were hardly off our horses when they began to collect round us like a swarm of bees; and, as soon as our tents were pitched, numbers of them sat at a little distance, staring at all that was

going on, and evidently expecting something extraordinary was about to happen. But, in fact, every movement was to them something novel and singular. It was like the Lord Mayor's show is to children—both great and small—among us; only it may be questioned whether a party of European travellers, with all the accompaniments of civilized life, are not far greater curiosities in this out-of-the-way place than Lord Mayors are among us at home. We were here shut up in a hollow, surrounded with mountains on every side, with no view, except of the venerable castle of Rabbad, which however, is not seen to so much advantage from this place as from Ajlūn.

After a little while old Sheikh Durgan came to pay his respects. He no longer possesses the power of his ancestors, who were formerly the great men in Jebel Ajlūn, but whose position has now been acquired by the sheikhs of Tibneh. Being under the protection of the Mutsellim, we did not deem it expedient to produce our letter to Sheikh Diab from the British Consul at Damascus; for it could not have made our recommendation stronger, and it might, on the other hand, have complicated matters. After the usual compliments had passed between us, we spoke about our journey, in the way of which both Durgan and Diab threw every sort of obstacle. They said that the Jordan was swollen by the late heavy rains, so as to be quite impassable, it being five or six fathoms deep. There was, besides,

no ford or bridge thereabouts; and the Beni Aduan, who are at enmity with this tribe, were on the river Zerka, so that we could not descend the Ghor, in order to cross the Jordan lower down. In fact, according to their representations, there was no course left for us but to go up northward to Jisr Mejamieh, near the Lake of Tiberias, and cross the river there. We did not at all like the idea of turning back from the route we had marked out for ourselves; but what were we to do? We proposed going straight down Wady Ajlūn to the Jordan, and if we could not cross there, my husband thought there might be a passage at Jisr Damieh; but they said this could not be; for, not only is the bridge broken, but the Jordan has shifted its course, so that the bridge is no longer over the river; besides which, that part of the Ghor was occupied by the Beni Aduan. Mortifying as all this was, we could not help hoping that the arrival of the Mutsellim might free us from our difficulty; but when the sun went down without our either seeing or hearing from him, we began to fear we should be left to provide for our own journey, unless, indeed, we chose to await his arrival, which might be delayed we could not tell how long. Orientals take no heed of time. *Bukrah, inshallah!* to-morrow, please God!—an expression which is always on their lips, is little better than our English saying, To-morrow never comes.

After considering our position from every point of view without being able to come to any positive deci-

sion, my husband and I sat down to dinner in a very desponding mood. All at once the scene changed. To our delight a messenger from the Mutsellim was announced. He was a relative of Sheikh Durgan, who had been up to the governor at Tibneh, and was now returned with a letter to my husband, one to the sheikh of Kefrenji, and another to Sheikh Sa'd, of the Mashalka Arabs encamped in the Ghor. The letter to my husband was most courteous and obliging. The Mutsellim expressed his regret at not being able to come on from Tibneh to-day, as he had intended; but he had sent orders that we should be forwarded on our journey in safety. To the sheikhs he was most peremptory. We were to be taken down to the Ghor, across the river, and on to Nablūs, without delay; and if any accident happened to us, or a particle of our property was lost, it would be on their heads! But this was not all; they were to take us wheresoever else we might please to go. If horses were lost in our service, they should be replaced,—and in fact everybody and everything was placed at our disposal. Nothing could be more wonderful than the change. It was not a mere *deus ex machinâ:* we could not but look on it in a much more serious and solemn light, our journey having been throughout so wonderfully favoured. All objections now ceased, and Sheikh Durgan expressed his readiness to escort us down into the Ghor early next morning.

Of course all our misgivings now gave place to joy.

As to Abu Salim, his head seemed turned like that of Alnasher, the barber's fifth brother, in the Arabian Nights. Never was there a person with such a vivid imagination. I have already said that my husband had been declared to be head physician to Fu'ad Pasha: it was now asserted that I was taking views of the country for no less a personage than Abd-el-Mejid himself. He told us he had overheard a conversation, in which it was said that if we had not been under the protection of the Mutsellim, we should have had to pay dearly for our passage. We did not doubt that for an instant, and we went to rest for the night all the more happy and thankful for our great good fortune.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM KEFRENJI TO THE JORDAN.

Tuesday, January 7th.—During the night we were annoyed by a numerous guard of men placed in front of our tent, where they sat round a large fire, amusing themselves by talking, singing, playing on a one-stringed fiddle, and making such a noise as effectually to prevent our sleeping. I got up several times and looked out of our tent-door, desiring them to leave off and be quiet, and Abu Salim repeated my orders; but it was not till four o'clock in the morning that they thought fit to do as I wished them. This was very amusing to them no doubt, though it was far from proving agreeable to us; but, as we heard in the morning that they had been placed there by the sheikh as a guard of honour, we should have been scarcely warranted in making a formal complaint.

Just as our people began to load the mules, my horse unfortunately got loose and galloped off down the valley, whether intentionally let loose to delay us or not,

I will not take upon myself to say, but it is more than probable. My husband says that on his journey across the Daṅkali country, on his way to Shoa, whenever he heard in the morning that a camel was missing from the caravan he was accompanying, he knew it to be a sign that they were not going to travel that day; as it was an excuse for the Ras el Kafila, or chief of the caravan, to send away half the people to look for the stray animal, and meanwhile the rest refrained from going on with the loading. On the present occasion most of the inhabitants of the village went off after my horse, as it was famous fun for them; and he for his part thoroughly enjoyed his liberty, and was too wide awake to let himself be easily caught. After better than half an hour's chase, he was brought back to me by Sheikh Diab's black servant, who had mounted a horse without saddle or bridle, with only a rope to guide it, and had succeeded very cleverly in catching him at last. Before we started, Sheikh Durgan came to take leave of us. He said he hoped we should speak favourably of him to the Governor of Beyrout, and also to the Waly of Damascus, which we promised to do when we should see them. I rather expect the old fellow would not have been so humble, had we shown him our consul's letter.

At half-past eight we were fairly *en route*, escorted by the two soldiers of the Mutsellim, Sheikh Diab, and the sheikh who had brought the Mutsellim's letters from Tibneh, and who went down to the Ghor to deliver to

Sheikh Sa'd the one addressed to him. The descent was at first very steep and winding, but the slope afterwards became more gradual. My husband and I, with one of our escort, stopped on the road to cut some noble branches of the evergreen oak, which we brought home and have since converted into walking-sticks. As we descended, the country became less wooded, the carob being the principal tree, with still a few stunted oaks and olives. The valley now opened out, showing rather a barren country, with the mountains on the opposite side of the Jordan presenting an appearance even less promising. We were here at some height above the stream of Wady Ajlūn, which we plainly heard rattling along its bed below us to the right. A little further on we left the river, and about ten o'clock passed a small rivulet, with a pond swarming with frogs, the croaking of which, though not at all agreeable in itself, was pleasing from its novelty.

Leaving the basin of Wady Ajlūn, we began a sharp descent within that of Wady Rajib; which stream my husband says, notwithstanding the assertion of the great geographer Carl Ritter, whose authority appears to have misled all geographers and chartographers, he finds to be altogether different from Wady Ajlūn, it being neither identical with nor tributary to it, but having its own separate course to the Jordan. Passing the ruined city of Rajib, lying, as we were told, about an hour and half's journey to the left of our road, we came to the

brow of the mountain, where we had an extensive view over the plain of the Jordan as far as the Dead Sea. We could see nothing of the waters of that mysterious lake, but only the mist overhanging it, which however plainly showed us where it lay. A little further on, we passed close under the ruins of a fortress, built to defend the road, a toll having been formerly collected there from all passers-by. Here we looked out for the encampment of the Beduins to whom we were going, and though we could not see it, we were able to tell its position from the smoke of their fires. The descent down the valley of a tributary of Wady Rajib here became so sharp, that we had to dismount and walk, leading our horses, not only for the sake of comfort, but also for the safety of our necks.

The sides of the valley here consist of gravel and rolled stones in layers, presenting the appearance of a sea-beach. From the comparative levels taken by my husband with the aneroid barometer between Kefrenji above and the Jordan below, he calculates that this spot is at an elevation slightly above the level of the ocean. At the time, then, when the communication between the valley of the Jordan and the Sea of Edom, now the Gulf of Akaba, had not been cut off by the uprising of the land, the waters of the Red Sea would have stood at nearly the height of the spot where we now were; and consequently all the country between the mountains on either side up to that height would have been under

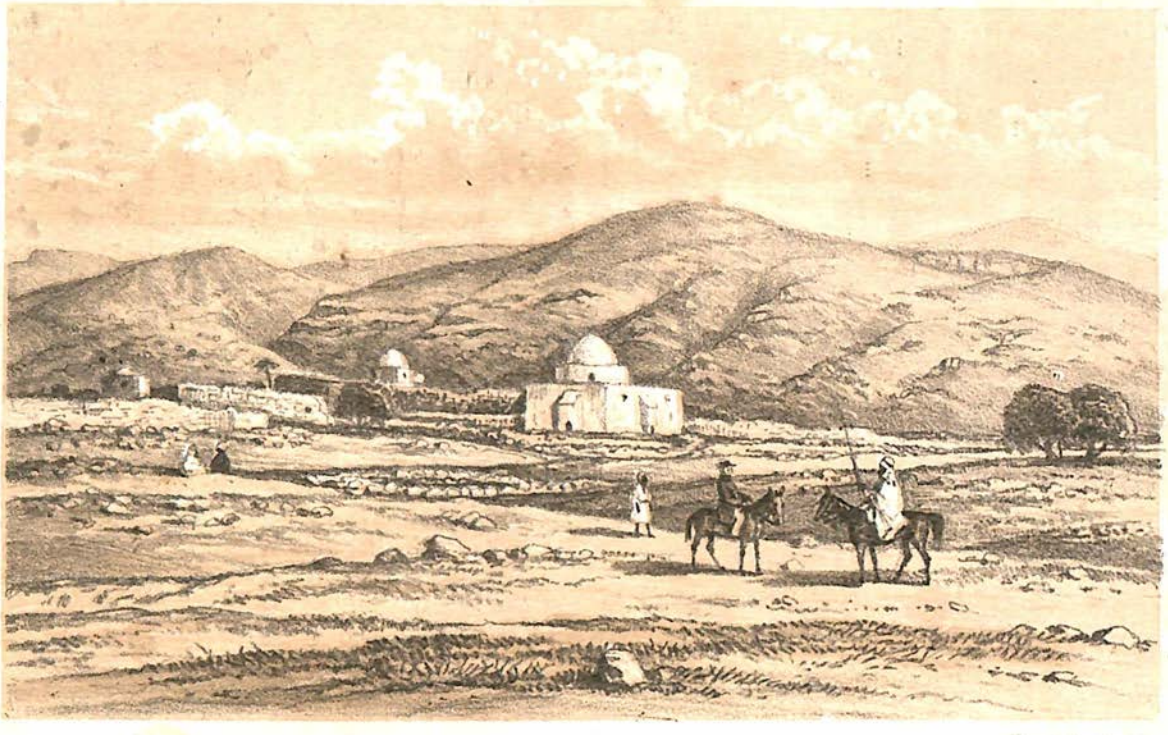
water. When we were subsequently in Jerusalem, Mr. Consul Finn, to whom my husband spoke on the subject, observed that a very distinctly marked horizontal line along the western side of the mountains of Moab, had always struck him as indicating the former sea-line. Of course such a state of things must have existed before the historical period; for we read that "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah;" which proves that at that early period the Ghor was already formed.

A little before noon we came into the valley of Wady Rajib itself, where shortly afterwards we stopped to lunch by the side of an artificial canal, running along the right bank above the river. We had here a fine view of the mountains of Es-Salt—the Mount Gilead of the maps—and the mouth of the Jordan beyond, with Karn Sartabeh to the south-west, on the opposite side of the Ghor. Behind us the water hurried past with a cheerful and refreshing sound; so that, as usual, our lunch time was the pleasantest moment of the day. At the point just beyond where we sat was another ruined fortress, also built to protect the road, or perhaps only the aqueduct. After lunch we went straight down to the stream of Wady Rajib, which we crossed, and then continuing along the other side, we soon entered upon the Ghor, or Plain of the Jordan.

It is here the place to remark, that, below Kefrenji

we had quitted the route of the patriarch Jacob, whom my husband considered as having pursued his course from Mahanaim south-westwards, straight down Wady Ajlūn as far as the Ghor; on reaching which he proceeded southwards till he came to the spot where we now were; and that thence he continued his journey in the same direction along the Ghor as far as Peniel, at the ford of the brook Jabbok, now Wady Zerka.

As for ourselves, after continuing over this plain south-westward for about a quarter of an hour, we came to a mosque, with the tomb of Sheikh Abu Obeida, a *wely* or saint much venerated in these parts, supposed to be the Moslem commander of that name under the second Khalif, Omar, who with him conquered Damascus, and who was killed in battle against the Persians in the fourteenth year of the Hegira (A.D. 635). This tomb is mentioned by Ibn Batuta, by Burckhardt, and by Molyneux, and it is evidently the "Abu el Beady" of Buckingham; as the latter word, if written with Italian letters, would be "Biedi," so that "Abu el Biedi" might well do duty for "Abu Obeida." According to Ibn Batuta, this part of the Ghor was, in the sixteenth century, well cultivated and full of villages. There is still some little cultivation, but we saw no signs of villages, nor did we hear of any. But there are three Beduin encampments in this neighbourhood, that of the Mashalkas in the middle, to which we were going, being the largest. I stopped to take a photograph of the mosque, when a



mounted Beduin, who at the moment happened to come up to us with his long spear in his hand, readily complied with my request that he would place himself within the field of the instrument, and seemed quite delighted at being taken as part of the view. We met several mounted and armed Beduins about here, evidently belonging to the encampments in the neighbourhood.

From Abu Obeida we continued westward over the plain, accompanied by the Beduin who had stood to have his picture taken, and who now formed one of our party. It was a fine bright warm day, and I was in high spirits; so that it was not long before I had a glorious gallop over the plain, Arab fashion. My example was soon followed by our escort and the Beduins who had joined our party, and all together we had *fantasīa ketīr*—"plenty fun, Sir." In order to try the experiment, I borrowed the spear of the Beduin and rode about with it. I fancy he thought I should not be able to carry it; but I soon let him and the others see I could not only carry it, but make use of it, and manage my horse at the same time, if not quite so well, at all events much in the same way as the Beduins themselves. The Arabs seemed both surprised and delighted at seeing a lady ride so well, and our dragoman told my husband that, last night, some of the people having remarked my good riding, he had informed them that I had taught the ladies of Fu'ad Pasha's harem to ride! Never was there such an incorrigible story-teller.

Passing a *tell* on the right-hand, we soon came to a deep descent, which brought us into the lower plain of the Ghor, being that through which the Jordan has its course. We found this lower plain covered with thorns, of the kind of which our Saviour's crown is said to have been formed. We then continued over broken ground, caused by small gullies through the deep alluvial soil, till we came to the edge of the plain; when, descending a frightfully steep bank almost perpendicular, we found ourselves at the encampment of the Mashalka Arabs, situate at a short distance from the river's edge. The tents were pitched in a large oval, leaving a vacant space in the middle, into which all the goods and chattels—here literally the *cattle*—of the tribe are brought and secured at night; and here, on account of our great value I suppose, it was our lot to be placed.

We rode straight up to the sheikh's tent, where Abu Salim told us we were to dismount and encamp for the night. We strongly objected to this, asking why we could not first cross the river and encamp on the opposite side; and we refused to dismount till we had spoken to the sheikh. This worthy soon presented himself with his pipe in his mouth,—as insignificant and ill-looking a fellow as can well be imagined. If this is a specimen of the Beduin sheikhs with whom the patriarchs are to be compared, we certainly shall not be led to entertain a high opinion of the latter. After the usual salutations, our escort presented to 'Sheikh Sa'd the Mutsellim's

order, to take us over the river and to see us safely on our journey to Nablūs. He said that he was quite ready to let us pass over the Jordan, but that he was not on friendly terms with the tribe of Arabs on the other side of the river, and he therefore could not escort us to Nablūs. He added that we could cross here, but not to-night, as the requisite arrangements could not be made till the morrow.

Not being satisfied with this answer, we desired him to take us down to the river's edge, in order that we might see for ourselves; and if it appeared anyhow practicable to cross it to-night, we would do so without waiting for any other arrangements. Accordingly we all went down to the river, and there found that the water had fallen considerably since the rains had ceased, and was not nearly so high as it had been represented to us. Nevertheless, the water was so deep and the current so strong, that it would have been madness for us to attempt to ford the river, or to cross it without some proper assistance. Sheikh Sa'd again promised to provide for our safe transit early next morning, but nothing would induce him to move that day; and when we talked of swimming across, he said he would not let us go to-night under any circumstances. So, there being no help for it, we returned with him to the camp, where he made us pitch our tents in the open space in the centre of the tents, right in front of his own; alleging, as his reason for so doing, that it would not be safe for us to

pitch our tents by the water-side, as we wished to do, in order to get away from the filth of the camp, or even far away from himself.

If we had not been convinced in our own minds that we were here in a villanous neighbourhood, the reports of previous travellers would remove all doubts on the subject. Burckhardt, when passing along a little higher up, remarks that "a stranger, who should venture to travel here unaccompanied by a guide of the country, would most certainly be stripped." Buckingham speaks of Wady Ajlūn, by him called Wady Fakaris, down which we had just come, as being "so notoriously infested by robbers, that persons scarcely ever pass through it, even in large parties, without being attacked; and it was thought madness for single travellers like ourselves to attempt it."

It was in fact close by this spot that Lieutenant Molyneux's party were attacked, as related in the eighteenth volume of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society; and not merely so, but it was by these very Mashalkas—by him called Messallieks,—among whom we now were. From Molyneux's own journal the precise spot where he was plundered could not be fixed; but Commander Lynch, of the United States' Navy, in his official report of the Dead Sea Expedition, has identified the place; for, when he had descended the Jordan to about where we now were, he says, "We had now reached a part of the river not visited by Franks,

at least since the time of the Crusades, except by three English sailors, who were robbed and fled from it a short distance below;" which he further explains by the following entry in his diary of the next day:—"About an hour after starting, we came to the place where the lamented Molyneux's boat was attacked while he was journeying down by land." Captain Lynch further reports, that he himself and his companions were in expectation of a skirmish with "some strange Arabs, supposed to be a marauding party," who "were believed to belong to the tribe Mikhail Meshakāh, whose territory was thereabouts," that is to say, these same Mashalkas again.

Sheikh Sa'd himself is probably the very man with whom poor Molyneux relates he negotiated for an escort, but could not come to terms, because "his charge was very great;" for he told our dragoman, in the course of conversation, that, had he not received such a peremptory order from the Mutsellim to convey us safely across the Jordan, he would not let us pass for less than five thousand piastres—nearly fifty pounds sterling! In saying this, I suspect he did not wish to put too fine a point to it, and that it would have been nearer the truth if he had said, that, had we come down unprotected, he would have plundered us of everything we possessed. Travellers in the valley of the Jordan too frequently fall among thieves. A few years ago a friend of ours, when going to Jericho, was left with nothing but his spectacles.

Another tourist is said to have been deprived of all his baggage and wearing apparel except a pair of gloves; whilst a party of three were stripped of everything, and left to find their way back to Jerusalem, with one donkey and a single pair of trousers among them—at least, so we were told.

Apart from the general reputation of the neighbourhood, our place of encampment was a most wretched one. The tribe having been stationed here for some time, the whole ground was saturated with the filth of the cattle, which in this heated atmosphere was most offensive and unwholesome. We had hardly arrived when we were surrounded by the Arabs,—men, women, and children,—watching and examining all that was going on, and whom we could not keep from handling everything about us, and ourselves into the bargain, so that they were not long in transferring to us myriads of vermin. In truth, the dirt and filth we had to put up with here were to me worse than all else.

At sundown the mountain-sides became covered with animals of various descriptions, returning home for the night. All were brought within the circle of the tents, and in a very short time the entire space was crowded with sheep, lambs, goats, kids, cows, asses, horses, camels, fowls, and dogs—to say nothing of insects of many kinds. The smell and the heat from all these animals were intolerable, and the noise made by them, and by the frogs in the swampy ground around us, kept us awake

the whole night. When the animals had thus been brought in, fires were lighted in front of most of the tents, and their inmates soon became busily engaged in preparing their suppers.

The Beduin tent is composed of camel's-hair cloths, supported by sticks and ropes tied to stakes in the ground, forming a covering overhead of some fifteen or twenty feet long, without being closed in at the sides or ends, but entirely open all round to the wind and cold. A little brushwood spread on the ground, and a wretched dirty straw mattress to lie on, seemed to be the extent of the furniture. They are an intensely dirty people, and their animals appear to be quite as much at home in the tents as they are themselves, and they all pig together. So much is it the habit of the sheep to go into the tents, that we could not keep them out of ours. They have a curious way of preventing their animals from straying: they set fire to the brushwood in those parts of the Ghor where they do not wish the animals to go.

While I was occupied in developing the photographs I had taken, my husband was boiling his thermometers, from which he calculated the depression of this place below the ocean to be 1174 feet. It would not have been pleasant if the waters of the Red Sea could have come in upon us. To enable them to do so, all that would be requisite is to cut through the slightly elevated ground in the Araba,—as the southern prolongation of the Ghor is called,—between the south end of the Dead

Sea and the head of the Gulf of Akaba, which would hardly be a more difficult task than the formation of the Suez Canal. How strange it would be to have the waters of the Red Sea running inland further north than the Lake of Tiberias!

The water of the Jordan has the reputation of being the best in the world; but I suppose this is on account of the sacred character of the river, as my husband certainly does not think it so good as the Nile water. We found it, however, very agreeable, though not remarkably clean, notwithstanding which we drank plentifully of it in consequence of the suffocating heat.

We were here told that the ford of Wady Zerka was about an hour and a half or two hours to the south of the camp of the Mashalkas. It is not to be reached by going along the lower plain, but one has to return to the upper plain, namely, that on which the tomb of Abu Obeida stands, and so continue along the plain to the ford. This is the "Ford Jabbok," at which, before crossing over the river to meet his brother Esau, "Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled with him a man until the breaking of the day . . . and Jacob called the name of the place Peniel."

After the meeting of the two brothers, it is evident from the Scripture history that Esau was most urgent on Jacob to accompany him to Mount Seir, and that the latter made all sorts of excuses for not complying with his brother's request. The result was that "Esau

returned that day on his way unto Seir," whilst the astute Jacob, professing to "lead on softly, according as the cattle that went before him and the children were able to endure," journeyed only as far as Succoth, where he stopped short and "built him a house, and made booths for his cattle;" and when the unsuspecting Esau had gone so far as to render his return unlikely, Jacob suddenly broke up his camp at Succoth, and hurried across the Jordan, not returning at first to his father Isaac at the family residence in "the city of Arbah, which is Hebron," where Esau in his anger might easily have gone to him, but directing his steps in a contrary direction, to Shalem, a city of Shechem. Succoth must consequently have been situate somewhere to the south of the Jabbok, and most probably at a very short distance from that brook on the east side of Jordan, and not on the opposite side and further to the north, where it has been placed by other travellers. This is the common-sense view of the subject, when all the circumstances narrated are considered.

There is, however, another argument deserving of being adduced in support of the conclusion thus come to. The Bible history does not profess, any more than other historical works, to relate *everything* that occurred; and in particular it omits all mention of the stages of Jacob's journey, both in going to and returning from Padan Aram, except the few principal ones from which the remainder may be determined with a

near approach to accuracy. Thus, on the outward journey, the only station expressly named is Beth-el, that being the point at which the fugitive turned from the high north road on which he had been travelling, and passed over the Jordan, "into the land of the children of the east." In like manner, on his return-journey we find only Mount Gilead, Mahanaim, Peniel, and then Succoth mentioned; which last station is the southernmost point reached, whence turning westward he crossed the Jordan, and made the best of his way to Shechem. With these few principal stations marked on the map, it will be seen however that all the intermediate portions of the patriarch's route may be filled in without difficulty.

My husband considers Jacob's encampment at Succoth to have been on the upper plain on the east side of the Jordan, about where it is crossed by the high-road from Es-Salt to Nablūs, near to the ruined bridge called Jisr Damieh; and he is of opinion that, when the patriarch broke up from Succoth, he at once crossed the Jordan by the ford on this high-road, and continued along the same road up the valley of Wady Fārihh to Shechem or Nablūs. Succoth will consequently have been situated in about 32° 06′ north latitude. The position of the junction of the Jabbok, now Wady Zerka, with the Jordan, is fraught with difficulties, every constructor of a map of the Holy Land appearing to have different ideas on the subject. In my husband's com-

munication to the Royal Geographical Society, made shortly after our return from Syria, he expressed the opinion that Wady Zerka enters the Jordan in about 32° 03′ N. lat.; but having since taken into consideration the positions of the ford of the Jordan and Jisr Damieh, as laid down in Lieutenant Van de Velde's map, he concludes that the junction is more correctly to be placed somewhere about 32° 07 N. lat.

We were most desirous of going down the Ghor as far as the ford of the Jabbok, and would certainly have tried to do so, in spite of the Beni Aduan; but we did not dare attempt it, as our only chance of getting across the Jordan was by urging the necessity for our instant departure, with a view to our speedy arrival at Nablūs. This was the consequence of Abu Salim's passing us off for what we were not. My husband had now become the Sultan's own body-physician—*Hakim Mālekna*—travelling post-haste to Constantinople. Our hurry to cross the river was therefore only natural and proper; but were we to lose a day by going to the Jabbok, we should prove ourselves to be impostors. Independently of all which, it really was important for us to get away before our dragoman's tricks were exposed, as sooner or later they could not fail to be.

I have already mentioned that the attendant of Sheikh Diab ibn Freikh, who met us at Ajlūn, was so black that we at first took him for an African. We noticed the same character among most of the Arabs in the camp;

and Lieutenant Molyneux, in describing the Beduins by whom his sailors were attacked, says that "two-thirds of these men were blacks, belonging to the tribe of the Messallieks." As in the case of the valleys of all tropical rivers, which the Jordan from its great depression most resembles, the heat and moisture tan the inhabitants very rapidly; so it is only natural that the people here should possess physical characters similar to those of the Negroes of Africa, as also the Papuans or Asiatic Negroes, in accordance with the principles enunciated in my husband's 'Origines Biblicæ.'

These Beduins of the Ghor are in truth perfect savages. Compared with them, gipsies are gentlefolks. People in this "state of nature" cannot possibly rise from their own efforts; and should civilized man ever come in constant contact with them, they must die out, as the North American Indians and the Australians have already done, and as the New Zealanders are now doing in their turn. The late Lord Macaulay indulged in the fancy that, at some remote future period, the civilized New Zealander will speculate over the deserted ruins of the present rich and populous capital of England. The day may come, indeed, when London shall be as Nineveh and Thebes. But the Australasian, of whatever continent or island, who shall muse over its remains, will not be a civilized descendant of the present native savages, who are already "evanescent" and will probably have totally disappeared before the latest great

improvement of London, the Thames Embankment, is completed; but he will be the offspring of the colonist from England, which country, however fallen from its present high estate, he will still be proud to venerate as the birthplace of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

Wednesday, January 8th.—When we got up this morning, we found the whole camp enveloped in a thick mist, which at first surprised us, but may be thus accounted for. At Mezar, at the edge of the valley of the Jordan, the warm air, rushing up from the Ghor, caused wind: here below, the cold air, coming down, condensed the vapour and caused mist. At eight o'clock the sun rising behind the mountains threw up horns—or "daggers," as I called them at the time—along the summit, which horns rapidly dispersed, and were succeeded by others larger in size; till at length the luminary itself appeared, sending up a single horn, which instantly spread into rays of light. As soon as the sun was risen, the mist dispersed rapidly, and all was life. The cattle had first to be milked, and then the flocks and herds were sent out to graze. It was a pretty sight to see them all leaving the camp, and streaming up the sides of the mountains. As we walked amongst the tents, the dogs

flew at us ferociously, and were brutally struck by the people. The poor animals are not treated at all kindly; but they are most valuable as guardians, each tent having two or three of them, which all night long had kept up an incessant barking, first at one thing and then at another.

Sheikh Sa'd took so much time to show himself, that we began to fear some *contretemps*. We had, however, made up our minds, either to cross the river this morning, or else to return back to Kefrenji in the hope of meeting the Mutsellim, or if he were not there, then we would proceed up the river to Jisr Mejamieh. We therefore packed up everything, in readiness to start either the one way or the other.

When at length the sheikh did think fit to make his appearance, we were not much surprised at finding the first question to be, what we were going to pay him and his people for their trouble. The two soldiers also talked of leaving, as did likewise the men from Kefrenji, as they all said that their duty was performed when they had delivered us over to the Mashalka Arabs. This was not at all our idea, nor theirs either in reality; only they wished to realize their position, or, in other words, to see whether they could not manage to squeeze something out of us. We made them all good promises, and took out some money to have it ready to give to them. Abu Salim, on his part, explained to them, in the most *nonchalant* manner possible, that, as we were travelling

at the expense of the Turkish Government, it was quite immaterial to us what they charged us, as the Hakim-bashi would immediately draw for it on the Treasury. This was equivalent to telling them they would charge us anything at their own peril. But then he added, most kindly and considerately, that if they conducted themselves to our satisfaction, my husband was quite willing to make them all a present out of his own pocket. God forgive us for being privy to all these falsehoods! It was with difficulty that we kept ourselves from declaring that what he said was not true; but the mischief was done before we were well aware of it, and we should only have made matters worse by interfering. How much all this reminded us of the scene so ably depicted by Mr. Kinglake in 'Eōthen!'

Just as we were on the point of going down to the river, an Arab from Jericho came into the camp. He asked if we were going to that place, but we said we were not. This Arab knew Abu Salim well, and I apprehend he must have immediately seen through all the stories the latter had been telling, even if he did not expose him to Sheikh Sa'd, whose relative he was by marriage. At all events, I feel convinced that this man's arrival was the chief, if not the sole, cause of our encounter with the Beduins on the other side of the Jordan.

It was not till nine o'clock that we left the camp, going a little way up the bank of the river to the ford. The water had fallen even since we were there last night,

as was shown by sticks stuck by the Arabs in the mud along the water's edge, which they kept moving forward during the day, as the water continued to recede. The countryman, who waited by the river-side till the water should run out, would hardly have been thought foolish in waiting here by the side of the Jordan. Could we have ensured only another week of fine weather, we might doubtless have forded the stream on our horses. In its actual state, however, the current was still very rapid, and the passage a hazardous one.

Sheikh Sa'd at once set his men to work to cut down brushwood for a raft, whilst the women inflated a number of water-skins, binding the mouths up very tight to prevent their collapsing; which skins were then placed in the interstices of the branches forming the raft, and the whole tied securely together. The children, who followed us down to the river, amused themselves with fighting, throwing sticks at one another as lances, etc.—learning to do, in fact, what would be their occupation in after years. When my husband was at the market-town of Yejubbi, in Southern Abessinia, he noticed the Mohammedan children there playing at buying and selling *slaves* and other merchandise! So true it is, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

While all this was going on, a little confidential conversation took place between Sheikh Sa'd and Abu Salim, which the latter came to communicate to us.

He had promised that my husband would give ten mejidehs as a free gift out of his own pocket, about which he would not say anything to the Government. If Sheikh Sa'd was satisfied with this, we on our side had certainly no reason to complain. However, as will be seen by-and-by, the calls on our purse were not at an end by the payment of this trifle.

At about half-past ten some boys were sent across the river. They threw their arms alternately over the water, whilst treading it with their feet. Next an old woman, who had been the principal inflater of the water-skins, tied one of them on her back, and a man stripped and took hold of a rope fastened to her; and the two walked together into the stream. The current soon caught the lady, who floated away with only her head and her "skin" visible; whilst the man swam and guided her in safety to the opposite side. Then one of the mules was taken across, but not without his turning two or three times, and dragging back to the bank the man who guided him. At length about eleven o'clock they carried the raft into the water, and launched it—a most rude contrivance, sure to wet everything and everybody placed upon it. Our chief muleteer, Abu Mustafa, was the first who was persuaded to venture in this frail bark; a part of our baggage being first placed on it, and he seating himself on the top. Some twenty men and boys swam round the raft, holding and guiding it with ropes, singing, shouting, and making all sorts of noises; and



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so, like Mr. Feeble-mind in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' he went over to the other side.

On reaching the opposite bank, the raft was pulled on shore, unladen, and then carried some distance up the stream, where it was again launched, and was borne by the current back to our side. Here it was taken out of the water, and the lashings looked to and secured; as such a rough machine required constant supervision. For the following load Abu Salim wanted some of the pack-saddles, which the second muleteer refused to let him have. An altercation ensued between the two, in which the sheikh interfered as arbiter; and on the muleteer's not deferring to his authority, the sheikh at once proceeded to lay hands on the things, for the purpose of removing them. The stupid muleteer, forgetting that he had to do with an autocrat as absolute in his sphere as the Emperor of Russia, attempted to prevent the removal of his own property; when he was set on by the whole tribe, who struck him, kicked him, and knocked him about without mercy. In fact, so furious were they at their chief's authority being disputed, that I really do believe they would almost have torn him limb from limb, had I not rushed forward and placed myself in front of the unfortunate wretch, as he lay prostrate on the ground. My interference instantly put a stop to the fray. The man was under *my* protection, and Sheikh Sa'd was the first to call off his men, who, however, scarcely needed the warning, so strong is the feeling of

gallantry or honour among the Arabs. The poor fellow had, however, been already severely handled, and blubbered famously when it was all over.

The raft was now again launched, but it was too heavily laden, and so everything went under water and got wet through. This is the common fault. They want to get through the work as quickly as possible, and don't care what mischief they do to one's things. It was fine sport to them, such a warm, fine day as it was; and whilst they were shouting and jumping about in the water, they nearly let the raft drift past the landing-place. The sheikh appeared to work the hardest of all, swimming over with every load; and on his arrival on the other side, an attendant had a white dress ready to throw over him.

Whilst we were waiting for our turn, the doctor of the tribe came to consult the Hakim-bashi as to whether to-day was an auspicious day for letting blood. As my husband did not want anything to interfere with the work that was going on, he told him very gravely that he had better postpone the operation till to-morrow. At the same time, at the request of his *confrère,* my husband looked at his lancets, which were not exactly the best, and to his intense delight promised to give him one of his own, when he could get at his things on the opposite bank.

Our cook Yussuf was the next to go over. He behaved like a man; took his place quietly on the top of

the luggage, carrying my fowling-piece in his hand; and when he reached the middle of the current, fired off both barrels, to the great delight of all the Arabs.

At one o'clock our turn came to cross the river. Our saddles were laid one on the other on the raft, to make a sort of raised seat in the centre for my husband to sit on; but the difficult thing was to get at this seat, as at the very first step he took in this rough boat, his leg slipped between the sticks of the raft into the water below. The attempt to extricate himself only made matters worse, and he soon found himself astride an inflated goat-skin, with his legs dangling in the water through the framework of the raft,—a rather ludicrous sight, but a very awkward position nevertheless. It ended by his finding there was no means of getting a seat on the raft, but by dragging himself on backwards in an uncomfortably flat position: in fact he was more lying on his back than sitting, and I was obliged to jump on his legs, and there hold on in the best way I could. Of course the posture my husband was in quite prevented his being able to assist me or even himself. Uncomfortably as we were placed, and almost unable to move, we might still have crossed over pretty dry, had we only been alone. But the third muleteer had perched himself on the raft behind us; and as this naturally sank that end of it under water, Abu Salim, just at the last moment, when the raft was being pushed off, jumped on at the other end, and brought the entire load below the

water-line, in which state it had, of course, to go the whole way across the river. It was an amazingly stupid affair, and all done to save an additional passage.

The worst of the matter was, that, just as we reached the most rapid part of the current, the raft nearly capsized, in consequence of the men having pulled so much on one side as to give it a list (to use a nautical expression); and it would most assuredly have gone over altogether, had I not righted it by throwing myself off into the water. Our attendants, who, to do them justice, were most attentive and anxious to take care of us as far as lay in their power, scrambled through the water to my rescue, and I was dragged to the shore by at least half-a-dozen of them, all vying with one another as to who should have the largest share in saving me.

In spite of the danger to which, seriously speaking, we were exposed, the scene had its ludicrous side also; and I cannot but admit that we were very merry in spite of our disasters. There was one thing which was most ridiculous. My husband had taken with him an ordinary European black hat, to wear in the towns, as is customary; and as the hat-box had got broken on the journey, we thought the safest way to carry it over the water was that he should put it on his head; and in that trim he crossed the river. I fancy the Jordan has not often been thus made to carry a "chimney-pot."

We were, however, most thankful for having passed the river in safety; though on looking to our things we

found them to be all, with scarcely any exception, wetted through and through. Our first task, therefore, was to set to work, every one of us, to open our trunks, and spread their contents out to dry; and we made the more haste to do this, as we saw a small cloud rising in the west, which threatened rain. The poor muleteers were very unhappy about their pack-saddles; and sat down and cut them open, in order the more quickly to dry the insides. Our dragoman's canteen was full of water, and all its contents in the way of provisions completely spoiled; sugar, tea, coffee, bread, flour, being melted into one pudding. For the rest, our bedding, cloaks, shawls, clothes, saddles, etc., were all wringing wet. Our boots and stockings, which we had taken off before getting on to the raft to prevent them from becoming wet, we had much better have kept on; and as we had none dry to change, we had to remain an hour or more bare-footed, while looking after our things and drying them in the sun. Our travelling-trunks had to a certain extent kept out the water, and the closely-packed linen remained, therefore, tolerably dry. My husband's aneroid barometer was full of water, which had to be poured out. Of course the index was changed, and there was an end of it; but, fortunately, he had taken an excellent set of observations all the way down the valley from Kefrenji, so that it did not now much signify.

But by far the worst of all was, that the water had got into my photographic apparatus, with all the

views I had taken, many of which it had irremediably defaced, and not a single one remaining wholly uninjured. This was most disheartening, after all the trouble I had given myself, and when so many of the views had succeeded so well. But I consoled myself with the reflection that we had ourselves crossed the Jordan in safety, and that the object of our Pilgrimage was in fact accomplished; for we had now completely traced the route of the patriarch Jacob from Padan Aram into the Promised Land.

The two bashi-buzūks, only one of whom had crossed the river with us, were now pressing to be dismissed; so my husband wrote a few lines to Hammed Beg, thanking him for his assistance, and reporting favourably of all and sundry. He told him also he should not fail to write to her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Damascus, requesting him to make it known to his Excellency, Emin Pasha. He then gave the two soldiers two medijehs apiece, with which they seemed more than satisfied. As soon as Sheikh Sa'd saw what was going on, he came for his promised bakhshīsh. It was perhaps premature to give it to him then; but we could not go from our promise, so we handed him his ten mejidehs: five for his tribe and five for himself would be about the proportion, I suppose, in which they would be divided. To this my husband joined the promised lancet for the doctor, and I added a piece of money for Sheikh Sa'd's little daughter, with which he seemed

more pleased than all the rest. For the two sheikhs of Kefrenji we gave two striped silk coats; which, as they did not cross the river, we sent to them by Sheikh Sa'd.

But before the latter left, we pressed him to return, for the purpose of remaining to guard us all night. For some time he refused to do this; but at length, upon the tempting promise of a scarlet cloak for himself, and two mejidehs for his men, he was induced to swear to return for the night: only he insisted on having his cloak first, as he said it was impossible for him to go back with dresses for others without one for himself. This was reasonable enough; so with my own hands I got him out one from my trunk, which Abu Salim said we had intended taking on with us to Constantinople as a curiosity; and on this being thrown over his shoulders, he strutted off as proud as a peacock. Sheikh Sa'd is a frightfully ugly old fellow, and likes to have his own way; but as regards his conduct to us, we cannot say we had any reason to be dissatisfied with him. His undertaking was to watch us during the night, but not to protect us; as he said the ground was not his own, and he was not on terms with the Arabs on this side. *Allah kerim!*

The forebodings of rain were not deceptive. In the afternoon, about half-past four, it began to thunder, and in an hour afterwards it rained hard. What a blessing it was we had crossed the river! Sheikh Sa'd came over with some of his men, according to his word, to guard

us during the night. They lighted a large fire in front of the tents, and sat down in the pouring rain, with their guns ready in their hands and covered up with their cloaks, keeping watch. It rained so hard that, in spite of the waterproof covering to our tent, the rain made its way in all round, and fell even on our bed. About eight o'clock we lay down in our clothes, to take a little rest, for we were quite knocked up with fatigue, and from having nearly fasted for want of provisions; leaving Abu Salim and the rest to watch till midnight, when he was to call us up. But, before lying down, I took care to load all our firearms, so as to be prepared in case we should happen to be attacked.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE JORDAN TO SHECHEM.

Thursday, January 9th.—Shortly after midnight we were called by Abu Salim, according to our arrangement. It was a wretched night, with the rain falling in torrents. The Arabs were sitting quietly round the fire, which, somehow or other, they managed to keep up in spite of the rain. One of our muleteers, poor fellow, lay under the shelter of our tent, with a dreadful cold and cough, which it made my heart ache to hear. It was very cold; and the incessant howling and barking of the dogs in the Arab camp on the opposite side of the Jordan, the sullen sound of the rushing stream, and the rain beating down heavily over our heads, did not tend to warm our blood, but rather to make us shudder all over with horror, when we thought of the desolate spot in which we then were at that dead hour of the night. Towards four o'clock my husband lay down again; but I continued to sit up writing my diary, with a revolver on each side of me on the table. I could not sleep, be-

cause I did not entirely trust our Arab guards, now that we were out of their tents, and from under their special protection. At daybreak, when I heard the people stirring, I threw myself on the bed, and was soon fast asleep.

When we got up, it was fortunately fair; for it was absolutely necessary that the tents should stand some time exposed to the air to dry, as in their wet state they were too heavy for any of the mules to have carried. What we should have done if the rain had continued, I really do not know. We had no food, and no means of getting any. Abu Salim managed to make us a cup of hot coffee, the sugar for which was served to us in a tumbler, it being a perfect paste and anything but unadulterated. Of course we had nothing to eat; still we were thankful for what little we could get, and certainly did not think of comparing ourselves to the Israelites in the Wilderness, as a pious traveller once did, when he could no longer get any rancid butter (*ghee*) to eat with his boiled lentils.

We found the river had swollen considerably during the night, and the current was much stronger. The water had, however, not yet had time to come down from above; though before we left we could see it covering stones, which we had fixed on as measures of the river's height. It was now clear that *Rusticus* would have been "done," had he waited for the river to run out; and my husband referred to a similar occurrence, when he was

travelling in Southern Abessinia in company with his friend Dr. Krapf, which since our return home we have found entered in his diary, in the following words:—"After crossing the Shunkurgie river, we had to stop half an hour for the Tadjúrrah mule, which had gone astray, and then to repack her load. Whilst we were thus delayed a heavy shower came on, and it was really wonderful to observe the effect it had on the waters of the river. They came rolling down in one mass; and the stream, which we had that moment crossed without difficulty, soon became next to impassable. We saw this in the case of some men who wanted to cross, and could not find a ford. Our people had wished to stop for the mule before passing the stream; and if we had let them do so, we should have been in a mess. Mr. Krapf gave them a short lecture on the advantage of 'taking time by the forelock,' which they are not much in the habit of doing."

The practical rule deduced by my husband from this lesson, is one which he wishes me to record for the benefit of future travellers:—Never encamp or make any stay by the side of a river, until you have first crossed the stream; unless you have some special reason to the contrary. I only wish my husband could be induced to publish the whole details of his three years' journey in Abessinia, the diary of which appears to me so full of interest and to contain so much valuable matter.

For ourselves, had we stopped anywhere only one day

on the road, it would hardly have been practicable for us to have crossed the Jordan as we did. Strangely enough, our whole journey from Harran was as if we were travelling against time,—a "Flight," in fact, like that of the patriarch Jacob. A sort of presentiment had made us push through, so that, in point of fact, we went over the ground very much faster than he could possibly have done, with his numerous flocks and herds; and I verily believe, that if we had not hurried on as we did, we should never have completed the journey.

By about half-past nine o'clock we were in a condition to start. Sheikh Sa'd now took leave of us, having first fulfilled his promise to provide us with a guide to Nablūs. At the same time he told us plainly, that, after we had left him, he did not undertake to protect us on this side of the Jordan; which really looked as if he wished us to understand, that he washed his hands as regards what he knew was about to happen. And more suspicious still were the instructions which he gave in our presence to the guide, that he was not to take us straight up the mountains, where there appeared to be a path, but was to proceed some distance down the Ghor, before turning westwards.

Shortly after we had started, we were joined by an Arab on foot, who, on our guide's expressing unwillingness to continue with us, volunteered to take his place; but, on our objecting, they both went on together. Our road lay for a short distance in a south-westerly direction

across the lower plain, whence we ascended to the upper one, always continuing in the same direction, and gradually approaching the high country on our right-hand. Had we kept along this upper plain, we should have found ourselves at Jericho. Having our misgivings as to the faithfulness of our guides, we were urgent to quit the plain; and a good deal of discussion on the subject ensued between them and our dragoman, which had the effect of causing delay. There is no doubt in our minds that all this was the result of a concerted plan, and that Sheikh Sa'd, or at all events his relative, the man from Jericho, who came into the camp just before we started, had more to do with what now ensued than either of them would be willing to own.

It was getting on towards eleven o'clock, and we were just rounding a point of the rocks, with the determination of ascending the side of the mountains, although there was no path, when our two guides, who had managed to lag behind, began undressing; and hardly had we noticed this strange conduct, when one of them rushed past us up the side of the mountain, almost in a state of nudity, crying out, "The Beduins are upon us!" at the same moment, to our dismay, we perceived a party of mounted Arabs galloping after us spear in hand. So little were we aware of their approach, that we had barely time to draw out our revolvers, before they came up to us, brandishing their spears and threatening to kill us. They were four fierce-looking fellows, fully armed

with spears, guns, pistols, and swords, but as they made no use of their fire-arms, I imagine they were not loaded. On the other hand, they were not conscious that we ourselves carried any fire-arms except my double-barrelled fowling-piece, and thus they fancied we should not be able to offer any resistance. But the fact was, that, in addition to my fowling-piece and a horse-pistol carried by Abu Salim (which latter, however, would not go off), we had two pairs of revolvers and a pair of pocket-pistols; so that we were in a position to accommodate our assailants with six-and-twenty bullets, without reloading. It was as a matter of precaution that, during the latter part of our journey, we had carefully concealed our revolvers, and consequently there had been no suspicion in the camp that we carried any fire-arms further than my gun. The Beduins were quite taken aback when they found us thus armed to the teeth; and as we pointed our revolvers first at the one and then at the other, and told them to take care or we should shoot them, and my husband fired in the air, just to let them see we were in earnest and able to defend ourselves, they did not dare come near enough to use their long spears.

Could we only have kept order among our people, all would have been well; but the moment the alarm was given, they seemed to lose their heads entirely, Abu Salim being the first to call out to the others to make for the mountain, which they did in the greatest disorder; one driving the baggage-mules one way and a

second another way, and then all running off to hide themselves among the rocks, in spite of our calling to them to keep together in a body under the protection of our fire-arms.

The cook Yussuf was as usual ahead of the rest, and his horse having taken fright, like his rider, and galloped off up the mountain, the Arabs, profited by the scattered state of our party, and made him their first victim. Two of our assilants were upon the poor fellow, one on each side; and in a moment, before I, who was the best mounted of the party, could get to his assistance, they had torn from him a new *abba* he had bought at Damascus, with his *tarbūsh* and *kefiya;* and, had I not come up as I did, they would doubtless have pulled him from his horse and stripped him to the skin. I imagine they took me for a young man, as I wore a boy's cap and a long cloak, as usual. Then two of them galloped towards my husband, who was keeping guard over the baggage-mules; but his revolver presented at them, and a shot fired over their heads, kept them at a respectful distance. The mule that carried our bedding and the few remaining provisions which the water had not spoilt, such as raw coffee, etc., having slipped its load and so stopped a little behind the rest, became next a prey to the robbers. It was surprising how adroitly and expeditiously they disengaged the animal, by cutting the cords and letting his load fall to the ground, whence it was instantly transferred to their own saddles.

Our dragoman, armed with my fowling-piece, which I had given him on perceiving the Beduins, galloped up to protect the luggage, when one of the Beduins threw his spear at him, which passed through his waistcoat and coat, which were hanging loose; and the point entering the butt end of my gun, it dragged him to the ground. Fortunately it did him no further injury than slightly cutting his hand. Catching hold of the spear, and so preventing his assailant from regaining possession of it, Abu Salim now pointed the gun at him; but both barrels missed fire, most likely from the powder with which I had loaded it last night having got damp when crossing the Jordan. The Beduin, on his side, after losing his spear, drew out one of his pistols, but without attempting to discharge it, which satisfied me it was only a dummy. Abu Salim was, however, quite unconscious of this, and in a fit of desperation rushed to my husband for one of his revolvers, with which, without further premeditation, he shot his assailant's horse; and I, coming up at the same time, fired upon the other Beduin.

Seeing themselves so warmly received, Abu Salim's opponent now proposed *khūweh*, or brotherhood, which our dragoman at once agreed to. On this hostilities immediately ceased, hands were clasped in token of peace, the Beduin's spear was returned to him, and a rapid negotiation entered into, by which we were to make them a present, they swearing not to molest us again. It was much against our inclination that this

arrangement was come to, as we should have preferred driving them off altogether by force. However, it was perhaps better that the conflict should have been brought to a close; for first one and then a second of the Arabs had gone up to a prominence of the rocks, as if looking out for the approach of a reinforcement, if not for the purpose of making signals for one.

In reply to our inquiry as to the tribe to which they belonged, they said that they were Beni Aduān, which is hardly probable. What is certain is that they came from the same direction as ourselves; and from the heated state of their horses they must have ridden some distance, so that they could not have avoided passing the spot where Sheikh Sa'd passed the night with us. Hence, we cannot remove from our minds the impression that the attack on us was made with his privity, if not at his instigation. Indeed, I am almost sure that I recognized one of our assailants, as having been with us in the encampment of the Mashalkas, on the east side of Jordan.

In giving this account of our conflict, I must not omit to record our Sancho Panza's bravery. As soon as the fat little cook saw the provisions in danger of being carried off, he ran up to my husband, and begged hard for a pistol of some kind to shoot the robbers. As Abu Salim had already taken one of the revolvers, my husband could only let Yussuf have a pocket-pistol, with which he was hastening to the rescue, when peace was

proclaimed, and thus he had no opportunity of further displaying his valour. As for the muleteers, we saw nothing of them till everything was settled. The guides, as may well be imagined, never appeared any more again. The whole affair, from beginning to end, did not occupy more than half an hour.

As soon as the Beduins had received their bakhshīsh, they coolly rode off, taking with them poor Yussuf's clothes and the articles they had abstracted from the baggage-mule. We, on our part, replaced the rest of the mule's load, and continued our journey straight up the mountain. Having no guide, and there being no beaten road, we had to direct our course by means of the compass, up the rùgged and at times almost precipitous side of the mountain. In fact, our object was to go due west until we struck the road to Nablūs, which we could not fail to do by keeping on in that direction. At noon, a short time before reaching the summit, we caught a glimpse—a Pisgah sight—of the waters of the brook Jabbok, which, much as we had desired it, we had not been permitted to reach. We must only be thankful we were able to do as much as we did.

The mountain we were crossing is known by the name of El-Makhrūd, forming a bluff between the Ghor and Wady-Fārihh, one of the principal streams joining the Jordan on its right bank. While on our way we were overtaken by a sharp storm of rain, which only had the effect of making us ride the faster. On attaining the

summit of the Makhrūd, we enjoyed the sight of two most cheering objects: a splendid rainbow on our right, and the mountains of Nablūs before us, bearing about west-north-west, though it was too misty for us to distinguish anything very precisely. We now continued for about half an hour over tolerably level ground, proceeding to the northward of west, till we reached the edge of Wady-Fārihh, a fine large valley-plain, over which we had an extensive view. There was, however, one feature of the landscape which we could not admire. This was a large party of mounted Beduins in the plain below us on the left. We were at first afraid they belonged to our assailants in the Ghor, and that they had ridden round the point of the Makhrūd, so as to overtake us on our descending into the valley of Wady-Fārihh. It proved, however, to be a false alarm. Whoever they may have been, they did not advance on us, nor seem to perceive us; whilst we, keeping as much as practicable along the side of the mountain, and moving as silently but as quickly as possible, pursued our journey up the valley, till about one o'clock we struck a road leading directly from over the mountain, and which, I firmly believe, came in a straight line from the ford where we crossed the Jordan, and was, in fact, the way by which we should have proceeded, had it not been for the treachery of our guides.

The road on which we now were was that taken by the patriarch Jacob; and had we continued along it, we

should have ascended the valley to its head, as he did. But, instead of this, we turned off by the cross-road, and descended to Wady-Fārihh, a shallow stream about four yards wide, which we passed, continuing over the plain on the other side, and then up the opposite mountains. We here met a party of mounted and armed peasants, carrying their ploughs on their shoulders, and driving their oxen before them, of whom we inquired the way. They sent us along another cross-road up the side of the mountain, very steep and winding, which sadly interfered with the loads on our poor mules' backs, and caused considerable delay from our having to stop almost incessantly to readjust them.

After a very wet and cold ride—for it had been raining almost all the way—we arrived at a quarter to five o'clock at the village of Beit-Dejan, occupying the site of an ancient town, the remains of which are deserving of being thoroughly explored. Its ancient name would appear to have been Beth-Dagon. As the menzūl was not convenient and fit for our reception, we were put into a large vaulted building adjoining it, which serves the inhabitants as a mosque, and which we found warm and comparatively comfortable.

Friday, January 10th.—This being the Mohammedan sabbath, we had to vacate the mosque rather early, in order that the people might go to prayers. We thus left Beit-Dejan soon after eight o'clock, and descended into a swampy plain. Instead of skirting this plain, as

Mikhail (on this side of the Jordan he has become Mikhail again) was directed to do by some country-people, we went straight across it, because he fancied he knew better. The consequence was that our poor mules fell one after the other, and the loads had to be taken off their backs while they were being extricated from the mire. The worst of it was, that, as a laden mule will never stand still with its load on its back,—it must either go on or else it will throw itself down,—the delay resulting from each stoppage only occasioned an additional one. For, while the muleteers went to help one mule up, the others either fell down while standing still, or else strayed from the path and got into mud-holes; so that the whole way was a succession of these disasters.

All this caused an immense loss of time, and it was not till noon that we reached Jacob's Well, as it is called, though, in spite of the tradition, there is no reason whatever for the identification. Jacob settled at Shalem, near Shechem, and not at Shechem itself. Why then should his well be at Shechem? In the next place, his well was "in the field," which can scarcely be said of this well, it being on a spur of Mount Gerizim. And lastly, it is most improbable that, to water his sheep in a country which is so remarkably full of streams, the patriarch should have sunk such an exceedingly deep well in the solid rock. In Murray's 'Handbook' it is described as being seventy-five feet in depth

when last measured, with probably a considerable accumulation of rubbish at the bottom. Sometimes it contains a few feet of water: at others it is quite dry. It is entirely excavated in the solid rock, perfectly round, nine feet in diameter, with the sides hewn smooth and regular. It cannot surely be scepticism to disbelieve in the tradition which connects the patriarch Jacob with this immense excavation, which is far more likely to be the well of some fortress of much later date, sunk with a view to secure a supply of water in the event of a siege.

Joseph's Tomb likewise, which is seen to the north of Jacob's Well, is to our mind about as authentic as the tomb of Paul and Virginia in Mauritius. There is really nothing in support of these identifications except the local traditions; and if these are to be considered conclusive, then Pharaoh's Bridges east of Jordan, Abraham's Tomb near Damascus, St. John the Baptist's Grave in that city, and the well by Beyrout, where St. George killed the Dragon, have all an equal claim to be considered genuine.

Shortly before reaching Nablūs, we came to a beautiful large spring, rising from under the road, and running through an artificial basin. The quantities of water all about here are immense, the road along which we went being under water, as were also the groves of olive-trees by which we were surrounded. We found the gate at the entrance of the town closed, the people being at prayers in the mosques. While waiting for it to be

opened, we were importuned for alms by several miserable lepers—most frightfully offensive objects. As soon as the gate was opened, we went straight up a street through the middle of the town, down which ran two powerful streams of beautifully clear water, passing on our way a handsome ancient Saracenic portal, forming the entrance to a mosque, from which, just at that moment, the men were crowding out after prayers. On the way we were accosted by several of Bishop Gobat's scholars, one of whom, a very intelligent civil lad, named John Dozi, who spoke a little English, attached himself to us, and made himself very useful. We put up at the house of a Greek Christian, being the first approach to a civilized dwelling that we had been in since we left Damascus.

After resting and taking some refreshment, we went out to visit the Samaritan synagogue, accompanied by the boy John Dozi, as Mikhail had taken to his bed, saying that he was very ill. In passing through the market, we observed a number of boxes of lucifer-matches with a Vienna label on them, and in the street we were accosted by a German beggar. Like the gallows which the traveller was delighted to see when he was shipwrecked on what he had imagined to be a desolate island, so these were to us signs of our being again within the limits of the civilized world.

The synagogue is approached by a dark, steep, and narrow stone staircase, the high and worn steps of which

are not pleasant to ascend, and are decidedly difficult and even dangerous to descend. We were not permitted to enter the synagogue in our boots, and from the door we saw nothing within sufficiently interesting to induce us to take them off; the only object of curiosity being the celebrated roll of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which was brought out by the old priest's nephew for our inspection. This roll is most sacredly cherished by them, it being said to have been written shortly after the time of Moses; but, though it looked very ancient, I certainly could not bring myself to believe that.

My husband, in returning, was descending the stairs, when his foot slipped, and he fell down several of the steps, striking his head and back severely. It gave me a great fright; for on raising himself up a little, and sitting a moment on one of the steps, he at once said that he was much hurt and shaken, though it was hardly necessary to tell that to me, who saw and heard him fall. I got water, bathed his temples, and gave him some to drink, but all to no effect: I could not rally him, and he fainted away. I immediately dispatched the boy, who fortunately was with us, to our house to fetch some brandy, and to tell Mikhail to come to us directly. No one can imagine the agony of mind I was in. My husband lay quite unconscious, and breathed so slightly that I really thought he was dying. A number of persons came to look on, stopping up both the bottom and the top of the staircase, and yet telling me to move him

up into the air at the head of the stairs. Of course moving a heavy man like him, in such a narrow and awkward place, was out of the question; whilst, in spite of all I could do or say, they would not be persuaded to stand away from the stairs, and let the air come to him. However, I had at last recourse to my husband's whip, which he happened to have brought in his hand, and with it I managed to drive the people away. Having loosened his things and forced some brandy down his throat, I at length succeeded in bringing him to. I never felt more relieved and thankful in my life, than when I saw him return to consciousness, and learned that his back was not seriously injured. After resting a little while longer, he was, thank God, able to stand on his legs, and, with the assistance of myself on the one side and a man on the other, he managed to get home, where I at once put him to bed.

This accident decided us both as to the course to be pursued, which each of us had in fact been turning over in our minds separately since we crossed the Jordan. This was to give up all idea of going from Jerusalem to Jericho, and thence to Hebron, the Desert, and the Suez Canal, on our way to Egypt, all which places we had thought of visiting; but, on the contrary, to make the best of our way from Jerusalem to Joppa, and so back to Alexandria and England. The season of the year was most unfavourable for travelling, and it would really seem as if it was not intended that we should do any

more than we had done. Whilst we were on our Pilgrimage, we (as it were) commanded the weather; for, though it was anything but fine, we never had an entirely wet day, and everything turned out as if meant to aid our undertaking. Hardly had we crossed the Jordan than a total change took place, and we had nothing but a series of bad weather and untoward events. Added to all which, there was really no special motive for lengthening our journey: at Shechem Jacob's Flight, and consequently our Pilgrimage, properly came to an end.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM SHECHEM TO ENGLAND.

Saturday, January 11th.—As if to show that we had reached the end of our journey, I was forced, last night, to take out from my trunk a pair of sheets and pillow-cases, which I had brought all the way from home to serve in case of need; Mikhail's bedding being too wet to use, and it being important that my husband should be made as comfortable as possible, so as to have a good night's rest. This morning I was happy to find him better than my most sanguine expectations would have allowed me to anticipate. He was a good deal shaken, it is true, and a little sore, but still not sufficiently so to prevent his continuing the journey to Jerusalem, where I now wished him to arrive as quickly as practicable, in case he might afterward feel the ill effects of his fall, and need medical assistance. Our dragoman wanted us very much to stay at Nablūs a day longer, in order that he might wash his things, so as to be able to enter Jerusalem respectably, as he said; but we did not

consider that a sufficient inducement for us to stop. No doubt Nablūs must be an excellent place for washing, with such abundance of beautiful clean water. Every time we passed along the streets, it looked so deliciously clear and bright and cool, that we always felt inclined to stop and drink some of it. I could not help remarking to my husband that the patriarch Jacob must surely have been a judge of good water, since that on Mount Gilead, where he rested and was overtaken by Laban, is only equalled by this of Shechem, which even I, who am not particularly fond of cold water, was never tired of drinking.

We started at nine o'clock, the day being cold, with a drizzling rain, and nothing to interest us on the journey. We continued on till four in the afternoon, when we reached the dirty village of Sinjil, where we stopped for the night. The house at which we put up was vaulted and divided into two floors; the lower one being for the animals and fowls, and the upper one for the family to live in, and as a granary and store-room. All the light comes in at the doorway, but the people seem to see in the dark, like cats. One corner of the upper floor, next the entrance, is cut out, and in the angle opposite the door below are three or four immensely deep steps, almost perpendicular.

Sunday, January 12th.—We had a wretched night. I could not sleep for the fleas, as I imagined, and was at last obliged to get up and strike a light; when, to

my horror and disgust, I found the bed swarming with certain vermin, which, since the changing of names has become so fashionable, have acquired a most aristocratic appellation; and on examining the walls, we found them to be literally a moving mass. It was perfectly horrible; and the wonder is how any human being could live there at all. We did the best we could, by moving our little bedsteads from the wall, shaking the clothes, etc.; but, after what we had experienced, sleep was out of the question, and we only longed for daylight that we might be off.

It was indeed a relief for us to be away from this wretched place altogether, though this day's journey was by far the worst we had. We started in the pouring rain, accompanied by our dragoman and one of the muleteers, who drove two mules with our luggage; Yussuf, with the other two muleteers, remaining behind with the tents, canteen, bedding, etc. It was a most miserable day; rain, hail, and sleet the whole way, with a wind almost strong enough to blow one off one's horse. So great was the quantity of rain, that our road for more than half the way was actually through streams of water, the ground not being visible. With such weather, of course, nothing was to be seen. At Beth-el or its vicinity, we had been most anxious to obtain a view of the mountains of Gilead, but in this we were quite disappointed. At Beitin, which is supposed to represent the ancient Beth-el, we stopped however to

lunch; being heartily glad to get under shelter and warm ourselves, and also to dry our cloaks a little by the fire; for we were bitterly cold.

Here, to our surprise, we were accosted by a boy, another of Bishop Gobat's scholars, who asked us why we were not dressed in black. We were at a loss to understand him, when he said that our Queen was dead! The shock of this news quite petrified us for the moment. But we could not and would not believe it to be true; and on further inquiry we were told it was not the Queen, but the Queen's father. This, of course, we knew could not be the fact. At length a venerable old man, with a long white beard, came in, and explained to us that it was the Queen's husband; and that he knew the news to be true, because he had just come from Jerusalem, where he had seen our English church all hung with black. I will not attempt to describe how deeply affected we were by this sad intelligence, and how sincerely we felt for our poor Queen in her deep affliction.

The latter part of our day's journey was even worse than the beginning. Long before we reached Jerusalem, we were wet through to the skin: we had not a dry thread on us; and so stiff were we with cold, that we could hardly urge on our horses, the poor beasts themselves being almost as badly off as ourselves. When we reached the hill of Scopus, Mikhail stopped an instant, *cicerone* fashion, and indeed as it were mechanically, to point Jerusalem out to my husband; that is to say, to

show him where it should be, for as to seeing objects of any kind at only a few yards distance from us, it was out of the question. I, who was a few paces behind, hurried up to ask whether Jerusalem was yet visible, little imagining that it lay close before us. It was, however, a great comfort to know that we were so near the Holy City; and this knowledge gave us fresh courage, so that we hurried on down to the gate, and through the streets to the hotel. When we arrived, we had some difficulty in dismounting from our horses and getting up stairs, so stiff and in such pain were we from our long exposure to the weather. Our first call was for blankets. Fortunately our host had some good new thick English ones, in which we wrapped ourselves well up, and lay down, each of us first taking a glass of hot brandy and water, from the operation of which, added to our fatigue, we soon fell into a sound sleep. We had said we would dine at seven o'clock, but the master of the hotel, Mr. Christian Hauser, a very civil and obliging man, finding we continued to sleep, very considerately would not have us disturbed; so that we lay till eleven o'clock without once waking. We then got up, had some tea, and went comfortably to bed. I believe that our doing as we did saved us from a serious illness, to say the least.

Monday, January 13th.—When we got up this morning we found ourselves surprisingly well, though naturally a good deal tired. I was astonished and re-

joiced at finding my husband free from any ill effects, not only of yesterday's ride through the rain, but also of his fall at Nablūs. I remained in the house all day to rest. My husband went to call upon Mr. Consul Finn, from whom he received a confirmation of the sad news of the Prince Consort's death, and with whom he had a long conversation on the subject of our journey and on various points of Biblical geography.

Tuesday, January 14*th, to Thursday,* 16*th.*—Having decided on not going across the Desert to Egypt, it was necessary that we should come to some arrangement for cancelling the contract with our dragoman. My husband had spoken on the subject to Mr. Finn, and he went up with Mikhail to the *chancellerie* and formally declared his intention to go no further. It was settled, however, that Mikhail should remain with us during our stay in Jerusalem, and should accompany us to Jaffa; whence we were to pay his passage home to Beyrout. This being satisfactorily arranged, my husband settled with Mr. Mashallum, the *chancellier*, the terms of a letter to be addressed to the consul, informing him of the attack made on us by the Arabs in the Ghor, and claiming compensation for the loss we had sustained, which, including the cost of Yussuf's clothes, etc., amounted to 685 piastres, equal to about six pounds sterling. We never had any idea of being reimbursed; and therefore we have not been disappointed in not having heard anything further on the subject.

As we expected our stay in Jerusalem to be but short, we had to make the most of it; and the weather being fine, we went to visit the most interesting spots in and about the Holy City. It would be quite out of place for me to think of describing what is already so well known, and what in fact we had only time to give a hurried glance at. I can only express our deep sorrow, and even our disgust, at seeing places so deserving of the veneration of all Christians made the objects of so much superstition. It was sufficient for us to know that we were treading on holy ground, though feeling deep regret at its desecration by the absurd attempts made to establish the precise identification of particular sites, such as those along the Via Dolorosa, and in and about the Church (as it is called) of the Holy Sepulchre.

It is however scarcely credible that the accumulation in one spot of all the localities connected with our Saviour's Passion and Burial, should have been the result of a deliberately formed plan and intention to pass them off for what they profess to be. It is far more probable that in the first instance they were simply intended to represent those places, at the time of the commemoration of our Lord's sufferings during the Holy Week, as is so commonly the practice in Roman Catholic countries, and as in fact continues to be the practice in Jerusalem at the present day:* that, in the course of

* The following description of the ceremonial during the Holy Week

time, owing to the great influx of pilgrims and worshipers, those representative places were made permanent, like the chapels at La Nuova Gerusalemme on the Sacro Monte of Varallo, in Piedmont; and that eventually ignorance and credulity, combined doubtless with a desire on the part of the guardians of the Holy Places to profit by the originally unintentional deceit, led to these places being asserted and believed to be what at the outset they only professed to represent. Such, indeed, is generally the progress of error.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we were shown the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon, the hilt of which we reverently kissed, as being the only relic in which we

in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, from the pen of an eye-witness, is copied from the 'Times' (the date I have lost):—"The pageant began. It lasted from nine at night till four in the morning; but we, with great exertion, got away at two. It consisted in nothing more or less than in carrying Jesus Christ all about the place. They carried Him to prison, where He was crowned with thorns. They carried Him from prison to the Stone of Flagellation, where He was scourged. They carried Him upstairs to Calvary, where He was crucified. They parted His garments among them, and cast lots upon His vesture. They took Him down from the Cross and carried Him to the Stone of Unction, where He was anointed. They carried Him to the sepulchre, where He was buried. They carried a coverlet for the tomb very much like the one I saw leave Cairo for Mecca to envelope the Holy Prophet (there is a similarity in all these things). Whether He rose again and went through His duty in the other parts of the church, as in the garden where He appears to His mother—whether He vanished out of the church at the spot marked for that event, and whether the true Cross was buried and found three hundred years afterwards in the crypt of Santa Helena, we were too tired to wait and see."

felt inclined to believe; though it is far from improbable that this too is only a representative of the original. Everything depends upon the uninterrupted possession of the real sword by the Latin monks,—an unbroken tradition,—which it may be difficult to substantiate. My husband had a special interest in this, on account of the opinion entertained by him that Godfrey de Beke (Goisfridus de Beche) of Domesday Book took part in the First Crusade with his countryman and namesake, and, like him, never returned from the Holy Land.

We were much gratified with our visit to Bethlehem; though the exhibition there, as in Jerusalem, is a most lamentable one. The grottoes now shown cannot possibly be the inn and stable in which our Saviour was born. All reverence is deadened and almost destroyed by these mockeries. On our way to Bethlehem we passed Rachel's Tomb, as also the well in which Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the three wise kings, whose skulls are enshrined at Cologne, saw the reflection of their guiding star:—the one site being about as authentic as the other. The Pools of Solomon are a work of a very different kind, and well deserving of inspection. They are situated beyond Bethlehem; so that we visited them first, returning by the beautiful gardens of Mr. Mashallum and Lady Dufferin. The improvements which are taking place in Judea are very great. For some distance round Jerusalem there are extensive young plantations of olive-trees; and in and about the

city the new buildings are both numerous and handsome. Every European nation seems anxious to have a footing in the Holy City. The Russians support the Greeks, the French the Latins, and the English (though not avowedly as a nation) patronize the Jews, whose interest will probably become the strongest eventually.

In the midst of our sight-seeing we were stopped by the intelligence that the post from Alexandria had arrived, and that fish had been brought up from the coast. These were signs of fine weather at Jaffa, and of the probability that the steamers from Beyrout to Alexandria would be able to touch there for passengers; and having been told that we should be in time if we started this afternoon, we returned forthwith to the hotel, packed up in all speed, and dispatched our luggage on a mule, in charge of a muleteer mounted on a donkey, at half-past two in the afternoon; we ourselves following with our dragoman at a quarter to four.

Nothing could be more favourable than the weather. It was a lovely evening, and a still more lovely night, the moon being exactly at the full. The road was pretty fair on the whole; but there were a few very ugly places, and our horses were frequently knee-deep in the mud. The chief of these was Wady Ramleh, in crossing which I met with an accident, which might really have proved fatal. In consequence of the rains, the stream was much swollen, and the ford difficult to find. As usual, I was foremost, and my horse happening to miss the firm

bottom, he suddenly sank up to his chest, and I was thrown head foremost into the mud, and for the moment was stunned. In an instant Mikhail and the muleteer came to my assistance and that of my horse; but the closer they approached, the deeper we sank and the wider the gap became. My husband too, who was further off, had dismounted for the purpose of helping me. But as soon as I came to myself, I begged every one to keep away, and allow me to get out of my awkward position by myself as best I could. It was, however, only with much exertion and difficulty that I succeeded in extricating myself. I was very fortunate in not being hurt, further than suffering a good deal of pain in my head and neck, from the fall into the thick and almost solid mud. As for the poor horse, he seemed to sink deeper and deeper at every plunge he made, and it was not till after a length of time, and by our united efforts, that we at last freed him at all. The moon being obscured by a cloud, rendered for a time the difficulty all the greater.

This ford is always a dangerous one in the winter, and we were told that six or eight lives are usually lost there every season. This year four had been killed already. An aide-de-camp of the King of Italy, who passed down a few days before us, had actually to have his horses *dug* out. A bridge and causeway, such as we found in the Leja and Hauran, would remedy the evil but the Turkish Government does not do such things, nor the people either.

Friday, January 17th.—About two in the morning we arrived at the Latin convent in the town of Ramleh, where we supped and lay down to rest. We started again at six, and arrived at Jaffa at half-past nine o'clock. As we approached the town, we were struck with the groves, I might almost call them forests, of orange-trees laden with ripe fruit. It was a perfect Garden of the Hesperides. To our joy we found both the French and Austrian steamers lying at anchor in the offing. Had we missed these boats, we should have had to remain another fortnight, or perhaps longer if the weather should prove unfavourable for communication with the land, as is often the case at this season of the year. We took our passage in the Austrian steamer 'Fiume,' and before going on board we settled with our dragoman. My husband gave him, at his request, a certificate of good conduct, which on the whole he deserved; as our journey on the east side of Jordan was an exceptional one, and therefore ought not to be brought up in judgement against him.

In mentioning Mikhail for the last time, I must be pardoned for alluding to the compliment he paid me on taking leave of us. The news of our being attacked by the Beduins in the Ghor had preceded us here at Jaffa; and as such stories never lose by travelling, it was reported that we had been murdered. Of course Mikhail was in great request to give the particulars of the adventure, which he did after his own fashion; taking

credit to himself for unheard-of deeds of valour, and ending by saying, "Muleteers not good; Master not good; Madame the only man among 'em." On hearing which, my husband told him laughingly, that, if he had said that before, he should not have had his certificate.

I need not say any more about our journey, than that we steamed from Jaffa the same evening; arrived at Alexandria on the morning of January the 19th; remained in Egypt till Wednesday, February the 5th, having in the interval paid a visit to Cairo; left for England *viâ* Marseilles; and in the evening of Tuesday, the 18th of February, reached home in safety. We were absent only three months and a week, and during that short time we had performed what must always be a memorable journey, on account of its affording an important means of counteracting the mischievous attempts that are being made, to persuade ignorant and thoughtless persons that the early portions of the Hebrew Scriptures are not historically true.

APPENDIX.

NOTES
ON
THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN, THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY, THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE, AND THE ORIGIN AND DISTRIBUTION OF LANGUAGES.

By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D., F.S.A.

In the fifteenth chapter of the present volume* allusion is made to the notion almost universally entertained, that the social condition, manners, and customs of the patriarchal ages are best represented at the present day by those of the wild Beduins or Arabs of the Desert; the favourite similitude of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob being venerable Arab sheikhs:—"these wandering sheikhs," as they are styled in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible.'

Fundamentally wrong as is this notion, it is only a consequence of the opinion generally prevalent, with respect to the primitive condition of man and the rise and progress of society; which opinion may be thus summarily stated:—

* Pages 263–267.

In the first ages the human race existed in the lowest state of civilization, namely that of the mere consumer of the spontaneous productions of nature; and from that primitive state mankind progressively advanced through the several conditions of the hunter, the herdsman, and the agriculturist, or through states nearly corresponding with them; until, in this last state, an absolute property having been acquired in the land, which was then first subjected to cultivation, the residences of mankind became fixed and permanent; and further, by the same progressive advancement, societies were formed, which at first were simply patriarchal, but which, from their subsequent increase and union, required the institution of laws for their government and mutual protection; whence ultimately resulted the establishment of the various forms and conditions of civil rule.

This opinion as to the gradual upward progress of civilization, however it may be supported by authority and whatever ground it may have gained, is at the best purely hypothetical. So far, indeed, is it from being borne out by facts, that it is actually at variance with the evidence of all history and all experience. For, in the early historical remains, whether real or fabulous, of all nations, we find that instruction and improvement are considered as having been introduced from an extrinsic source, by individuals either laying claim to divine inspiration or otherwise possessing a higher degree of culture; whilst among those savage people with whom civilization may be said not to exist, there is not, nor has there ever been manifested, the remotest tendency towards progressive improvement, from the exercise of that unaided reason, which, as the characteristic of the human race, has been deemed to be entirely sufficient for the purpose.

The fact then being that no instance exists of a people in a low state of civilization having spontaneously adopted the habits of a people of higher degree; and this hypothesis of the upward progress of society, as the general law of nature, being consequently a mere assumption without one particle of proof: it is certainly quite as reasonable (to say the least), and as likely to be in accordance with the truth, to maintain its direct converse, and to assert that the savage and uncultivated condition of mankind, which has usually been designated "the state of nature," is, in reality, nothing else than a degeneration from a previous social state, in which a high degree of mental culture, if not of artificial attainments, was possessed; and that consequently this latter condition, and not the former, ought to be regarded as the primitive condition of the human race.

The subject of the origin and development of the human species, is one with which the public mind is at the present moment greatly occupied, owing mainly to the hypothesis so ingeniously advocated by the author of 'The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection.' Refraining from all comment on the obvious tendency of the opinions entertained in that work and by the school from which it emanates, I would simply direct attention to the fact, that the author's system of modification tends to confirm the conclusion, drawn from widely different premises, that all the existing races of mankind are but varieties of one parent stock or species; and thus virtually, though indirectly and perhaps unintentionally, it assents to St. Paul's declaration to "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoicks" at Athens, that their UNKNOWN GOD "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." At the same time it cannot

be denied that the author's arguments, if fairly followed out by those other writers who contend for the identity of man and the anthropoid animals, ought to lead to the conclusion that apes are degenerate men, rather than that Man is nothing but a Monkey who has seen the world.

As everything is at the present day tending to render the primeval condition of mankind the subject of more serious investigation on the part of men of science, each within his own special sphere of study, than it has hitherto been deemed by them fitted to be, it behoves them, above all, to entertain a proper sense of the value of the Book of Genesis; which, as an historical document and quite apart from the question of its divine origin, has an interest and an importance that no other document of antiquity can pretend to. And they should bear in mind, that, if they reject this only authentic record of man's early history, they will in vain have recourse to the traditions of other nations; and thus they will find themselves without the means of acquiring any knowledge on a subject, of which they cannot but admit the extreme importance, let the direction of their particular researches be what it may.

If, however, they take that venerable record as a guide through the darkness of the earliest ages, they will see that it shadows out, if it does not distinctly exhibit, the prototypes of the several social conditions of mankind, in an order diametrically the reverse of that which is generally recognized and admitted.

Of the first man, Adam, it is said that God "took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it;" according to which statement the first condition of man was not at all that of the mere consumer of the spontaneous productions of nature, but that of the hus-

bandman or gardener. After Adam's fall, he is said to have been "sent forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground;" so that the second state of man is described by the sacred historian as that of the agriculturist. Well did Professor Lindley say, in his address to the late Prince Consort, at the opening of the new gardens of the Horticultural Society, on June 5th, 1861,—"Horticulture, Sir, is the parent of Agriculture."

This first step of declension in the condition of the first man, Adam, was the state likewise of the second man, Cain, who was "a tiller of the ground." The third man, Abel, descending a stage lower, became "a keeper of sheep." As the fall of Adam reduced him from the condition of a gardener to that of a tiller of the ground, so the fall of the agriculturist Cain brought him to a state lower still than that of the settled shepherd. He became "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth"—a nomade, in fact. Thus it was not till man had reached the lowest state in which he is described in the Bible History, that we meet with him in that social condition, which is nowadays almost universally regarded as his primitive mode of life.

Of the fugitive Cain it is next recorded that he "builded a city." As the poet Cowley appositely expresses it,—

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."

Not till after the foundation by Cain of the city of Enoch, do we find in the Sacred History mention made of artificers and artists of various kinds. And in a subsequent passage it is recorded that "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually:" as if it were, that, in proportion as the intellect of mankind was devoted to external objects, their religious and moral feel-

ings had become deadened and perverted; the natural consequences being mental and physical deterioration, social degradation, and ultimate extinction.

But without dwelling on the condition or history of man in the first ages after his creation, as recorded in the first seven chapters of Genesis, we have a fresh starting-point in the eighth and subsequent chapters, which narrate the history of Noah and his descendants after the Flood.

That a new social state of man then commenced is not to be questioned. If we look to the histories, traditions, and fables of all nations, we find that they coincide generally, in recording or alluding to the fact of the destruction of the whole of mankind, with the exception of a few favoured individuals, who became the founders of the subsequent human race; and if, therefore, we only admit this fact, whatever its precise character may have been,—and on such concurrent and almost universal testimony we cannot reasonably deny it,—we may at once understand how the condition of the first ancestors of the present race of mankind was not a natural but an artificial one, derived from the previous social state of the "antediluvian" world. Hence we can have no difficulty in conceiving how the social condition of man may have fallen, from the culture of that artificial primitive state, to the condition of the uncultivated savage, through all those intermediate stages of civilization, of which the prototypes are found in the history of the world before the Flood, and which, according to the contrary hypothesis, have been regarded as the steps by which man progressed upwards.

If, in illustration of these views, we consider the history of the European settlements in the New World, and especially in North America, we find the fact to be, that some

of the members of a previous social state, which had existed in a highly civilized condition during several ages, arrived in that continent; where their descendants, and especially those who spread themselves most widely over the newly-settled countries, speedily degenerated from the cultivation of the parent stock. Could it have so happened, that all further communication with the Old World had ceased, the deterioration which had commenced would unquestionably have proceeded still further. This process has however been checked by the continual immigration of fresh settlers, and the constant communication between the two continents, which have, in a great measure, maintained an equality between their respective inhabitants.

But let it be supposed that these European settlers in America had been the only remains of a former race of mankind, who from some cause or other had become extinct in their native countries: it is evident that, whatever in the course of ages might be the character and condition of their descendants,—even if some of those in the extreme western provinces of America, or in other regions into which they might have spread, had become so debased and brutalized as not to be recognized as belonging to the same race; still, in the consideration of their early history, and in the endeavour to trace to their pristine state their laws, their customs, their language, and their religion,—however altered, modified, or "developed," however perverted or corrupted these might have become,—it would be utterly inconsistent that reference should, in the first instance at least, be made to any other stock than the European colonists from whom they had sprung, or to any other condition of society than that previous artificial one, of which those colonists had themselves been members.

Over the earlier ante-European inhabitants of America a flood has swept, which is on the verge of becoming as irremediably destructive as that which overwhelmed the human race anterior to Noah. In some future age, the history of these lost American races may become, if it has not become already, as limited as that which we at the present day possess of the ante-Noachian world, or of the European people of the "stone age," who in like manner have vanished from the face of the earth.

The primitive inhabitants of Polynesia and Australasia are likewise being carried off before our eyes, by an annihilating flood, even more rapidly than those of America. Instead of being raised on the scale of civilization by the contact of the more cultured Europeans, who have settled among them, they are dying away before them, and will soon yield their place to them altogether. Even the New Zealanders, who were fondly imagined to form an exception to the rule, seem doomed to the like process of extermination.

It may, indeed, be stated as a law of nature, that a highly civilized race of mankind cannot come into permanent contact with another race in an extremely debased condition,—in the "state of nature," as it is usually called, but which I regard as the state of evanescence,—without causing, sooner or later, the annihilation of the latter. And the two races can no more amalgamate than they can co-exist; except under those abnormal and artificial conditions, in which they are found together in countries, in which the individuals of the inferior race are treated (except as regards the intercourse of the sexes) as animals rather than as human beings.

With respect to the remains of evanescent races, which are now exciting so much attention as memorials of a hypothetical stone age, they are, in my opinion, evidences of the

condition of those races before their final extinction, whenever this may have occurred, rather than proofs of their antiquity; and I conceive that, under conformable circumstances, many of those races may be almost as recent as the evanescent Esquimaux of the present age.*

Returning to the consideration of the history of post-diluvian man, and regarding the present human race as commencing with Noah, we find it recorded in the Scriptural History that the founder of the new world, like his prototype Adam, "began to be an husbandman, and planted a vineyard." Of the intermediate stages of post-diluvian society there is no mention; the first important act of the descendants of Noah being, that, following the example of Cain after he had become a fugitive and a vagabond, they began to "build a city:" the consequences of which act are stated to have been the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of mankind, and the peopling of the whole earth.

* The following apposite illustration has just presented itself:—

In Professor Max Müller's 'Lectures on the Science of Language' it is inferred, from an examination of the contents of the strata in the Danish peat-bogs, that "the fir, the oak, and the beech have succeeded each other at periods more or less corresponding to the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages; that whole regions which have been covered ever since the days of the Romans, and probably long before, with magnificent forests of beech-trees, once bore an equally luxuriant growth of oak; and that in still more distant times,—it may be four thousand, or it may be sixteen thousand years ago,—the same districts were overgrown with vast fir-woods."

To this the Rev. J. H. Abrahall replies in the 'Times' of November 9th:—"We moderns have witnessed the same succession of trees in the case of Canada, and with such rapidity, that the so-called 'Pine Ridges' east of Toronto are now covered with oaks; while, in many tracts now wooded with the maple and the beech, the gigantic stumps show that, not long since, the Flora must have been very different from that which now marks a soil particularly inviting to the wheat-grower."

Of these remarkable occurrences, the eleventh chapter of Genesis gives to the believer in the power of the Creator to interpose in the manner described, a plain, consistent, and intelligible account. It may be left to science to explain, if possible, the manner in which the events recorded were brought about, and also their consequences. These are, not merely the original formation of the "one language and one speech," which primitive man must necessarily have possessed, nor yet the subsequent confusion of tongues, the effects of which have continued to this day; but likewise *the standing miracle*—for I must call it by that name until some more suitable designation can be found for it—that, whilst all the languages over the face of the earth, however remotely different and however widely spread, appear to be all reducible to the one or the other of three radically distinct tongues, *these three tongues have nevertheless existed from the earliest ages, and still continue to exist, in one central spot on the earth's surface, together and conjointly, and yet independently of one another and without amalgamation.*

This central spot is the northern portion of Mesopotamia where the dispersion of mankind originated; and the people dwelling there at the present day, and speaking the three radically distinct tongues, are the well-known tribes of the Kurds, the Turkmans, and the Arabs. Respecting the languages of these three people, the following observations require to be made for the elucidation of our subject.

The Kurdish is, as all philologists now recognize, of that great Japhetic or Indo-European family of languages, respecting which I wrote in 'Origines Biblicæ:'—"Notwithstanding the labours of so many truly learned men, who, during a considerable period, had devoted their whole energies to the study and comparison of these languages, it is

only within the last few years that the startling conclusion has been established, that they are—Celtic and Gothic, the total dissimilarity of which had been so warmly advocated,—Russian and Latin, between which it would have been considered almost madness to attempt to trace a resemblance,—Greek, Persian, and Sanscrit, the language of the *immortals*, and those of the *barbarians*—all deducible from one source, and, as it were, merely dialects of one parent language: whilst, to perfect the revolution of opinion that has thus taken place, the Greek and Latin languages, which, at one time, it would have amounted almost to a heresy to imagine not to be derived from the Hebrew, are now shown to be of a totally different stock."

Twenty years after these opinions were expressed, it was most gratifying to me to see them repeated by a scholar enjoying the reputation of Professor Max Müller. Speaking of the "three families" into which, like myself, he divides the languages of the world, that writer says:—"That the Sanskrit, the ancient language of India, the very existence of which was unknown to Greeks and Romans before Alexander, and the sound of which had never reached a European ear till the close of the last century, that this language should be a scion of the same stem, whose branches overshadow the civilized world of Europe, no one would have ventured to affirm before the rise of Comparative Philology. It was the generally received opinion that if Greek, Latin, and German came from the East, they must be derived from Hebrew,—an opinion for which at the present day not a single advocate could be found, while, formerly, to disbelieve it would have been tantamount to heresy."*

* *The Languages of the Seat of War in the East* (2nd edit., London, 1855), pp. 27–29.

Five years later, the foregoing passage from Professor Müller's work was copied by the Rev. F. W. Farrar into his 'Essay on the Origin of Languages;' and in his preface the author says:—"I do not think that I have ever borrowed from any writer, English, French, or German, without ample acknowledgment. I would not be so dishonest as to shine in borrowed plumes." I therefore feel assured, that, had Mr. Farrar known my 'Origines Biblicæ,' he would have given me credit for that which is common to myself and Professor Müller, and with respect to which my priority is evident.

The second language to which I have to allude, namely that of the Turkmans, is now classed by philologists with the Tibetan, the Dravidian or ante-Sanscrit languages of India, the Mongolian, Chinese, Malay, and even the Australasian and American dialects; though it is as absolutely foreign to the languages spoken in the same central spot of Western Asia by the Kurds and the Arabs, as these two are to each other. To this division of languages, which Professor Müller styles Turanian, belong (as I shall shortly have occasion to point out) the early Assyrian spoken prior to the Nimrodic invasion and foundation of Nineveh, and the primitive Aramitish language of the time of Abraham, traces of which may possibly yet exist among the Druzes or other inhabitants of Lebanon and the neighbouring mountainous regions of Syria.*

The third language, the Arabic still spoken by the de-

* Mr. Cyril Graham infers ('Journ. Roy. Geogr. Soc.' vol. xxviii. p. 262) that the Druzes are "of an Indo-Teutonic race, which may have come over at some distant period from the other side of the Desert, but whose original country was Northern India, or possibly China." It must however be remarked, that, if this were the case, they would be not Indo-Teutonic or Japhthitish, but Turanian or Shemitish.

scendants of Ham in Assyria and Babylonia, as well as in Palestine and Arabia, whilst totally distinct from the contiguous Kurdish and Turkish, is known to be allied to the Ethiopic, Galla, Berber, and other African languages still more remote.

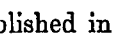
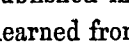
Between these three families of languages some philologists are striving to detect a primitive connection, but to little purpose. Admitting it then to be true, as Professor Müller asserts, that "there was a time when the [Aryan] ancestors of the Celts, the Germans, the Slaves, the Greeks and Italians, the Persians and Hindus, were living together beneath the same roof, separate from the ancestors of the Semitic and Turanian races;" these same Aryans, "Semites" and Turanians have nevertheless in all ages congregated, and still do congregate, in one spot, and oftentimes beneath the same roof, without blending together their races or amalgamating their languages. *The Confusion of Tongues among the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, continues to exist at the present day in the Land of Shinar, as it did on the day when God "confounded their language, that they might not understand one another's speech."*

On the 5th of April, 1847, I wrote to Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, who was then at Baghdad, directing his attention to what is written in 'Origines Biblicæ' (with which work he had been well acquainted from the time of its publication, in 1834), respecting the Shemitish nations, of whom, if my arguments *à priori* were valid, we might (I said) expect to find traces in the countries at the head of the Persian Gulf. The result has not only proved to be in accordance with my anticipation, but it also establishes the fundamental correctness of my interpretation of that

most ancient and venerable record, the Tenth Chapter of Genesis.

In his 'Notes on the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia,' read at the Royal Asiatic Society's meetings on January 19th and February 16th, 1850, and printed in the twelfth volume of the Society's 'Journal,' Sir Henry Rawlinson expressed himself in the following terms:—"There are found in many parts of Persia cuneiform inscriptions which record the glories of the House of Achæmenes. These inscriptions are, in almost every instance, trilingual and triliteral. They are engraved in three different languages, and each language has its peculiar alphabet; the alphabets, indeed, varying from each other, not merely in the characters being formed by a different assortment of the elementary signs, which we are accustomed to term the arrow-head and wedge, but in their whole phonètic structure and organization. The object, of course, of engraving the records in three different languages was to render them generally intelligible. Precisely indeed as, at the present day, a Governor of Baghdad, who wished to publish an edict for general information, would be obliged to employ three languages, the Persian [Japhthite], Turkish [Shemite], and Arabic [Hamite]; so, in the time of Cyrus and Darius, when the ethnographical constitution of the empire was subject to the same general division, was it necessary to address the population in three different languages from which have sprung the modern Persian, Turkish, and Arabic; or at any rate in the three languages which represented at the time those three great lingual families. To this fashion, then, or necessity of triple publication, are we indebted for our knowledge of the Assyrian inscriptions."

Whilst writing in Mauritius my work 'The Sources of

the Nile,' published in 1860, shortly before my return to England, I learned from Mr. Edwin Norris, that in a fragment of an old Assyrian syllabary found at Nineveh, the monogram  , which means *month*, is read phonetically  *arrhu*. As this expression is manifestly cognate with the *warkh* and *yerakh* of various Hamitish languages, possessing the same meaning, which are cited in page 74 of my said work, I there commented on this discovery in the following terms:—"Assuming the language in question to be the earliest spoken at Nineveh, it may be called Nimrodic, after the Hamite founder of that city." Since my return to England, Mr. Norris informs me that the inscription, containing in two columns the two languages of which he sent me the specimen named above, has also a third column, of which the language is Turanian, being still more ancient than that which I style Nimrodic. This then can only be the language of the Assyrian (Asshurite) inhabitants of the country previously to the foundation of Nineveh; and it is consequently the remains of a primitive Shemitish tongue (such as I pointed out to Sir Henry Rawlinson), which, if not absolutely identical with that of the patriarch Abraham, must have been closely allied to it, Asshur and Arphaxad being placed contiguously in the ethnographical and geographical Table contained in the tenth chapter of Genesis.

It is only of late years that the various races of mankind inhabiting the earth have again become classed, *as they were in that earliest of all records*, "after their families, after their tongues, in their lands, after their nations." Previously, the classification generally adopted was based on certain "great physical distinctions," and "particularly the threefold divisions of the forms of the human skull.

This" (continues Dr. Prichard, whose words I am using) "is probably the most permanent of all physical varieties, and it must at least be taken into the account in the distribution of nations into particular departments." Thus Blumenbach made three races, which he called the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian; and his classification was substantially adopted by Cuvier and other naturalists and ethnologists. Dr. Prichard wished however rather to classify the principal tribes of men "by their languages, which, of all peculiar endowments, seem to be the most permanently retained, and can be shown in many cases to have survived even very considerable changes in physical and moral characters;" and he accordingly divided mankind into the Semitic or Syro-Arabian, the Japetic or Indo-European, and the Hamitic or Egyptian races. But, as he could not quite abandon the classification founded on physical distinctions, he found himself perplexed by the anomaly which the Geez of Abessinia appeared to present, as a "Semitic" language spoken by an African or Hamitic people; and he was actually led to say, that, "if we had not convincing evidence to the contrary, and knew not for certain that the Abramidæ originated in Chaldæa and to the northward and eastward of Palestine, we might frame a probable hypothesis, which should bring them down as a band of wandering shepherds from the mountains of Habesh, and identify them with the Pastor kings who, according to Manetho, multiplied their bands in the land of the Pharaohs, and being, after some centuries, expelled thence by the will of the gods, sought refuge in Judæa and built the walls of Jerusalem."

In 'Origines Biblicæ' a solution of this apparent difficulty is offered. That is to say, in the first place I discard

from the classification of the various races of mankind, all distinctions arising from physical or even moral causes: because, where different races have, in their corresponding removal from the centre, undergone a corresponding degradation, at the same time that they have been subjected to the operation of similar physical conditions; the results will be analogous in those races, both with respect to their physical conformation and as regards their moral and intellectual character.* And, in the next place, by asserting, for the reasons stated in pages 177–179 of the present work, that the Hebrew and other Syro-Arabian languages are improperly called "Semitic," I class them, without qualification or reserve, with the African or Hamitic languages.

This classification is, in substance, that which is now generally adopted by ethnographers and philologists. Dr. Latham styles the three great families of languages, Mongolidæ, Atlantidæ, and Japhetidæ; and Mr. Norris (in his edition of Dr. Prichard's work), Turanian, Semitic, and Iranian; whilst Professor Müller designates them Turanian, Semitic, and Aryan.

The classification being once well defined and settled, it is not very material what precise nomenclature is adopted. I would however remark that the continent of Africa having been peopled by the Hamites, it is evidently a gross misnomer to distinguish the entire languages of Africa, or any of them, or any cognate languages of other countries, by the name of "Semitic." The terms Aramæan, Syro-Arabian, and Syro-African have been employed, as it was by degrees found requisite to extend the limits of the "Semitic"

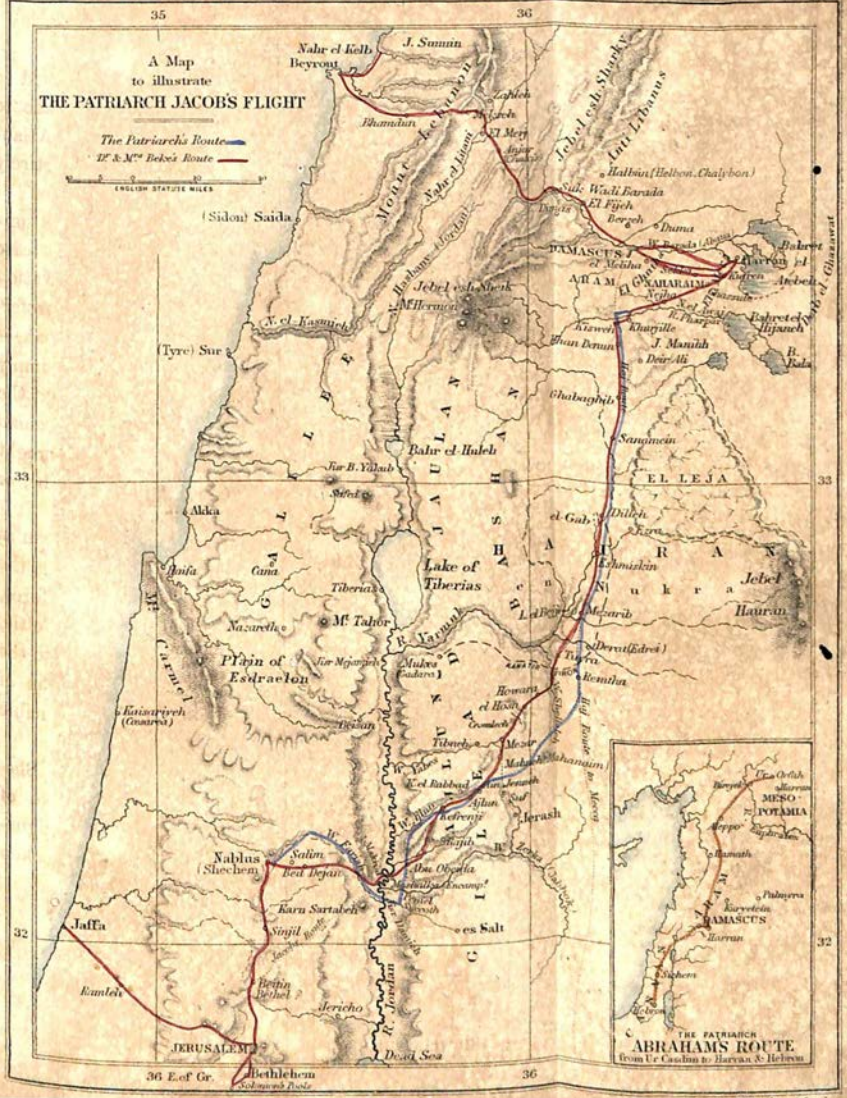
* See *Views in Ethnography*, etc., in 'Edin. New Phil. Journ.' for April, 1835, vol. xviii. p. 219; republished in 1864 as a separate pamphlet under the same title.

division of languages; till at length it has been pushed to an absurdity, when the Hebrew and Arabic are made to form a subdivision—"Beni-Terah"—of the "Semitic Atlantidæ," the Atlantidæ being however asserted to be "entirely found in Africa, whence their name."

If a Biblical nomenclature is to be eschewed as unscientific,—though it is not intelligible why in that case "Semitic" should have been retained, or why the derivation from Atlas, the son of the Titan Japetus, should be preferable to that from Ham, the son of the patriarch Noah,—far better would it be to call this family of languages simply African: it has already been styled Syro-African. At the same time, the Japhthitish or Japhetidæ, Aryan or Iranian family, which has already been named Indo-European, might be called European; whilst the Shemitish, Mongolidæ, or Turanian, would naturally be Asiatic.

The possible objection to the employment of European as the designation of a division of languages including the Sanskrit of India, applies equally, if not with greater force, to the use of Aryan or Iranian as including the Celtic, Teutonic, Greek, and other European tongues. As to the adoption of Asiatic in preference to either Turanian of Mongolian, I apprehend there cannot exist any reasonable difference of opinion.

Nevertheless, for my own part, I prefer the terms Shemitish, Hamitish, and Japhthitish,—or, for the sake of euphony, Shemitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic,—as the designations best suited to the three divisions of languages spoken by and among the descendants of the three sons of Noah.


A Map
to illustrate
THE PATRIARCH JACOB'S FLIGHT
The Patriarch's Route
Dr & Mrs Bekse's Route
ENGLISH STATUTE MILES
35
36
33
32
Nahr el Kelb
Beyrout
J. Sunnin
Jebel esh Sharkie
Anti Libanus
Halbún (Helbon, Chalybon)
Sidon) Saida
Jebel esh Sheik
Mt Hermon
Kiswe
Khuryille
Jisr Benat Yakub
Sanainein
Tyre) Sur
Safed
Alka
Haifa
Cana
Tiberias
Lake of Tiberias
Mt Tabor
Nazareth
Plain of Esdraelon
Mt Carmel
Kaisariyeh (Cæsarea)
Jenin
Nablus (Shechem)
Salim
Karn Sartabeh
Jaffa
Sinjil
Ramleh
Beitin Bethel
Jericho
es Salt
JERUSALEM
Bethlehem
Dead Sea
Jordan
Ain Duk
Ain Feshkha
Jebel Usdum
Ain Jidy
Ain Terabeh
Ain Hajlah
Ain Nimrin
Ain Shuweikeh
Ain Sudeir
Ain Ghuweir
Ain Feshkha

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